16 COLOR COMIC PAGES

Los Angeles Times

SUNDAY MORNING, JANUARY 3, 1937

WORLD'S GREATEST COMICS

304 1-3-37

Tarzan

by EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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A HOSTILE ALLY

SUNDAY MORNING,

10 COLOR COMIC PAGES

Los Angeles Times

SUNDAY MORNING, JANUARY 10, 1937

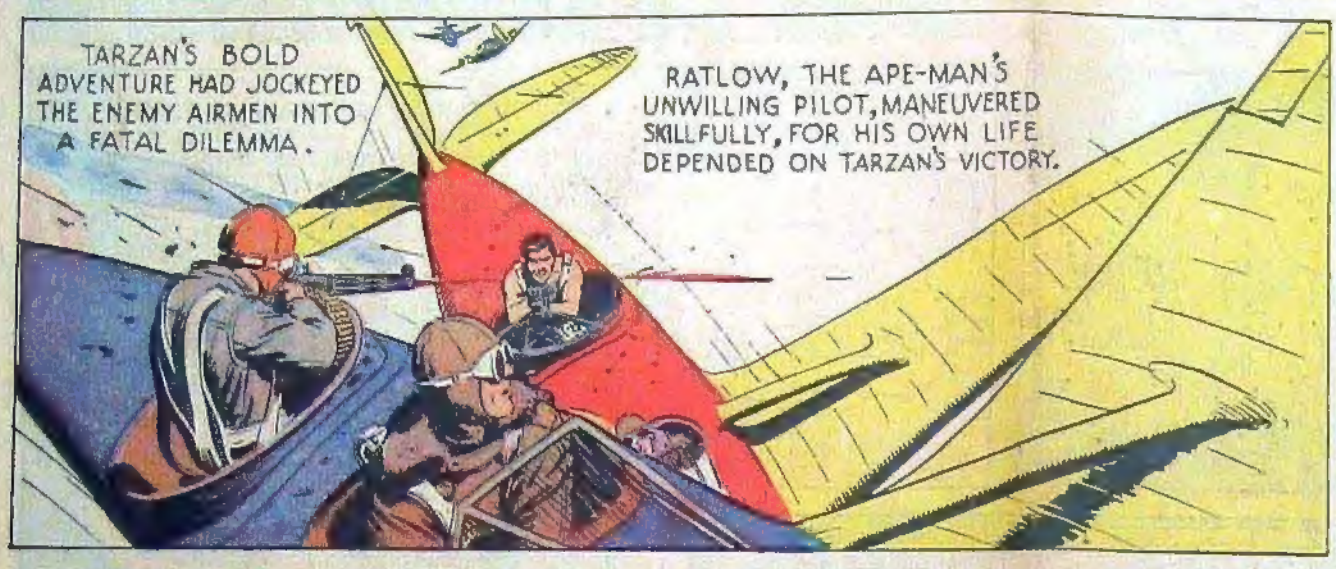
WORLD'S GREATEST COMICS

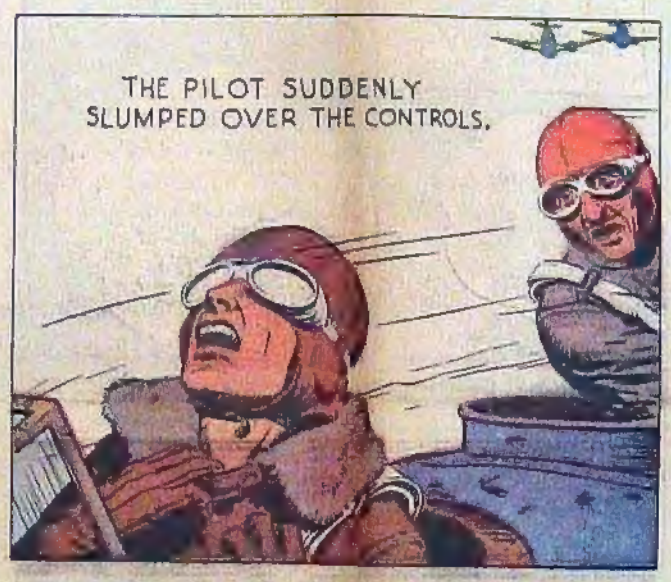
Tarzan

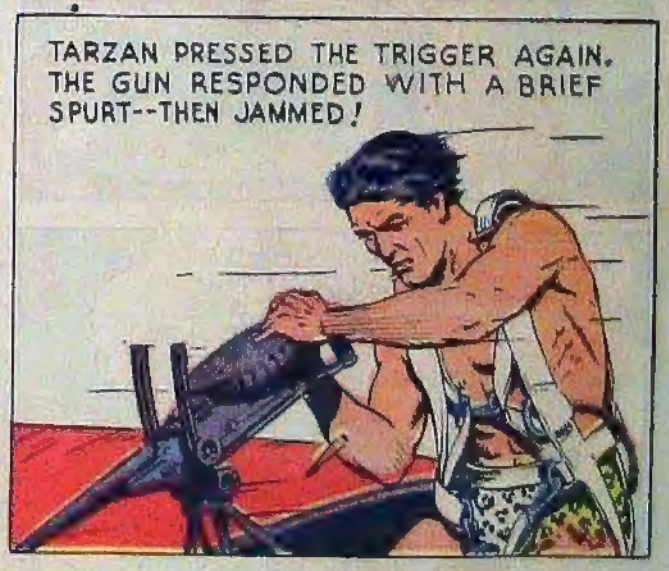
by EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

UNITED FEATURE SYNDICATE, INC.

TARZAN, SKY WARRIOR







16 COLOR COMIC PAGES

Los Angeles Times

SUNDAY MORNING, JANUARY 17, 1937

WORLD'S GREATEST COMICS

306 1-17-37

Tarzan

by EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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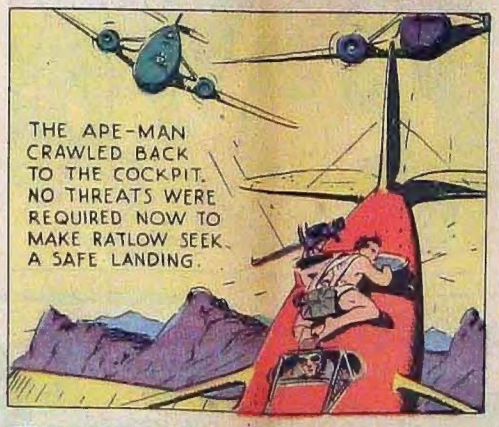
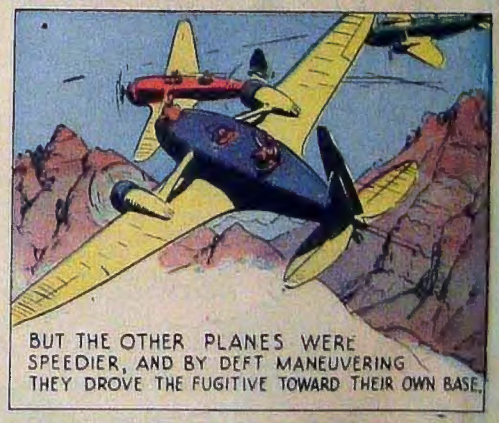
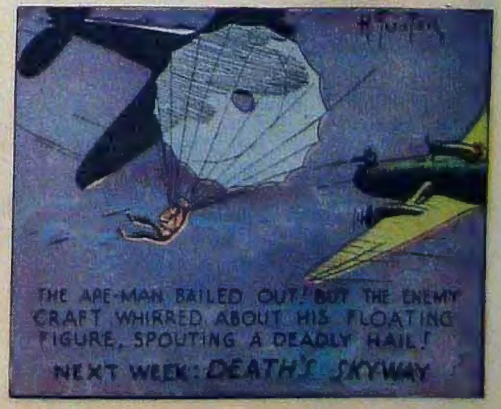
WINGED DOOM







307 1-24-37

Tarzan

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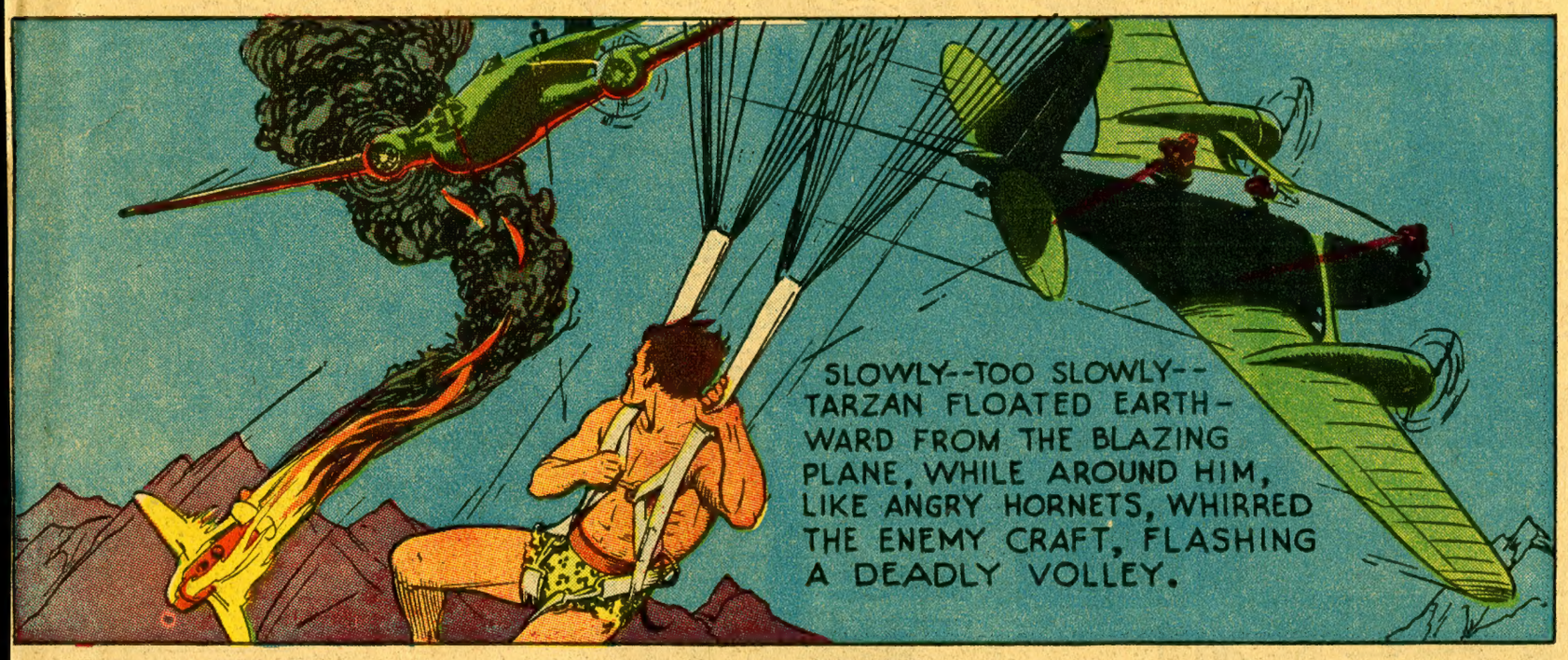
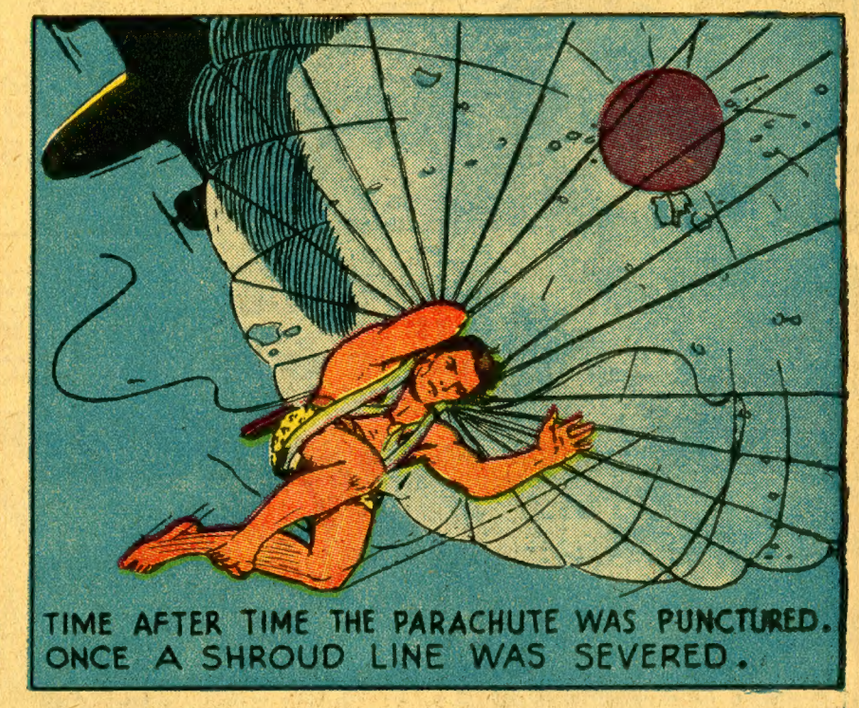
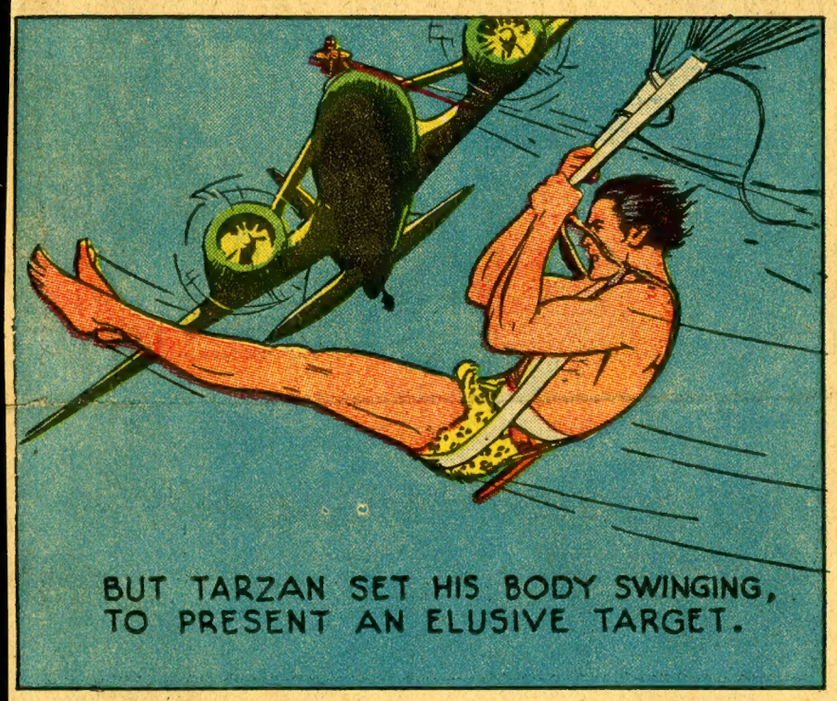
DEATH'S SKYWAY



SLOWLY--TOO SLOWLY--TARZAN FLOATED EARTHWARD FROM THE BLAZING PLANE, WHILE AROUND HIM, LIKE ANGRY HORNETS, WHIRRED THE ENEMY CRAFT, FLASHING A DEADLY VOLLEY.

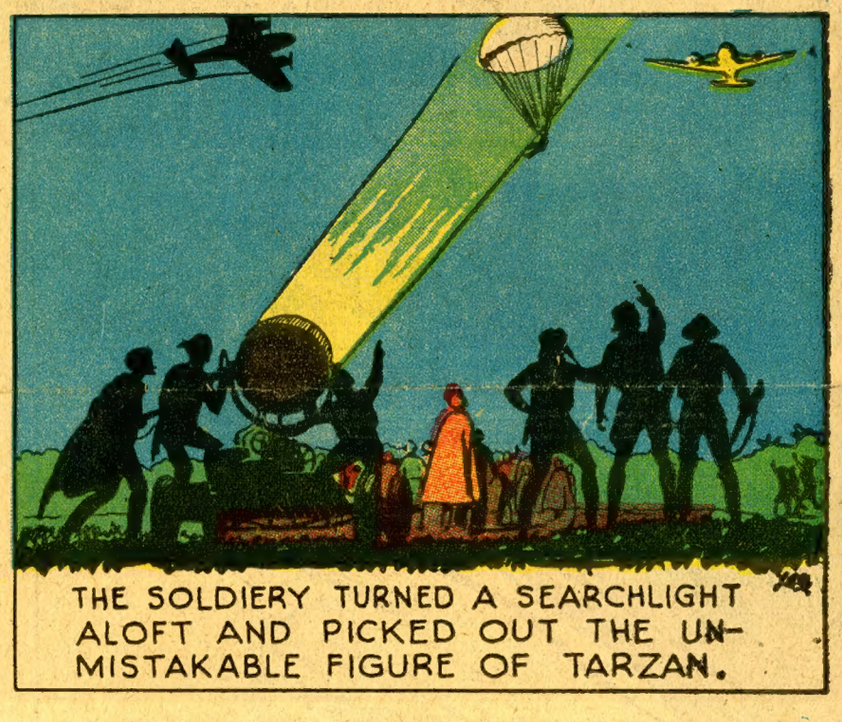


TIME AFTER TIME THE PARACHUTE WAS PUNCTURED. ONCE A SHROUD LINE WAS SEVERED.



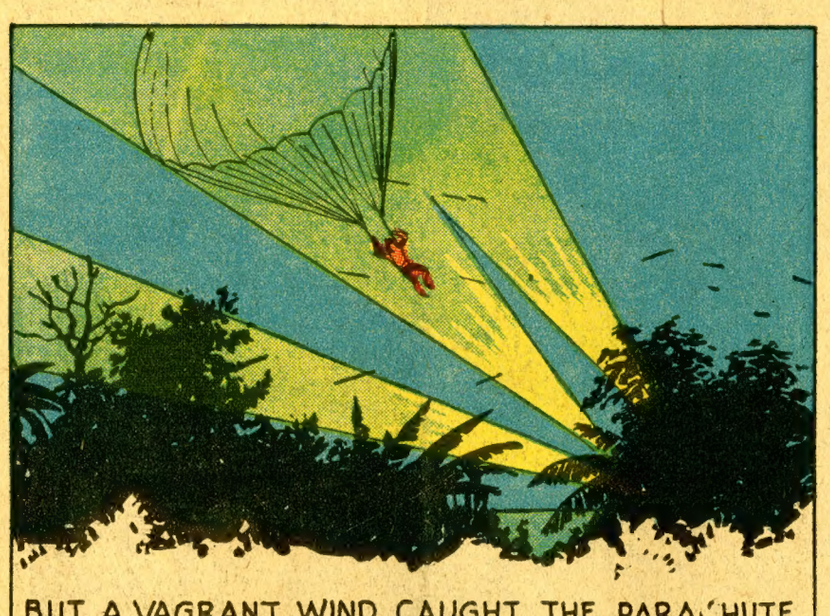
BUT TARZAN SET HIS BODY SWINGING, TO PRESENT AN ELUSIVE TARGET.

THEN LIGHTS FLARED BELOW, AND HE SAW HE WAS DESCENDING AT THE ENEMY AIR BASE!

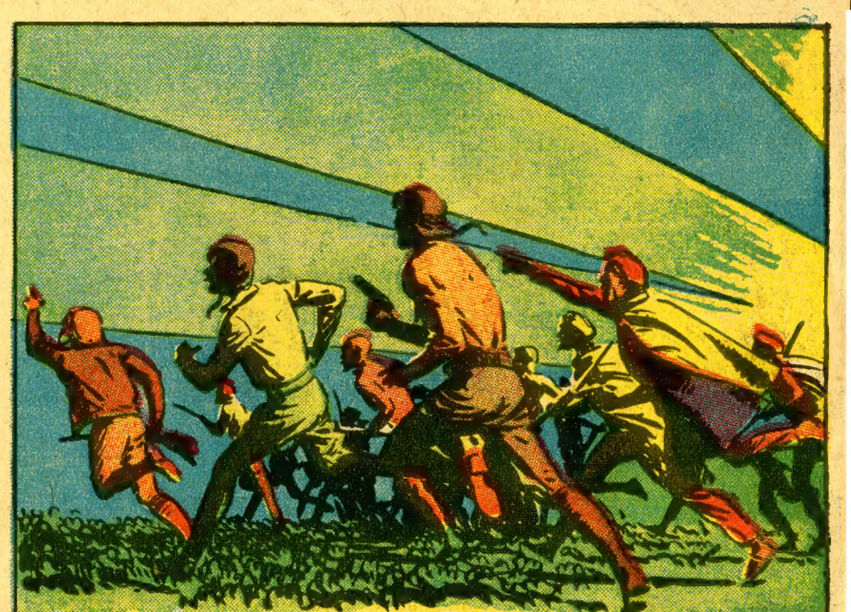


THE SOLDIERY TURNED A SEARCHLIGHT ALOFT AND PICKED OUT THE UNMISTAKABLE FIGURE OF TARZAN.

THEN A GEYSER OF BULLETS AND ARROWS GUSHED FROM THE TURBULENT THRONG.



BUT A VAGRANT WIND CAUGHT THE PARACHUTE AND CARRIED TARZAN TOWARD THE FOREST.



WITH TRIUMPHANT YELLS, SOLDIERS AND AIRMEN RACED TO SEIZE HIM.

THE APE-MAN LANDED UNHURT IN THE TREETOPS AND QUICKLY UNFASTENED THE PARACHUTE HARNESS.

THEN HE SWUNG IN A CIRCULAR ROUTE THROUGH THE JUNGLE....

.....NOT TOWARD SOME SAFE REFUGE, BUT TOWARD THE BRISTLING AIRDROME OF HIS FOES!

NEXT WEEK: A *DANGEROUS RAID*

16 COLOR COMIC PAGES

Los Angeles Times

SUNDAY MORNING, JANUARY 31, 1937

WORLD'S GREATEST COMICS

308 1-31-37

Tarzan

by EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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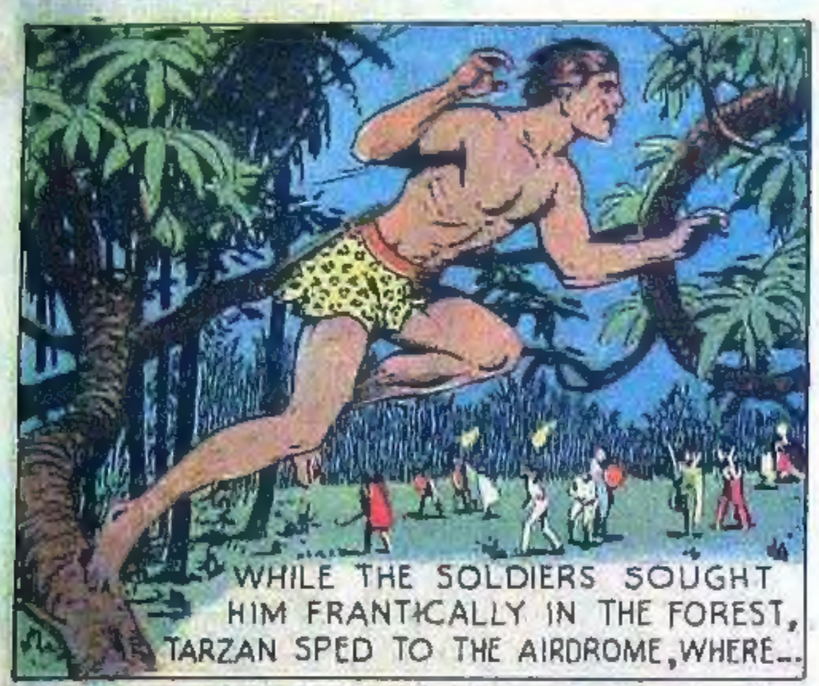
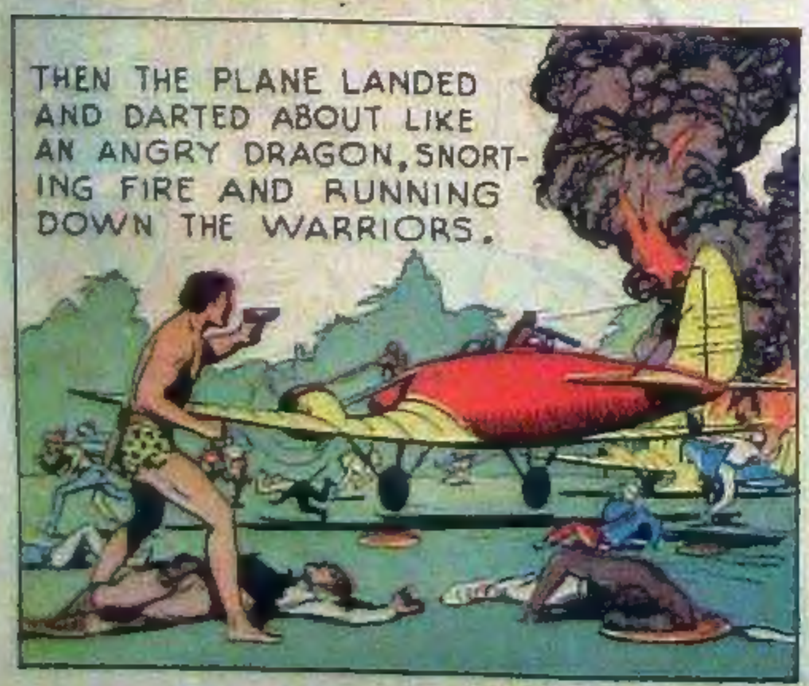
A DANGEROUS RAID





NEXT WEEK: A MESSAGE IN BLOOD

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Los Angeles Times

SUNDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 1, 1931

WORLD'S GREATEST COMICS

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A MESSAGE IN BLOOD

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Los Angeles Times

SUNDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 14, 1937

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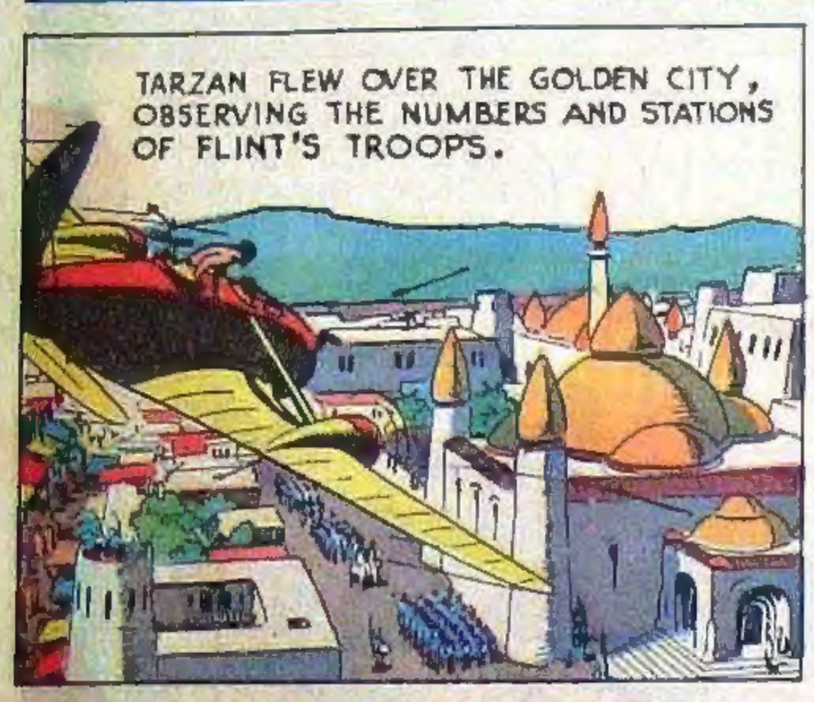
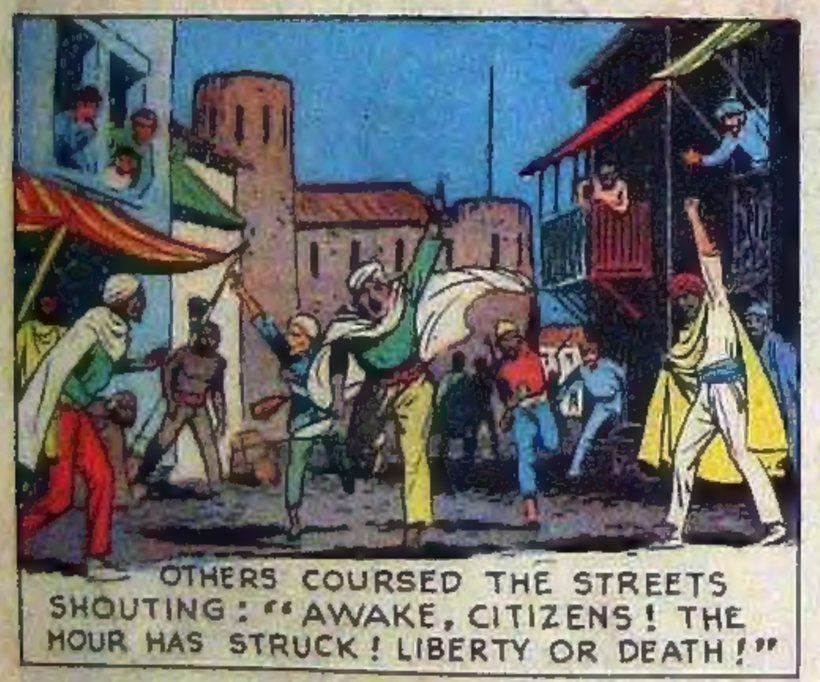
THE TYRANT'S HAND





NEXT WEEK: A FIERY TRAP

SUNDAY MORNING
16 COMIC PAGES
Los Angeles Times
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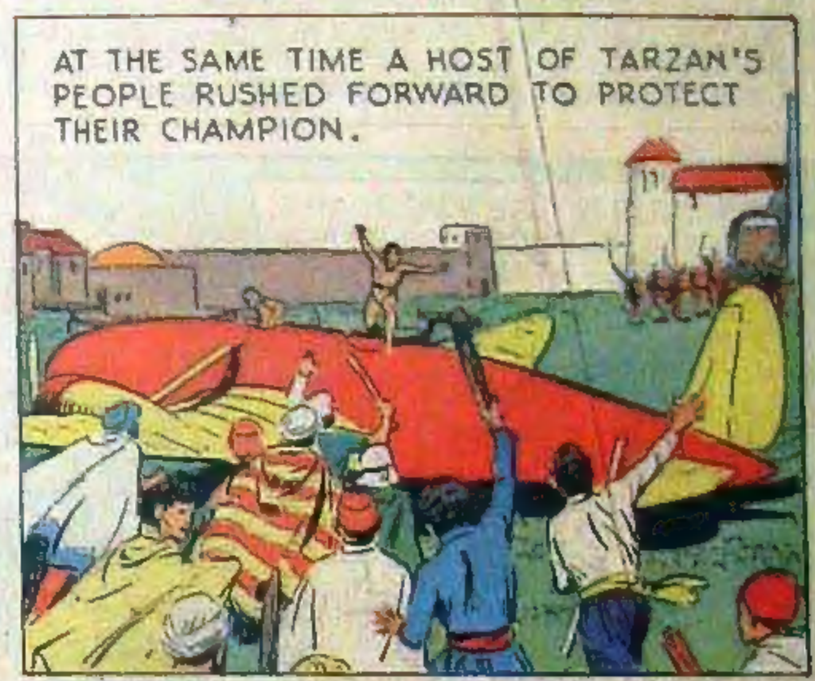
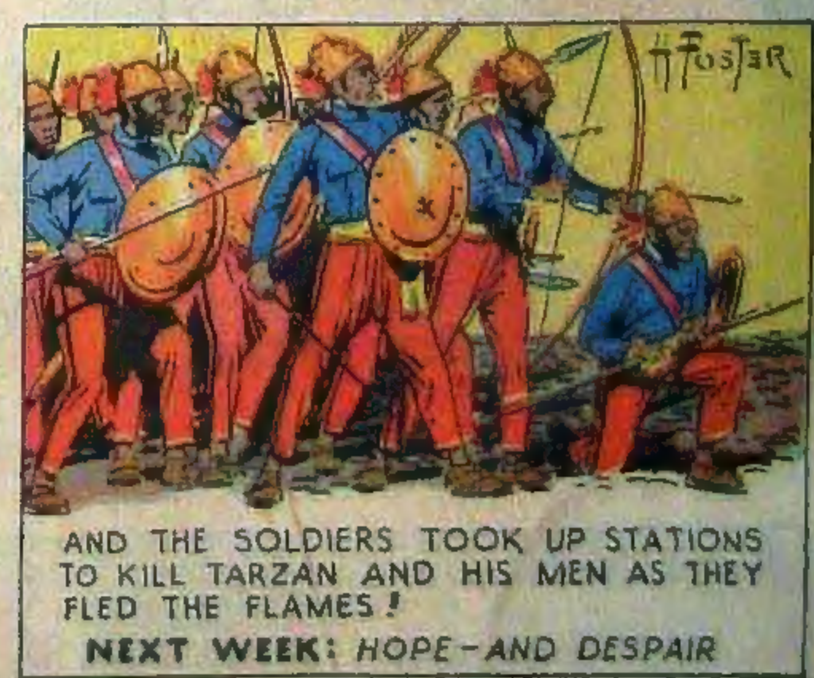
A FIERY TRAP





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Los Angeles Times

SUNDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 28, 1937

WORLD'S GREATEST COMICS

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HOPE—AND DESPAIR

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Los Angeles Times

SUNDAY MORNING, MARCH 7, 1937

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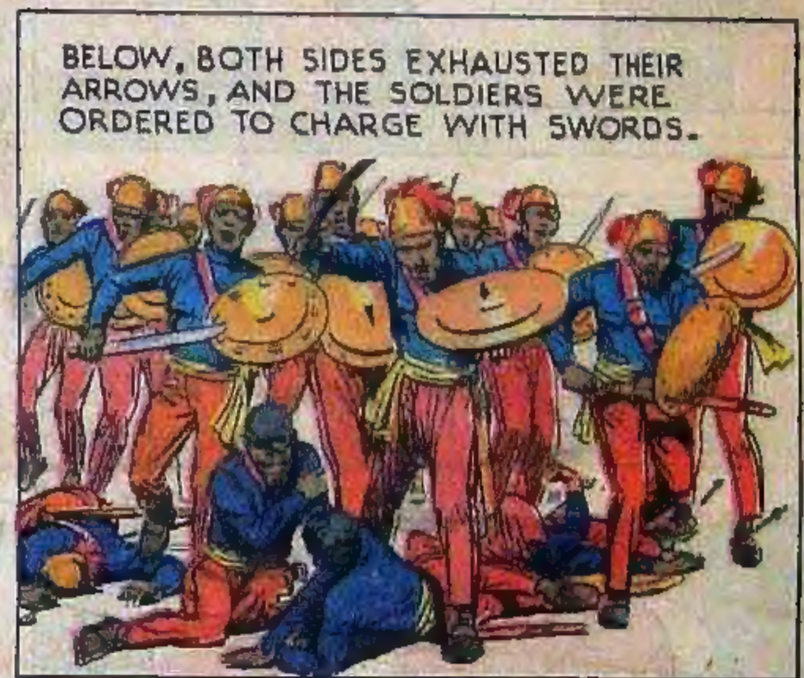
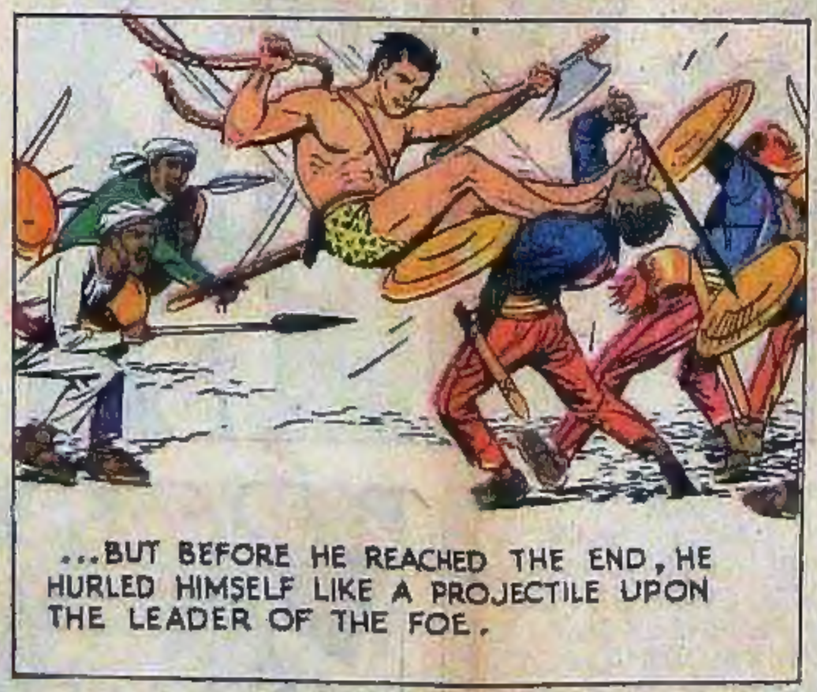
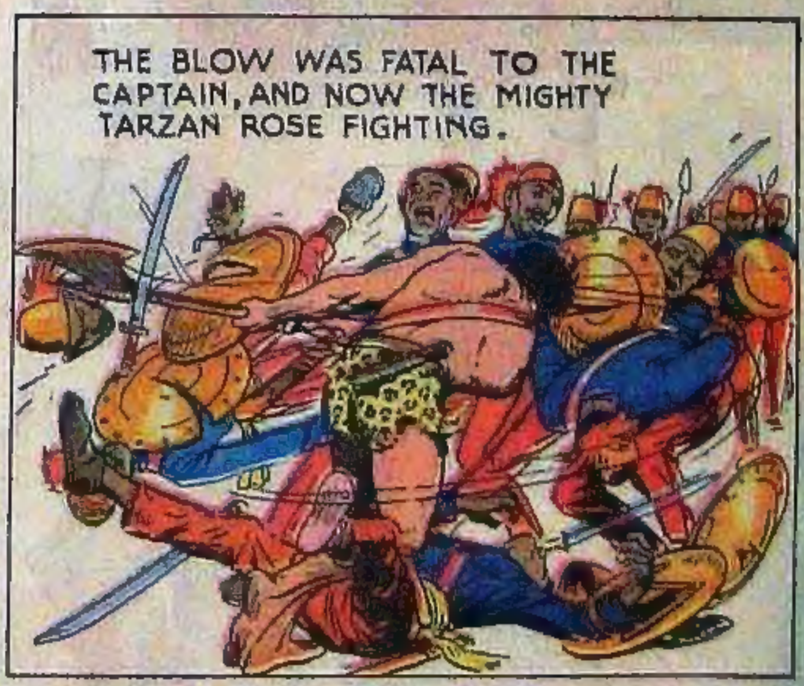
AN OVERWHELMING FOE







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WORLD'S GREATEST COMICS

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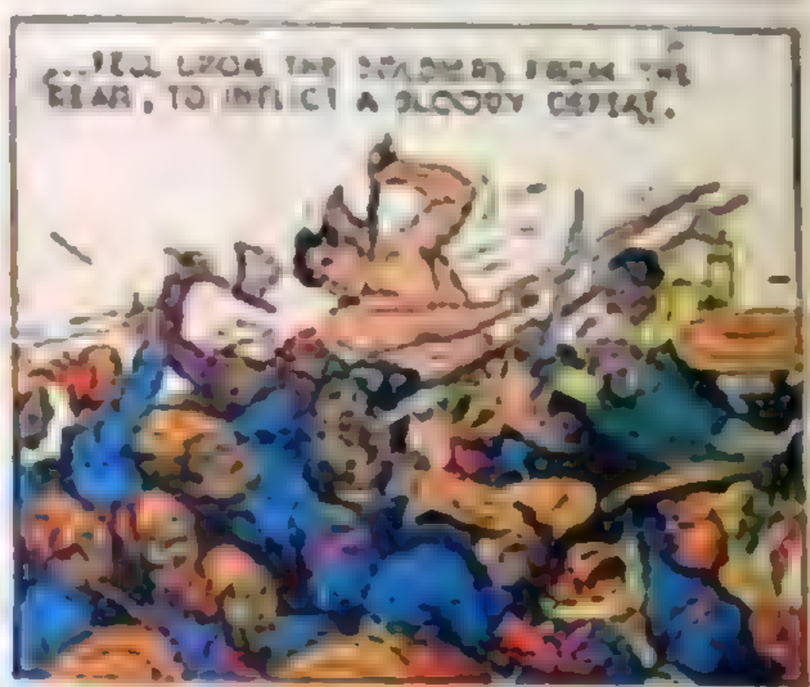
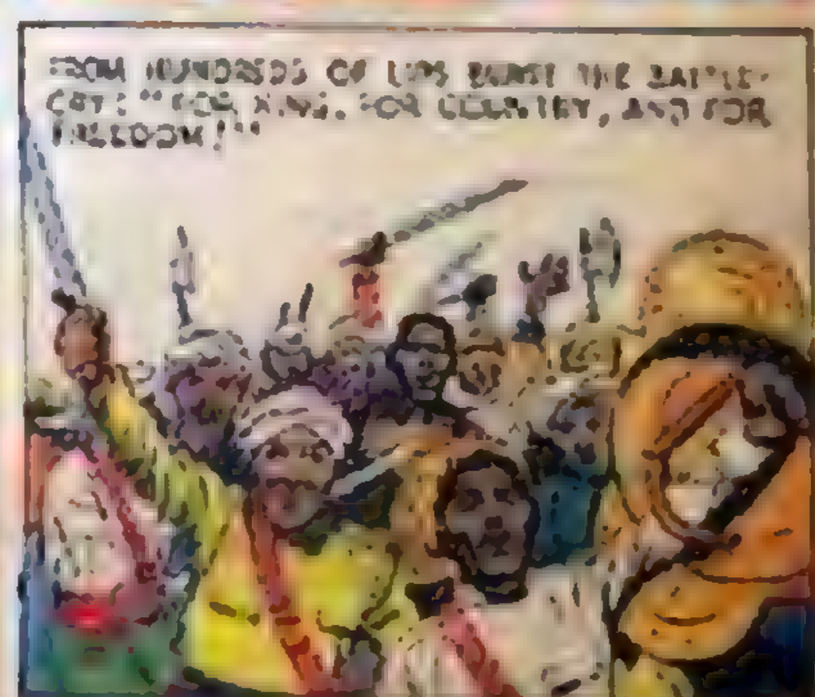
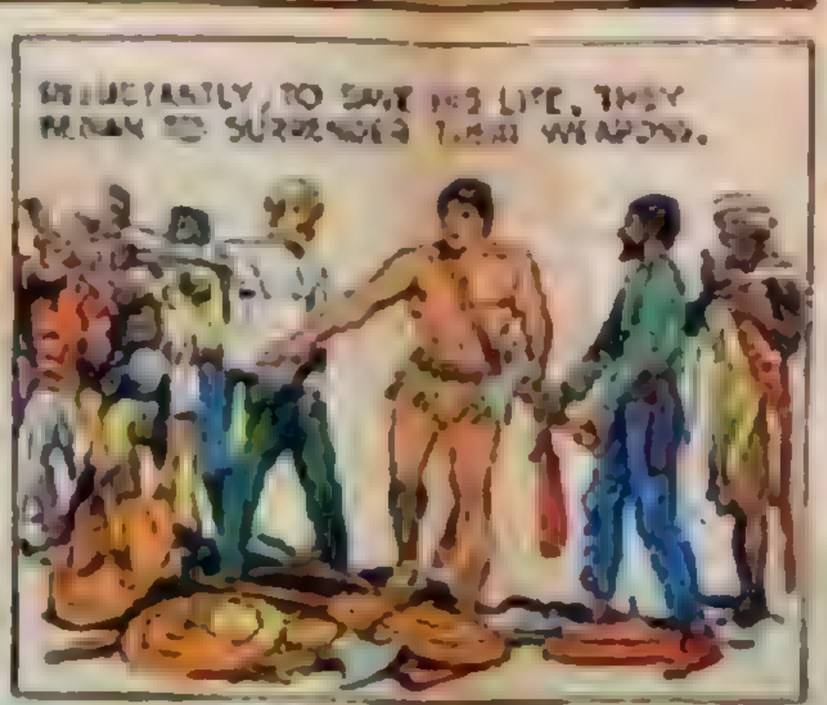
TRICKED







NEXT WEEK: A HIGH DIVE

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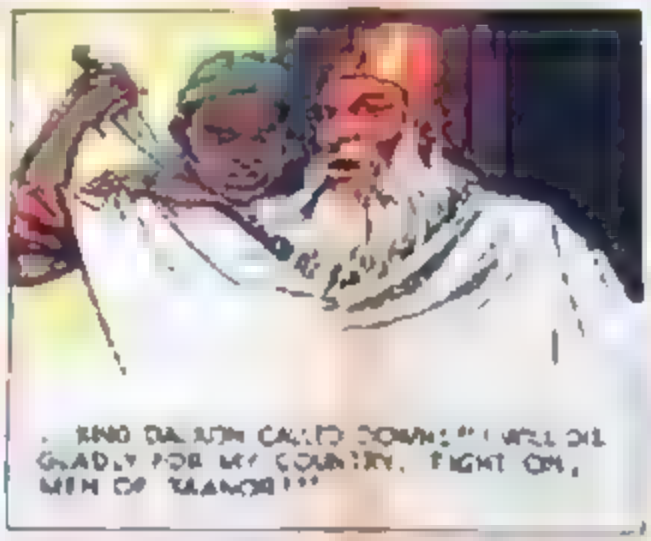
Los Angeles Times

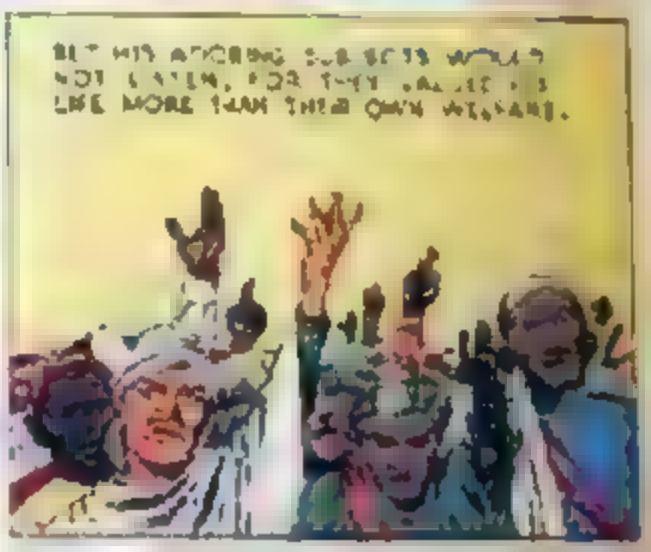
WORLD'S GREATEST COMICS

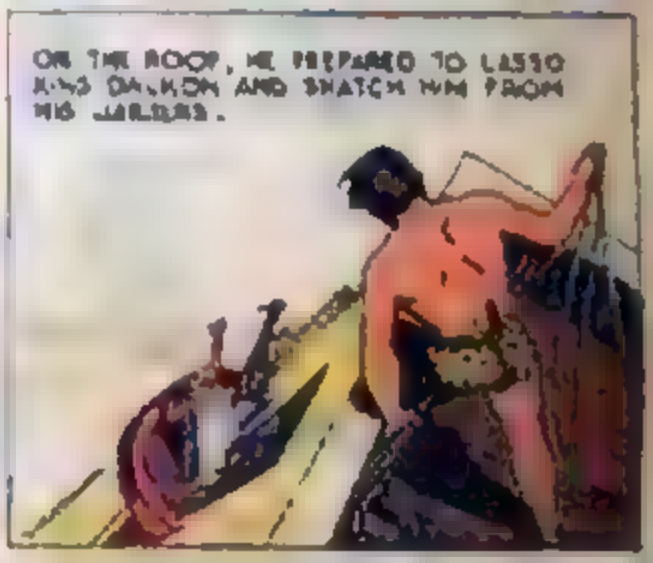
Tarzan

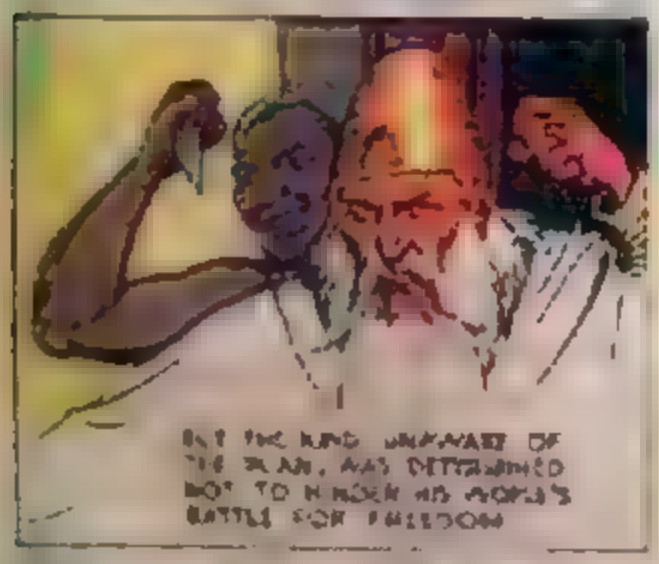
by EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

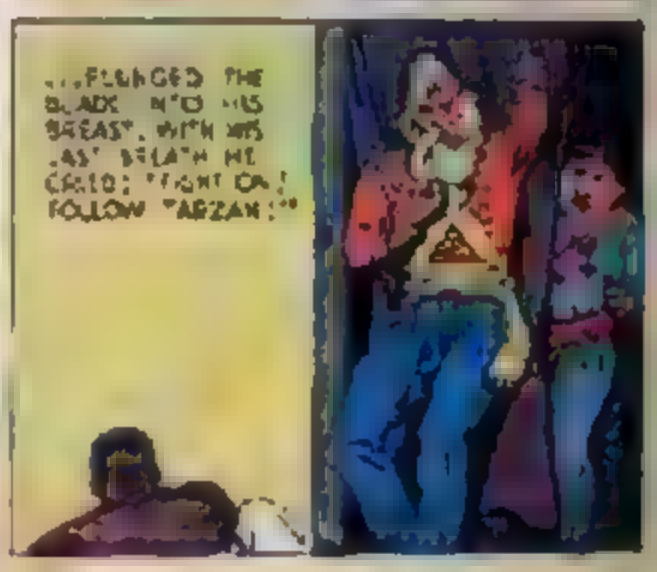
A HERO DIES

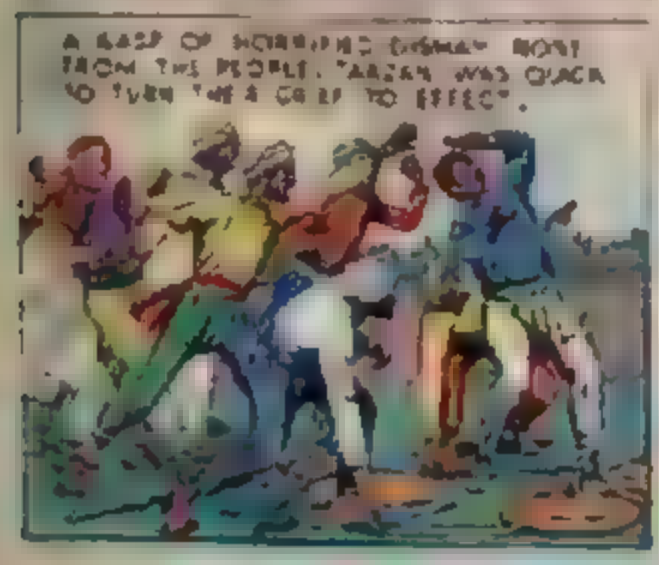


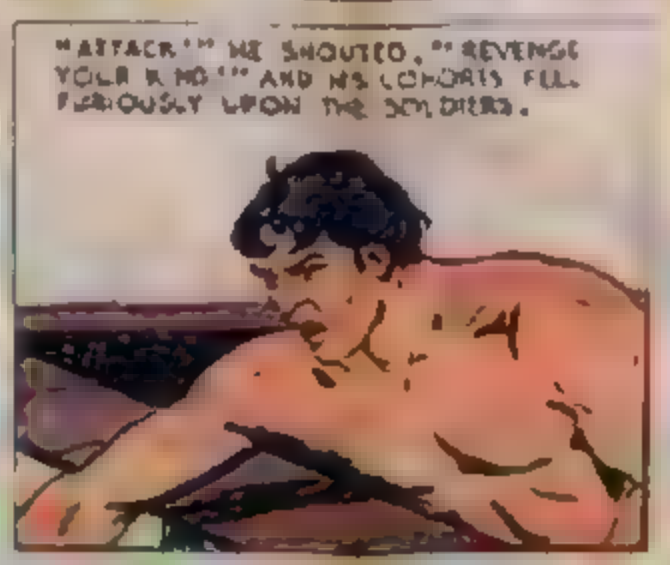












16 COLOR COMIC PAGES

Los Angeles Times

SUNDAY MORNING, MARCH 28, 1937

WORLD'S GREATEST COMICS

316 3-28-37

Tarzan

by EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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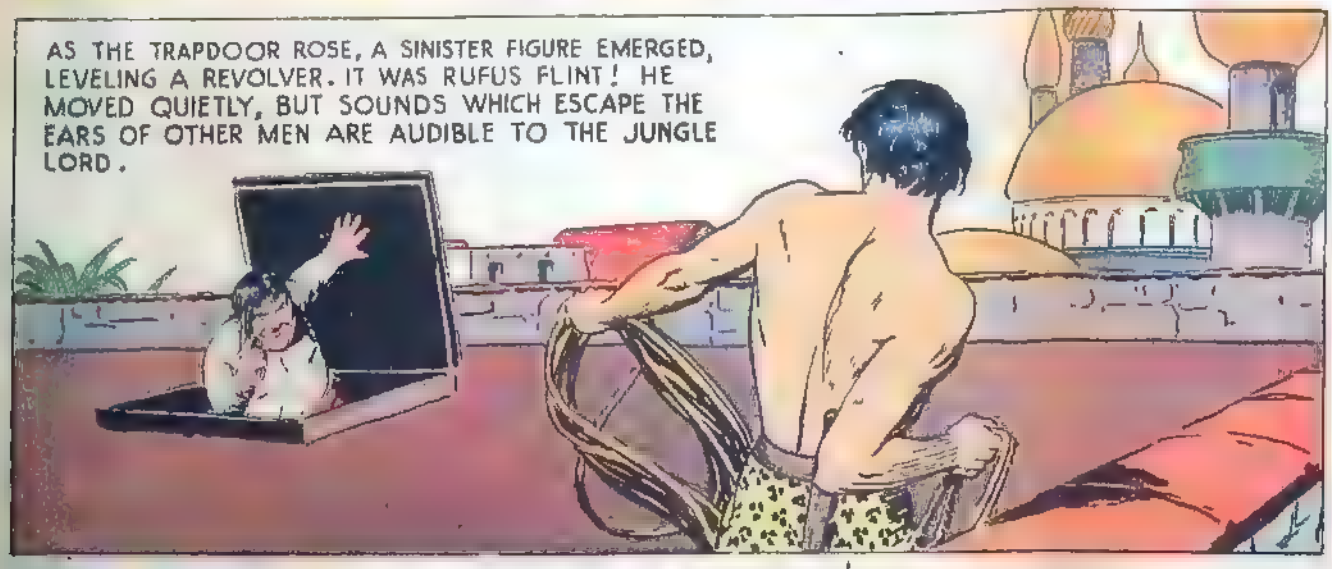
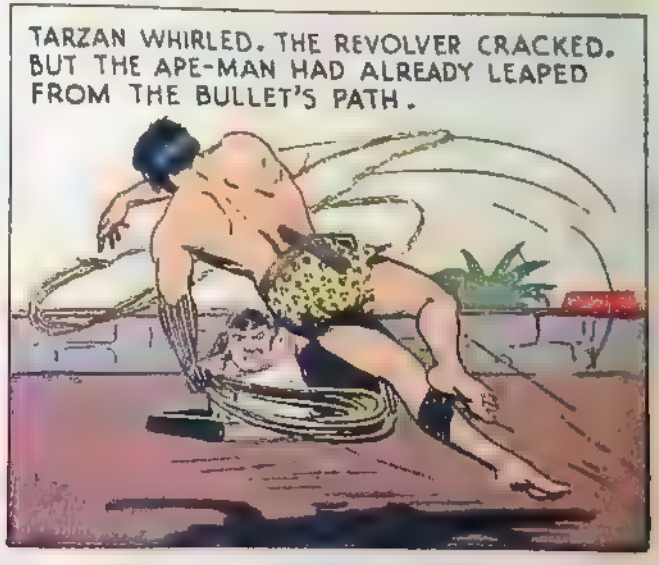
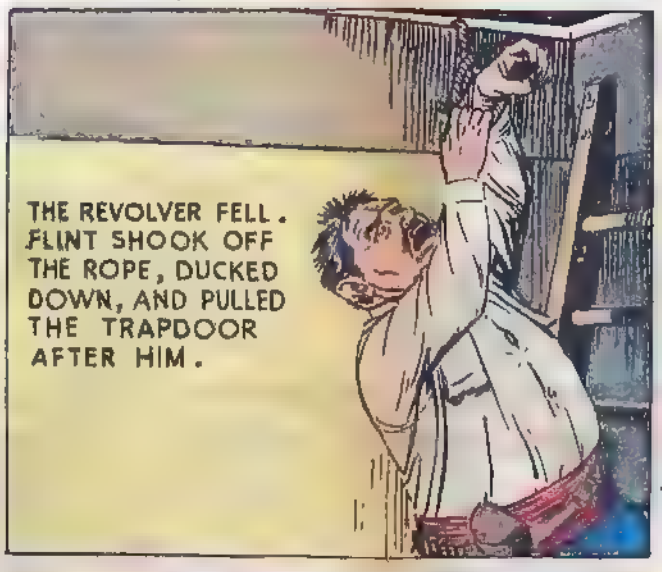
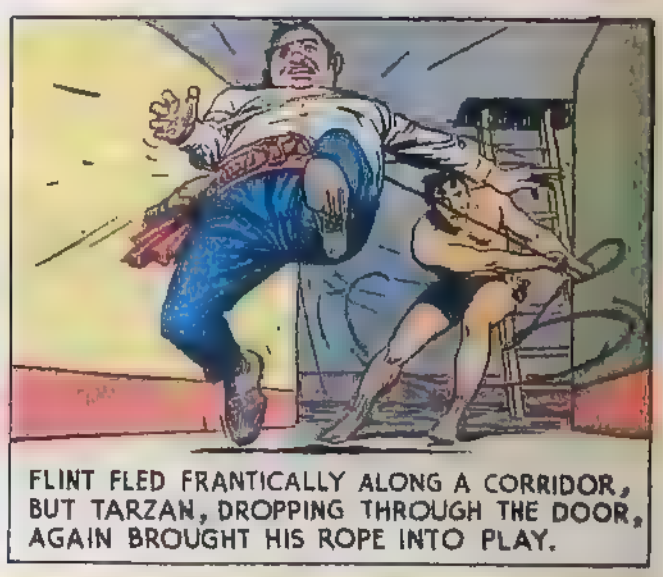
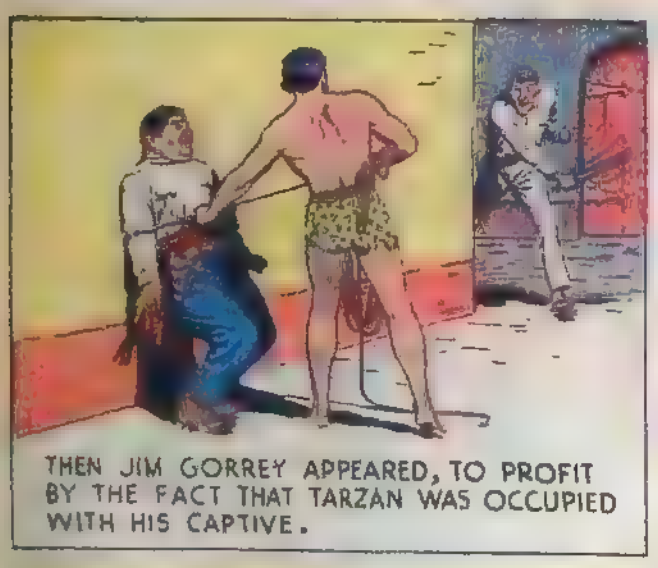
TARZAN'S MISTAKE

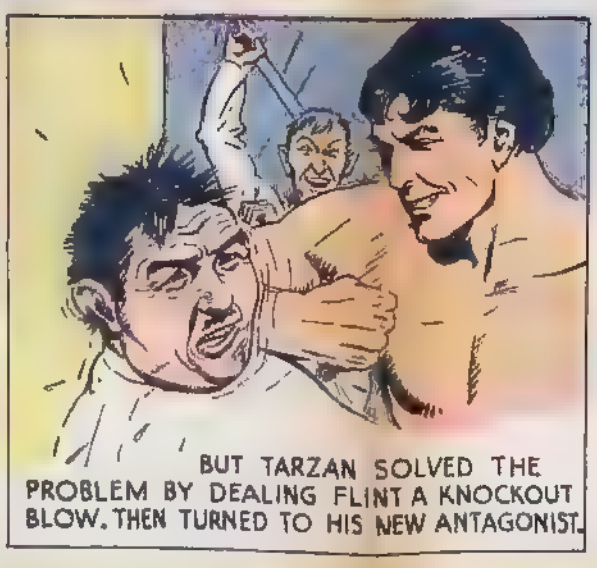


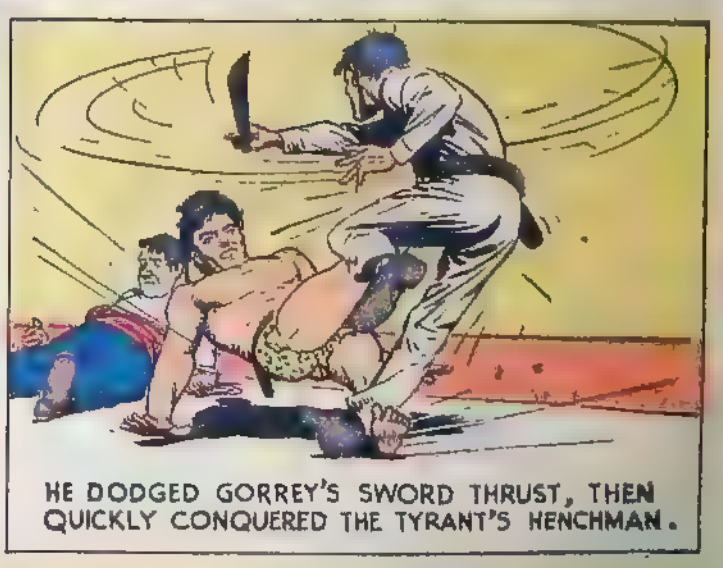


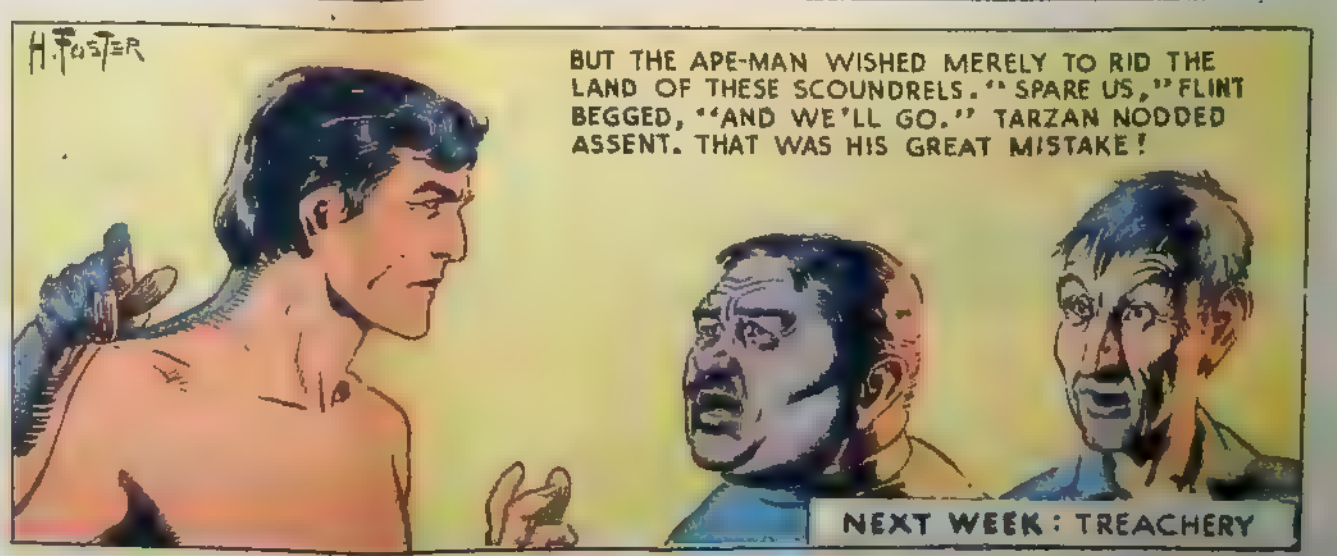












Tarzan

by EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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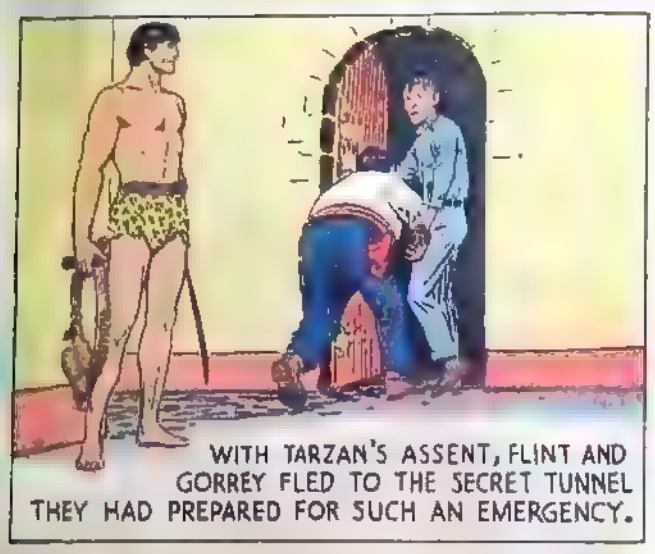
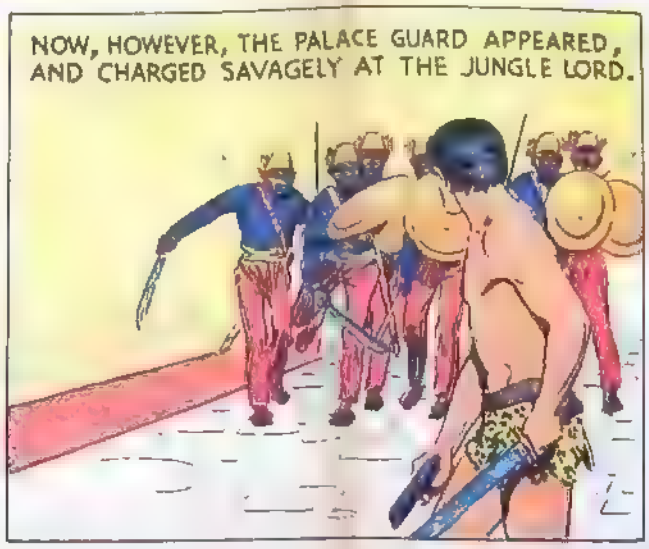
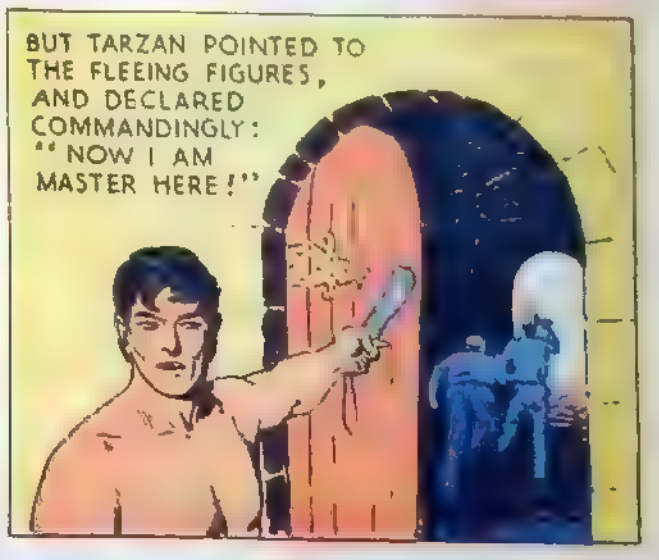
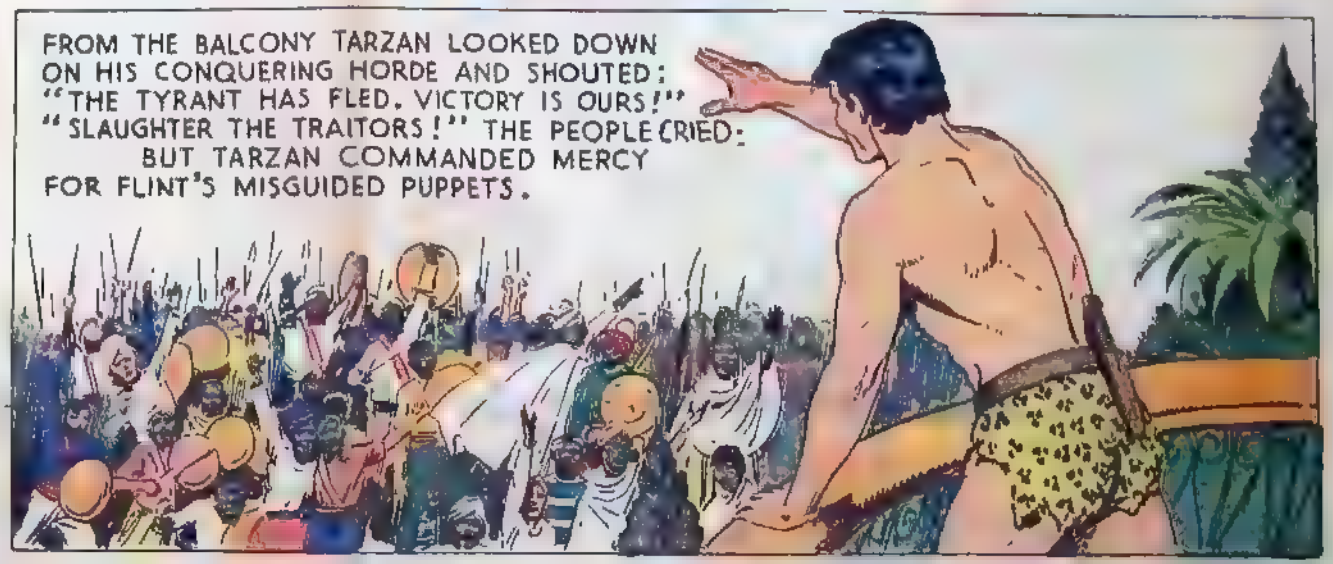
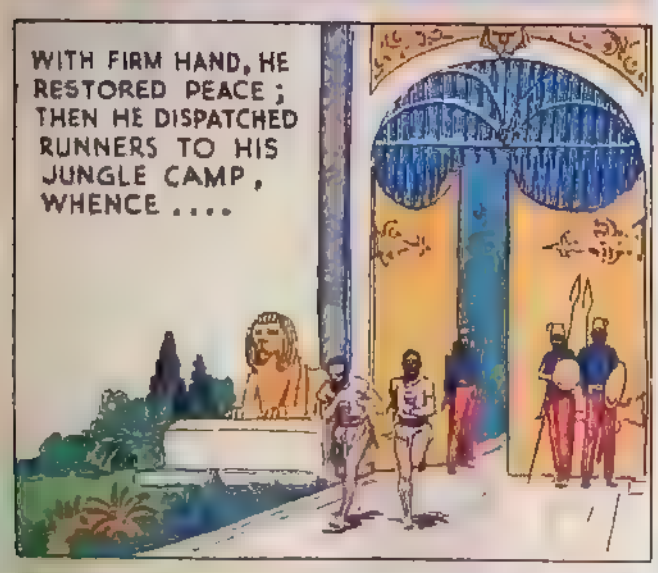
TREACHERY

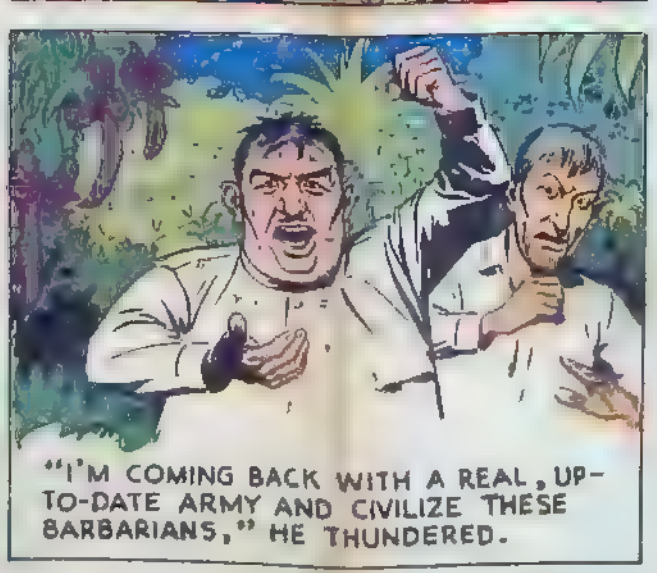


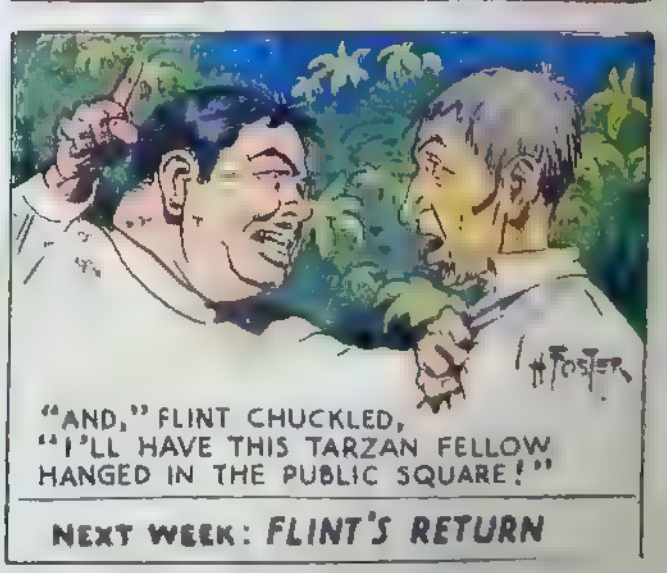








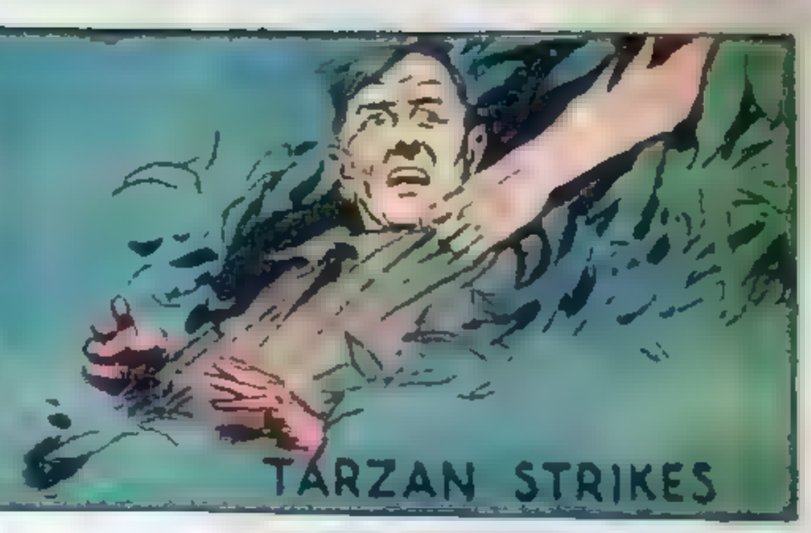


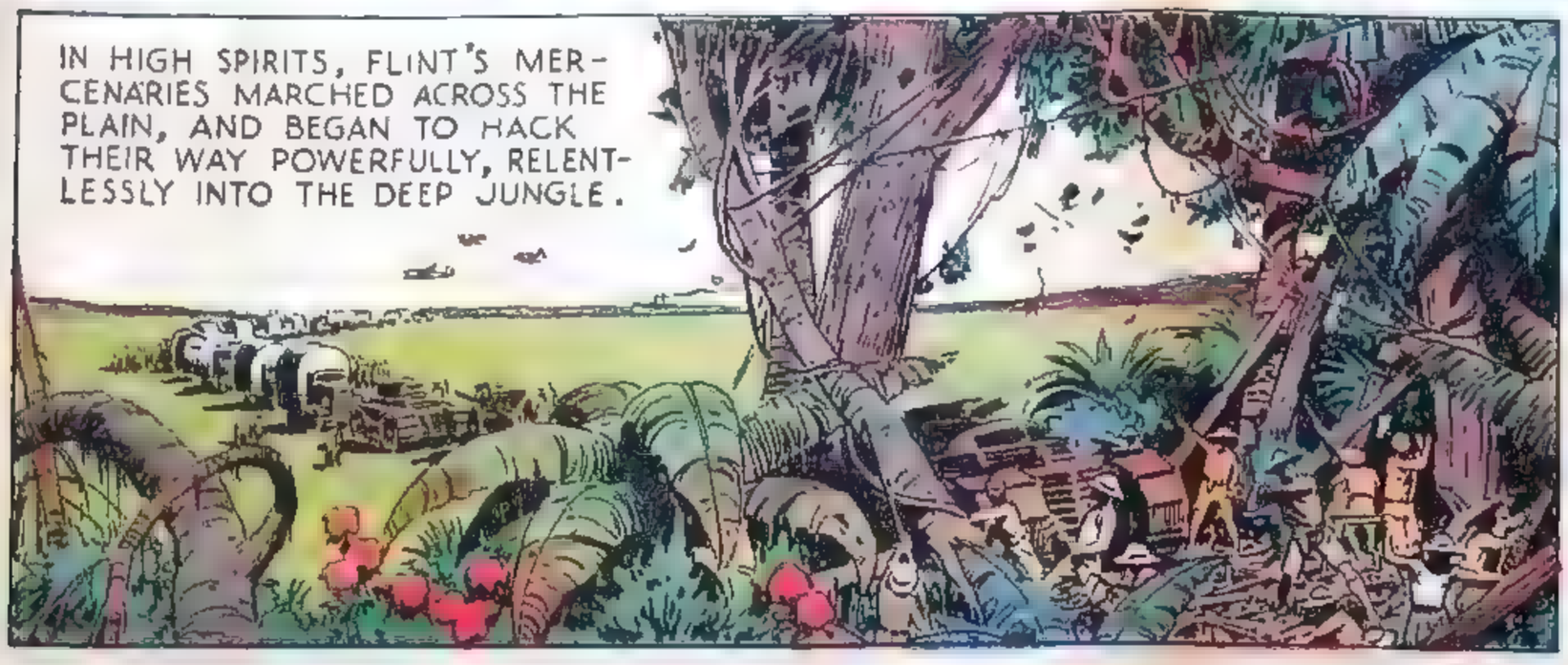


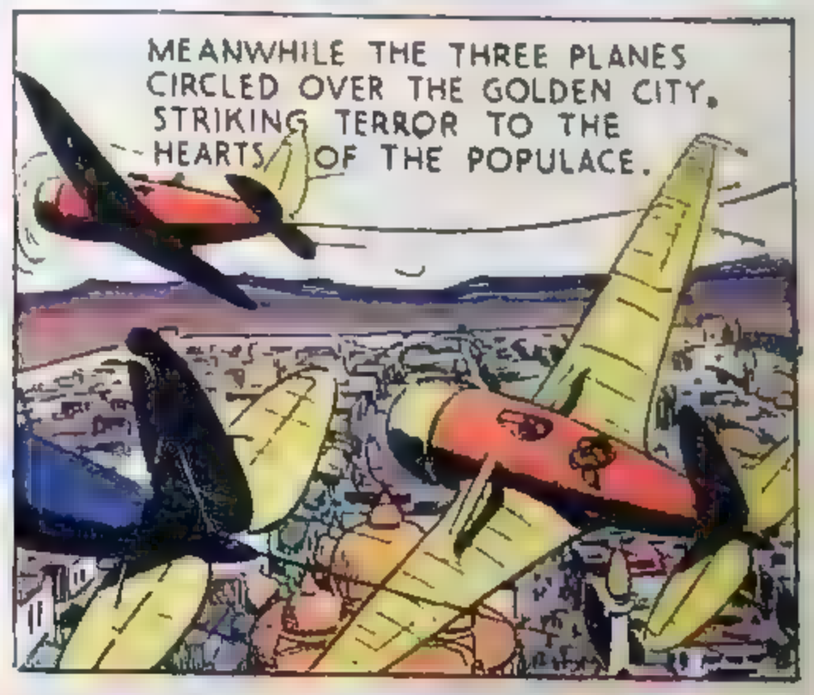
NEXT WEEK: *FLINT'S RETURN*

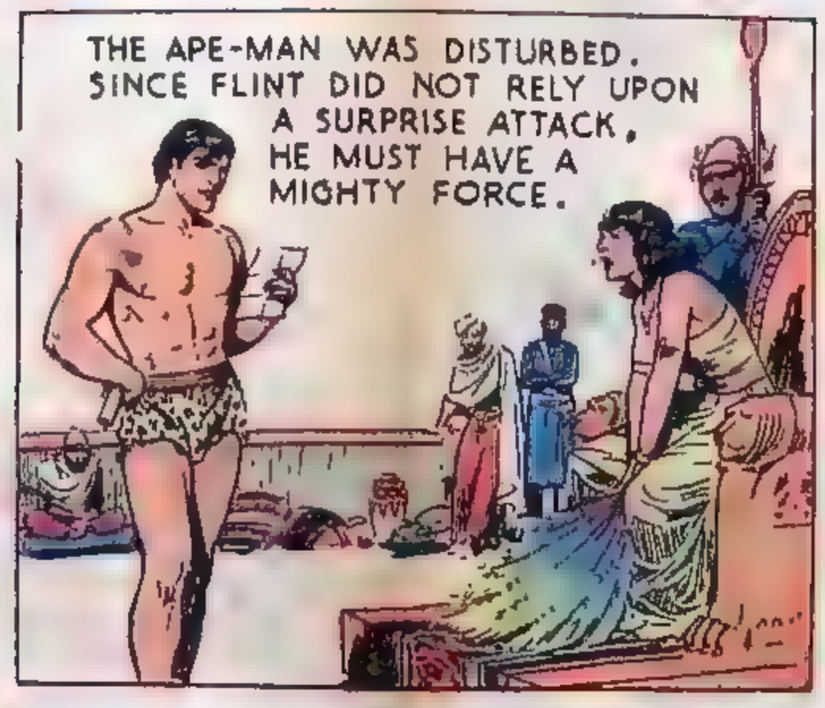
Tarzan

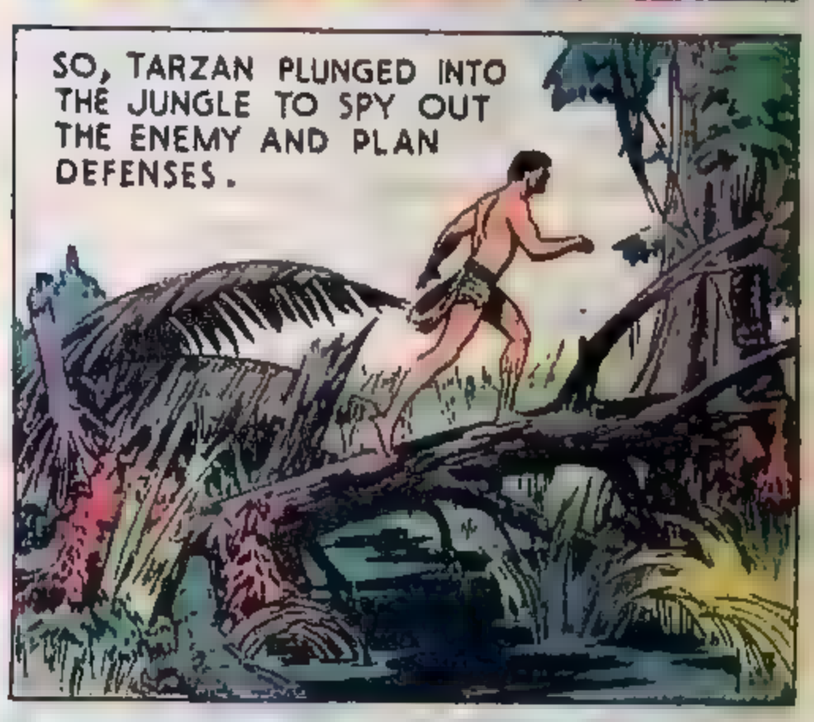
by EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

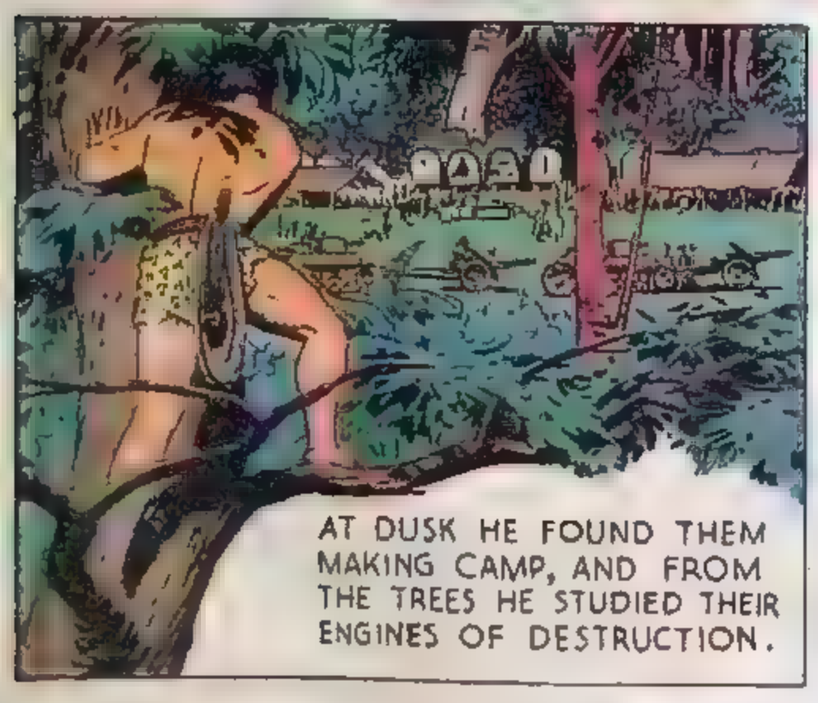


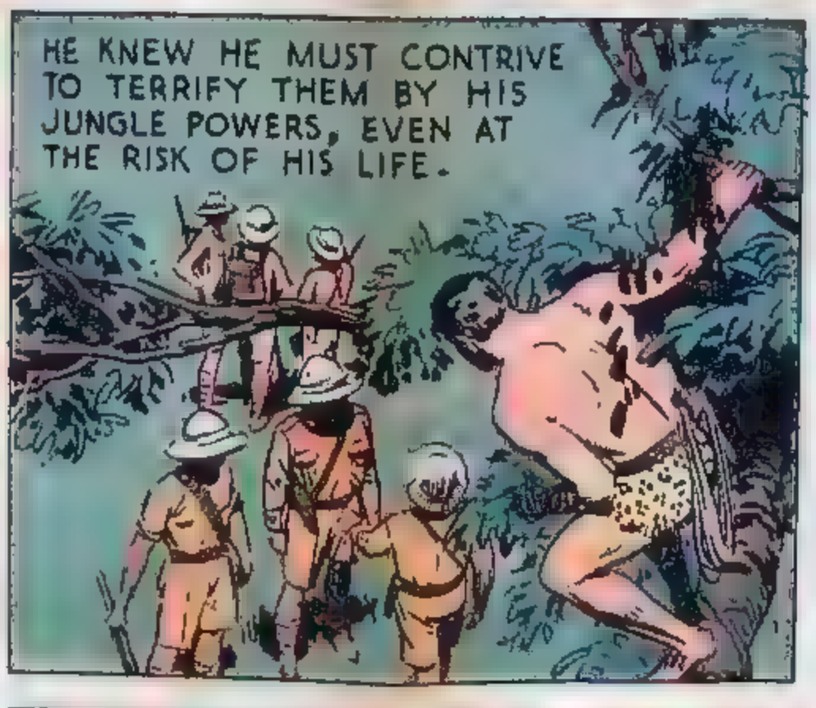


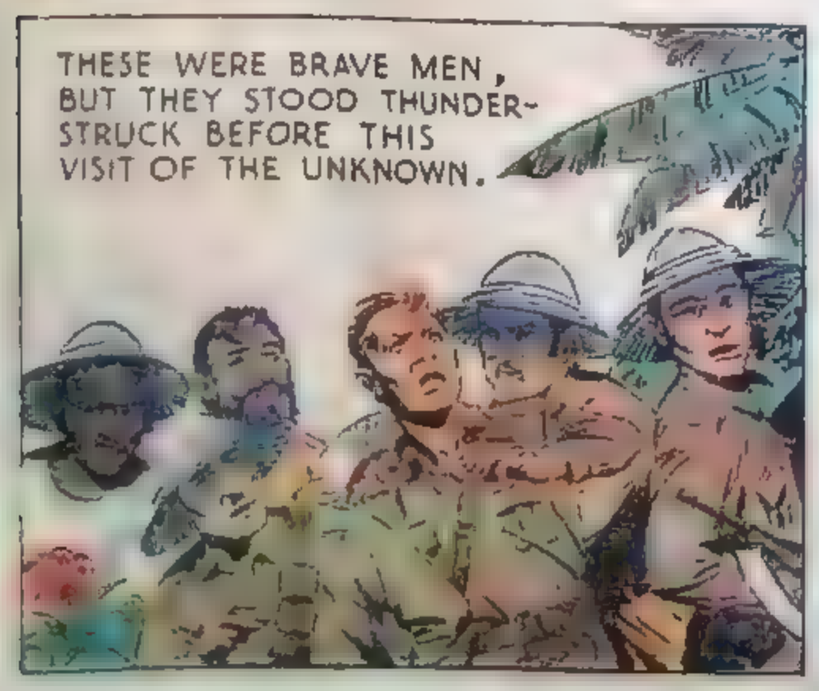


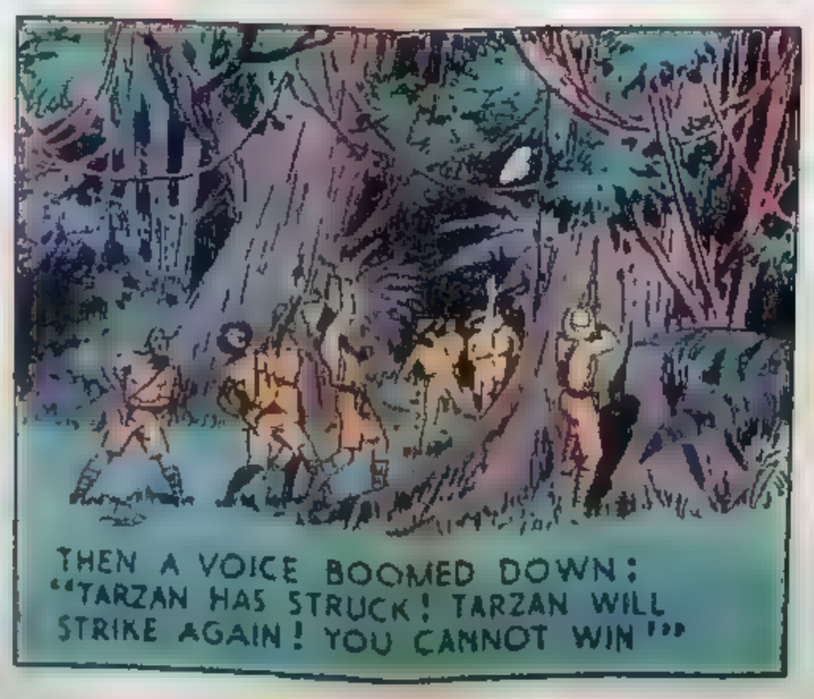


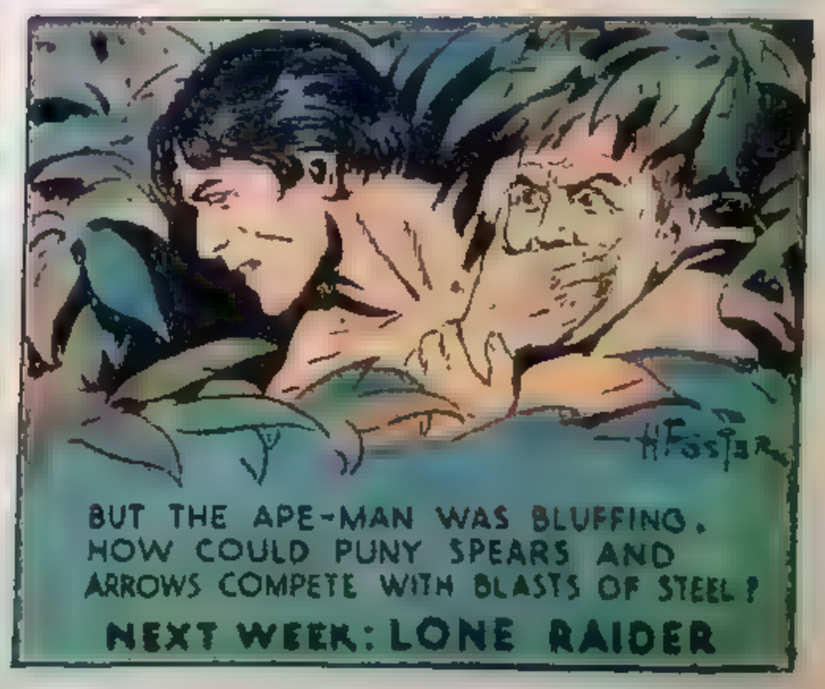








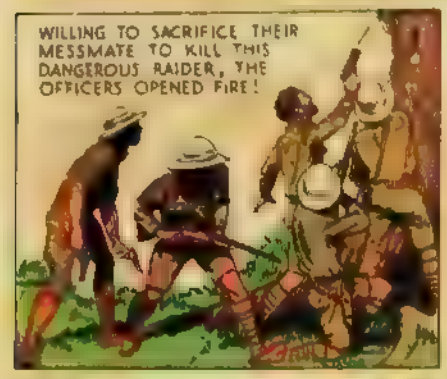


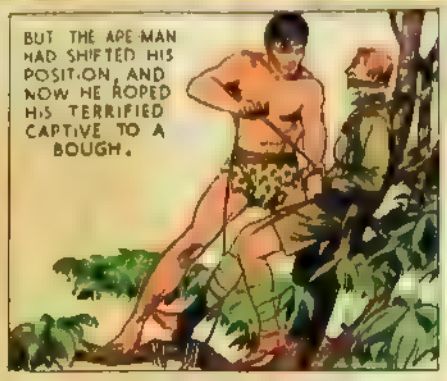


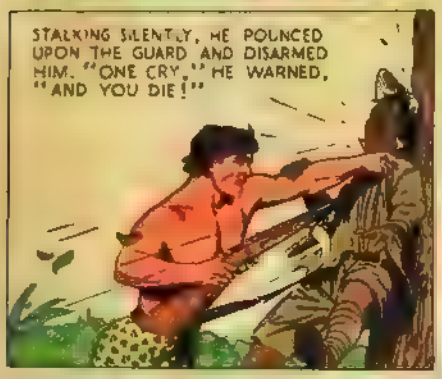
Tarzan

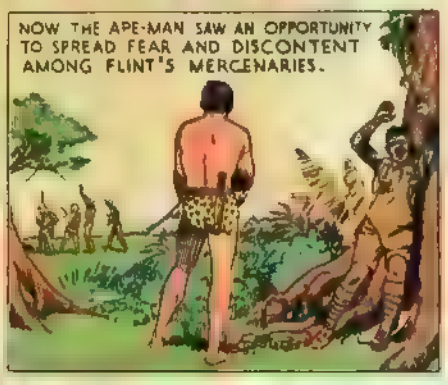
by EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

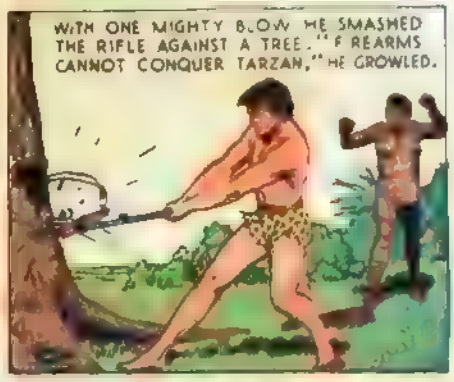
LONE RAIDER

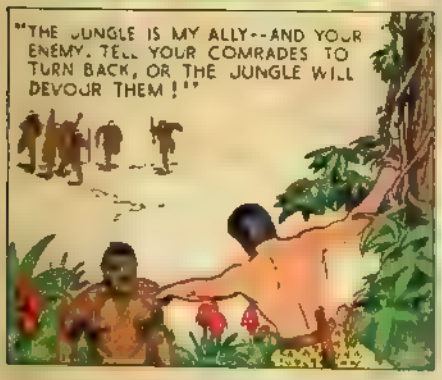


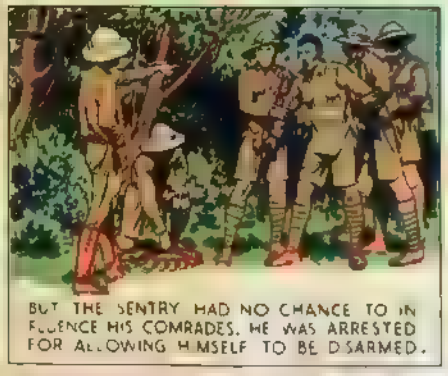


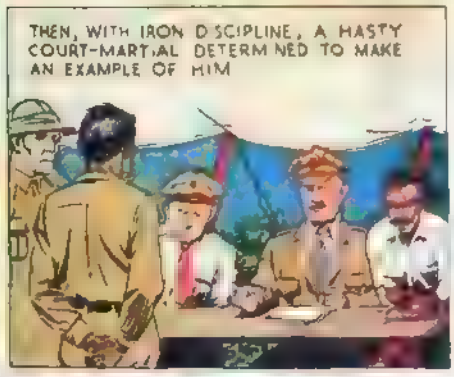


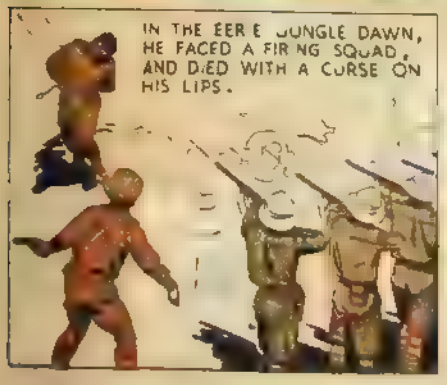


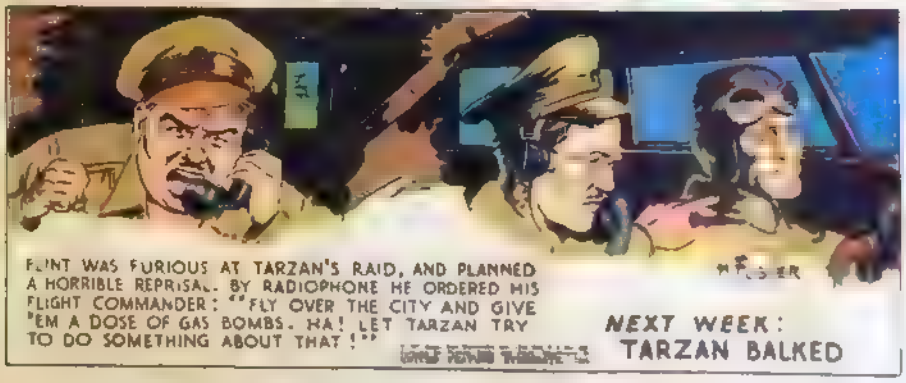












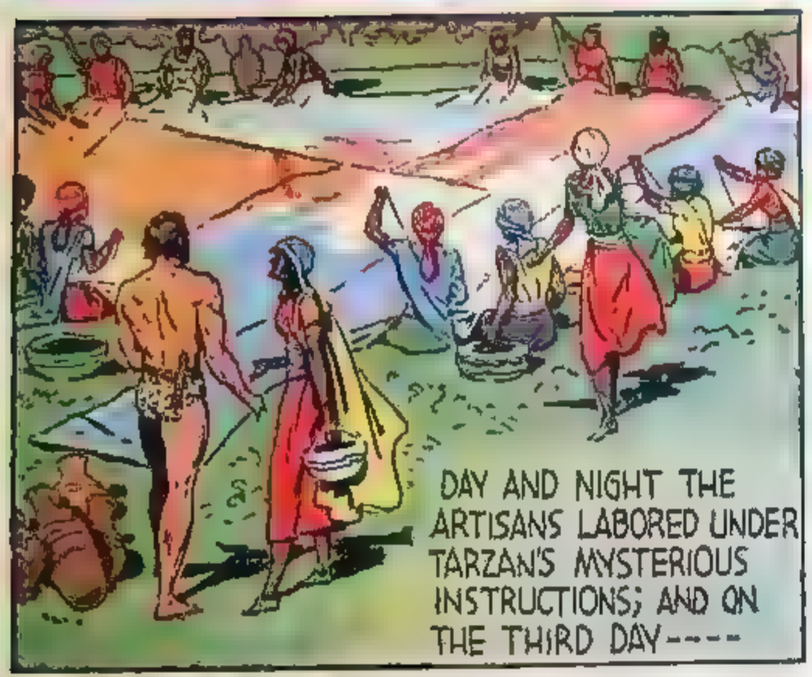
Little Mary Mixup Is Also a World-Telegram Daily Comic Feature

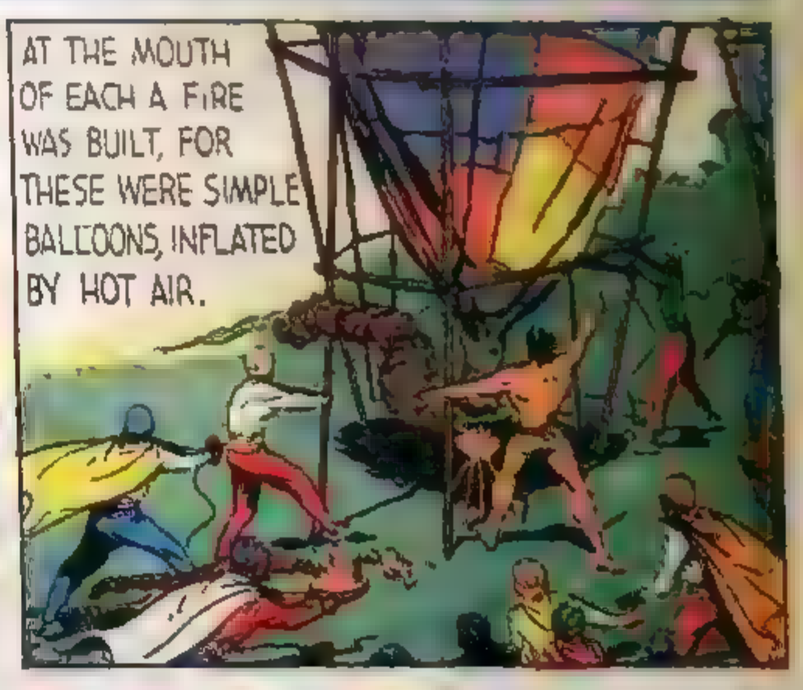
UNITED FEATURE SYNDICATE, INC.

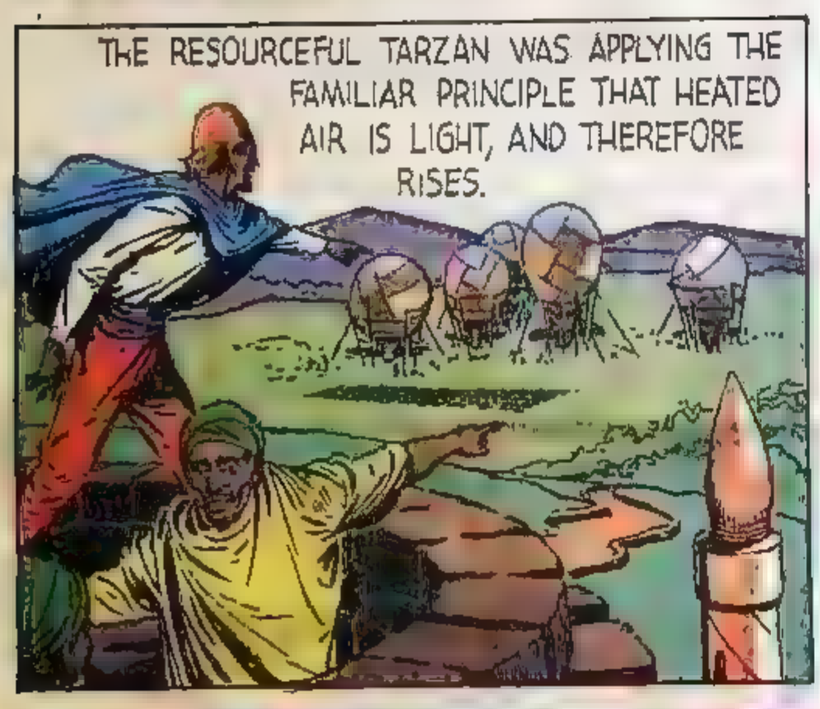
Tarzan

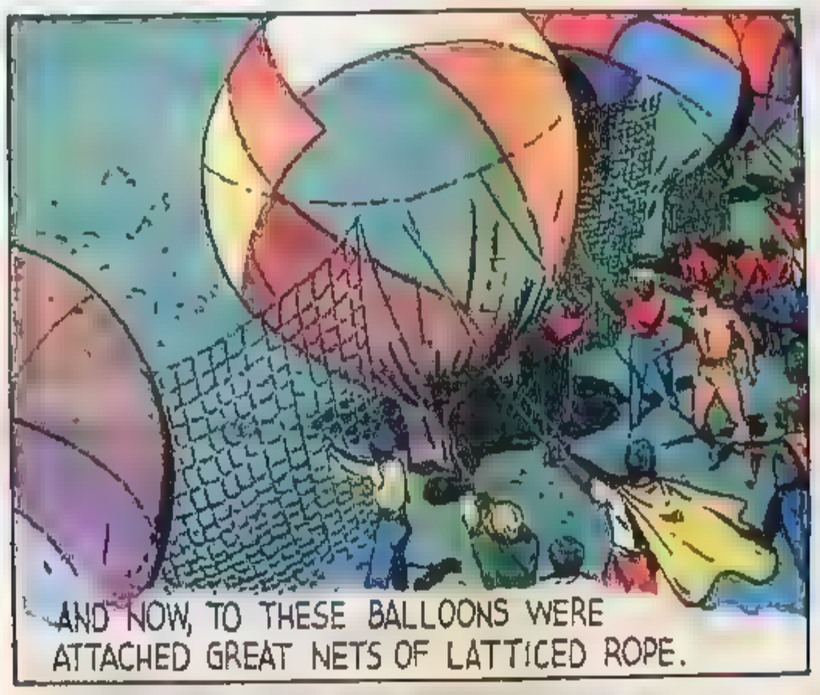
by EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

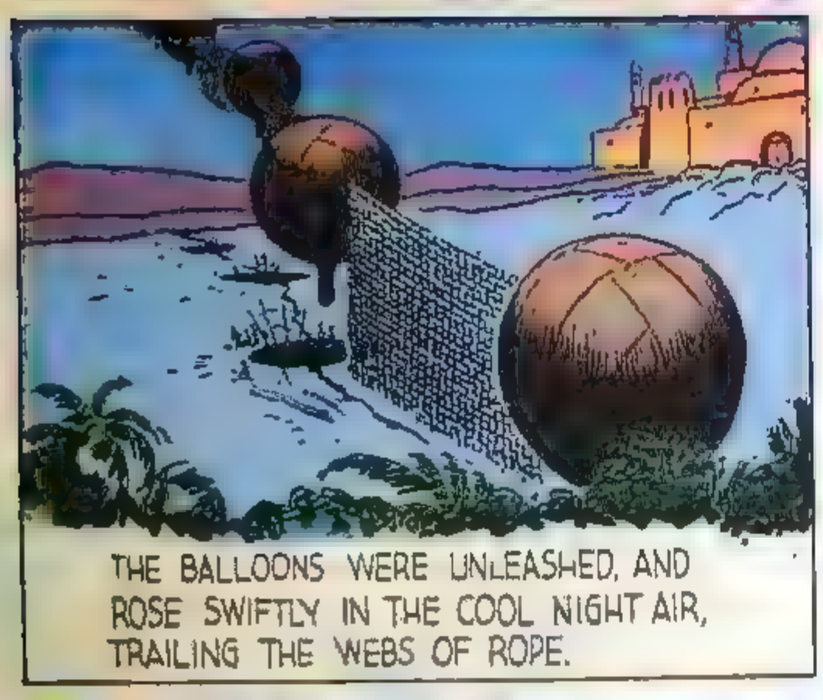
WEB OF DEATH

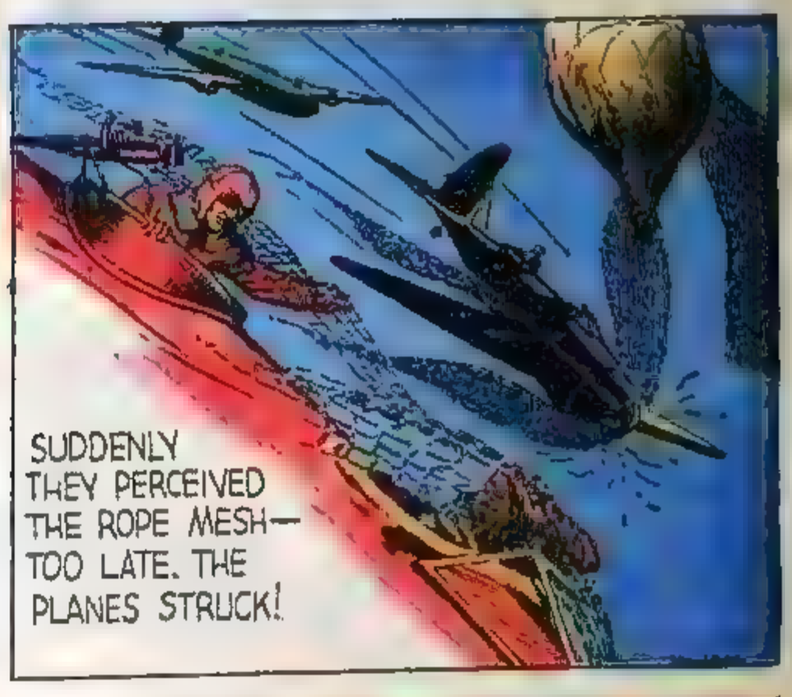


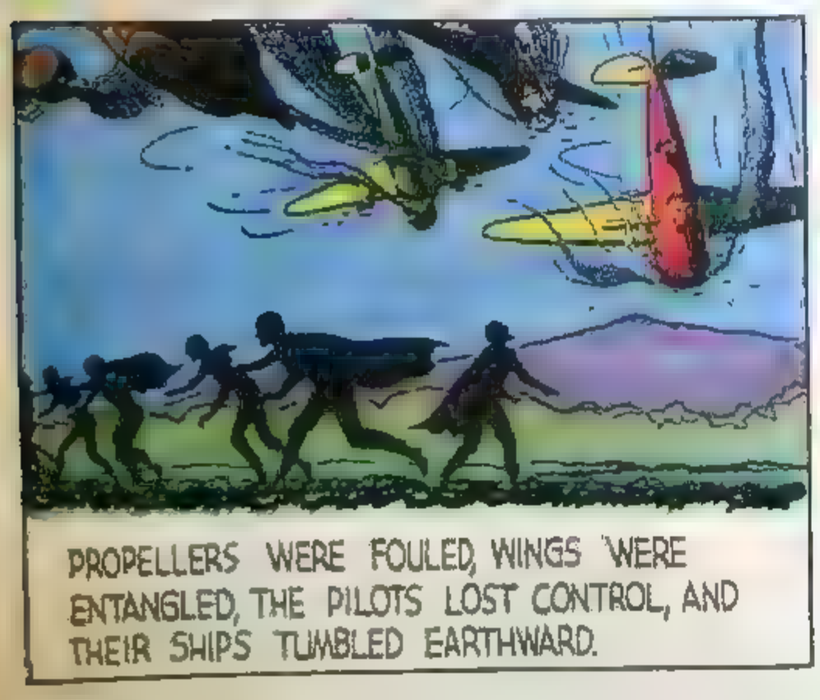


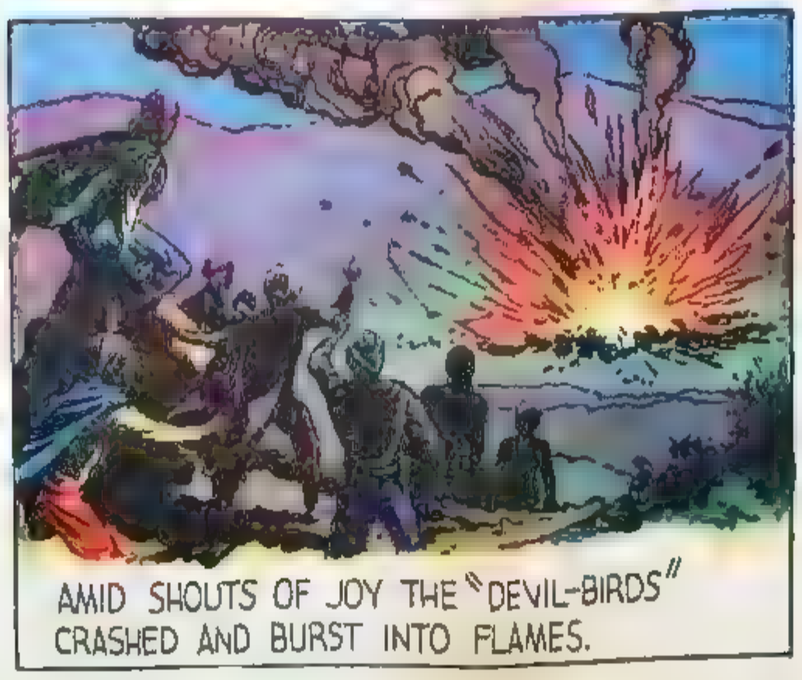


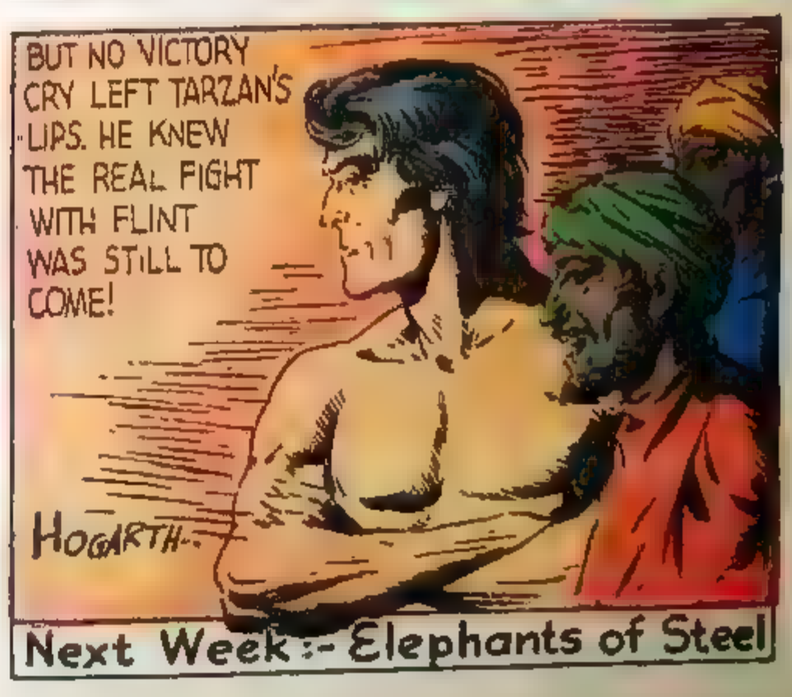












Next Week:- Elephants of Steel

16 COLOR COMIC PAGES

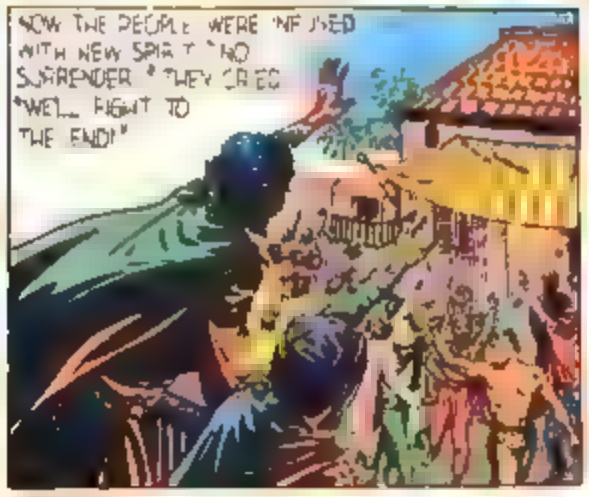
Los Angeles Times

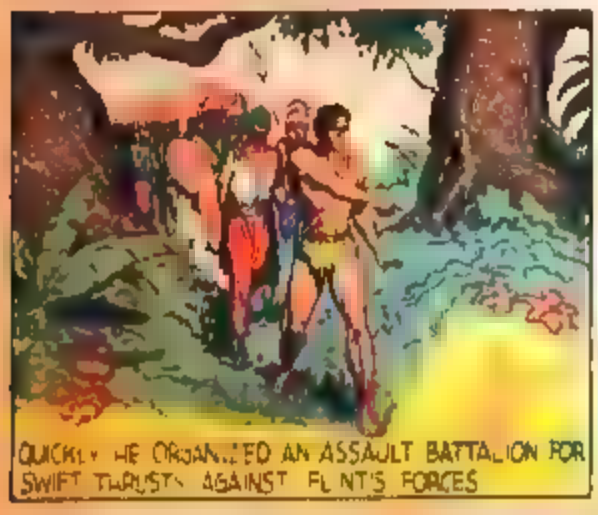
WORLD'S GREATEST COMICS

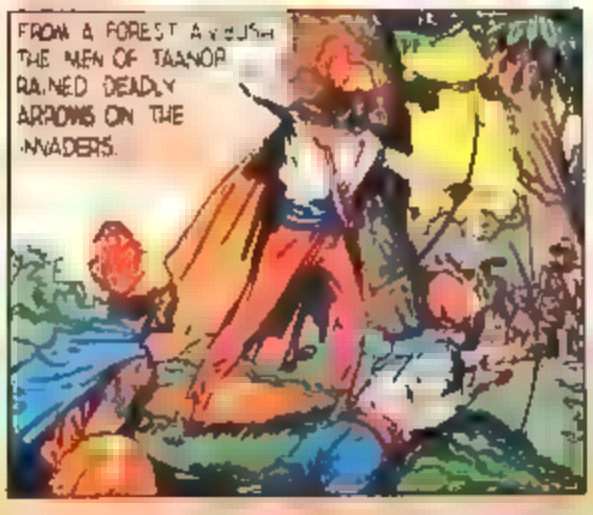
Tarzan

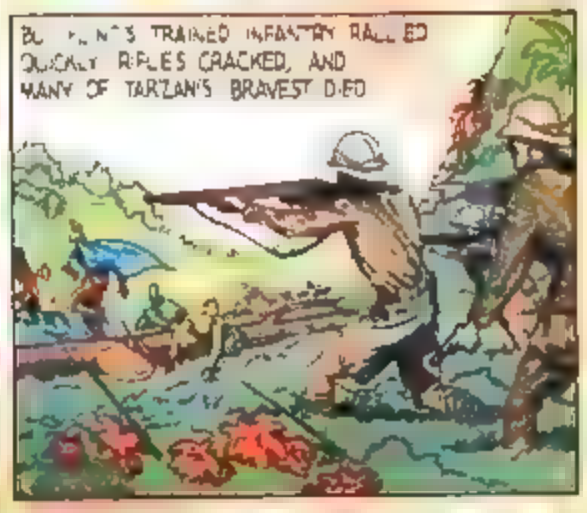
by EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

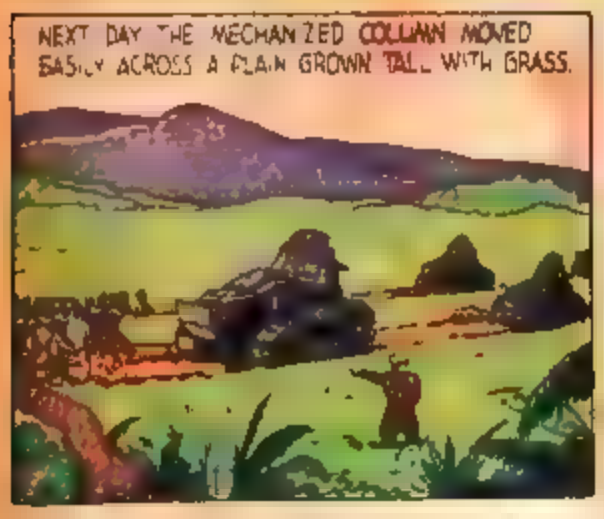
ELEPHANTS OF STEEL

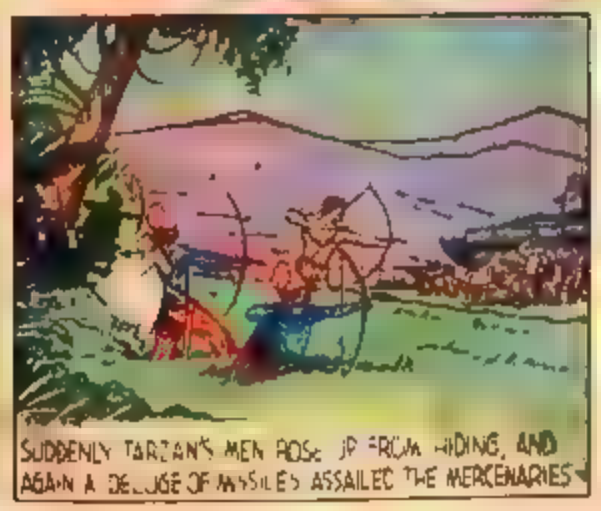


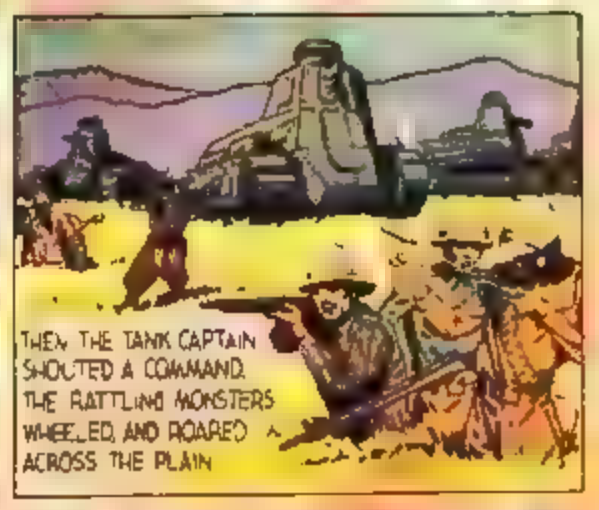


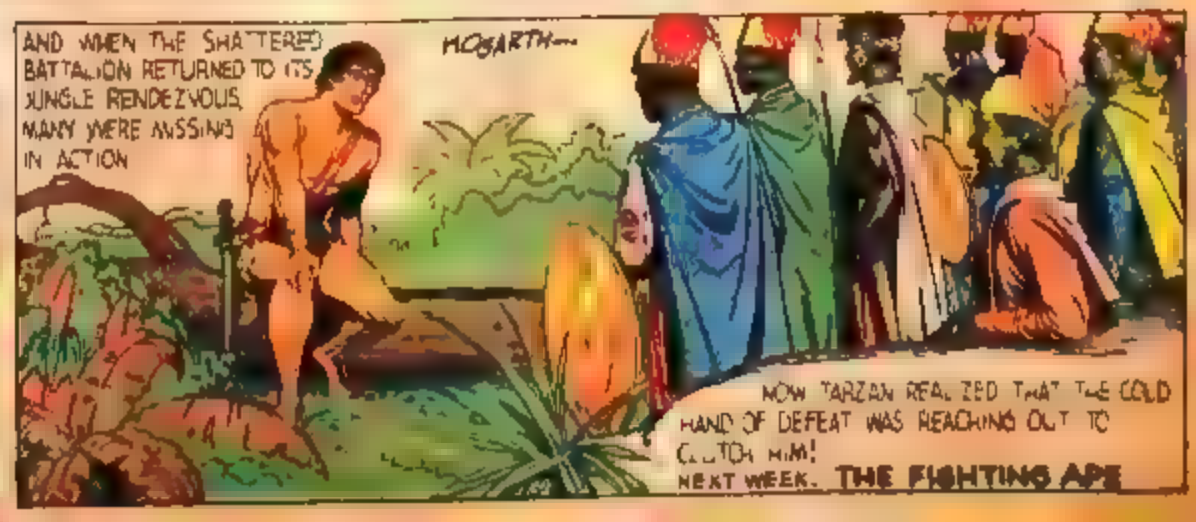












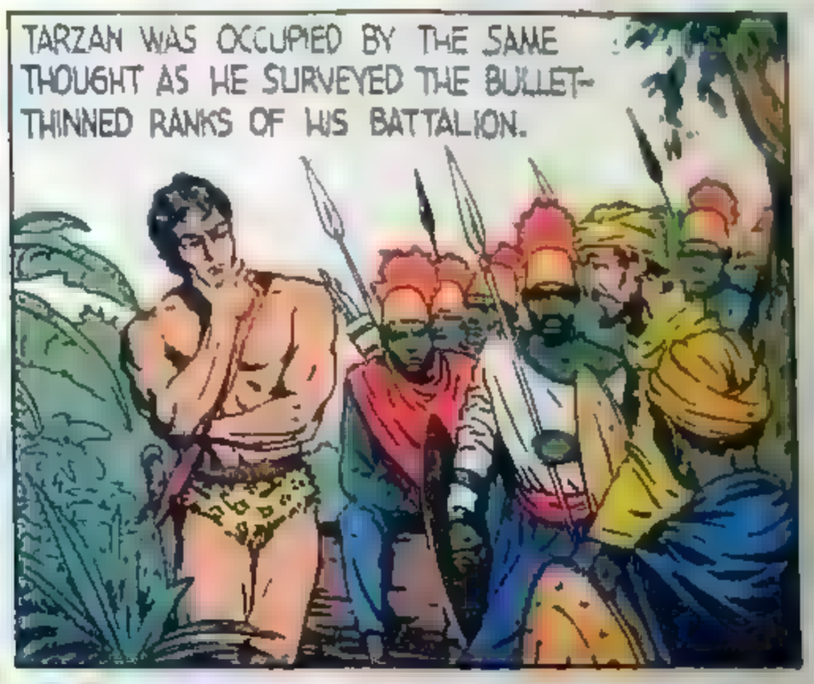
325 — 5-30

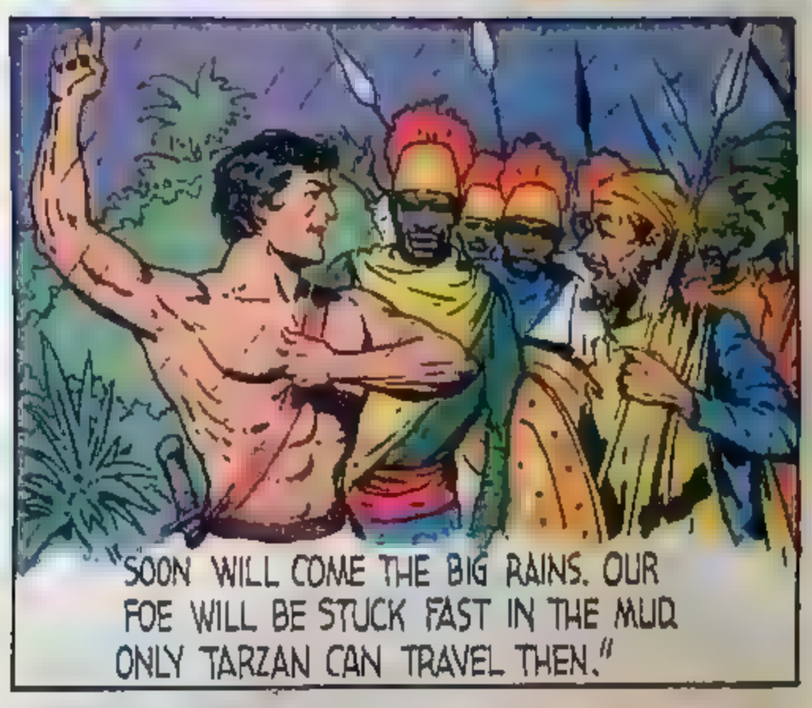
Tarzan

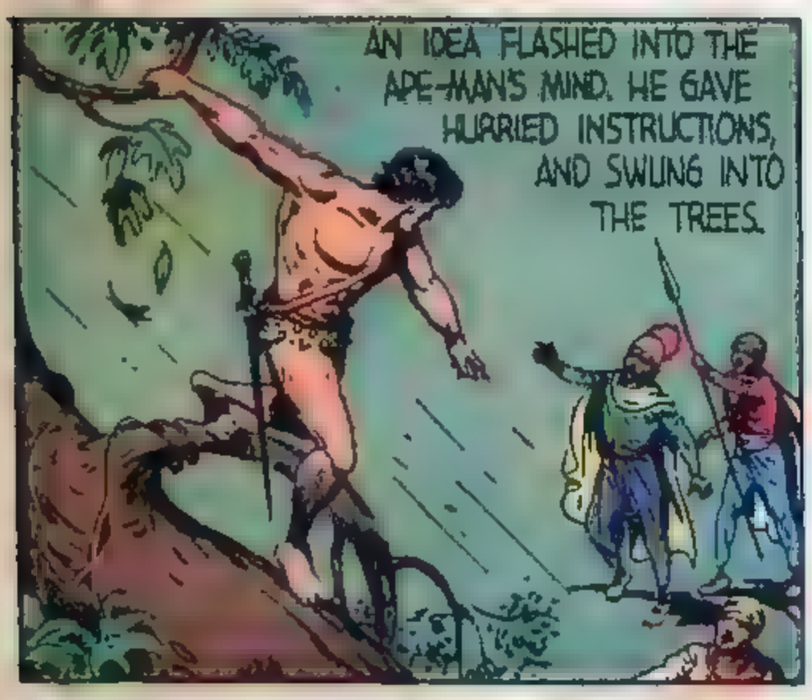
by EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

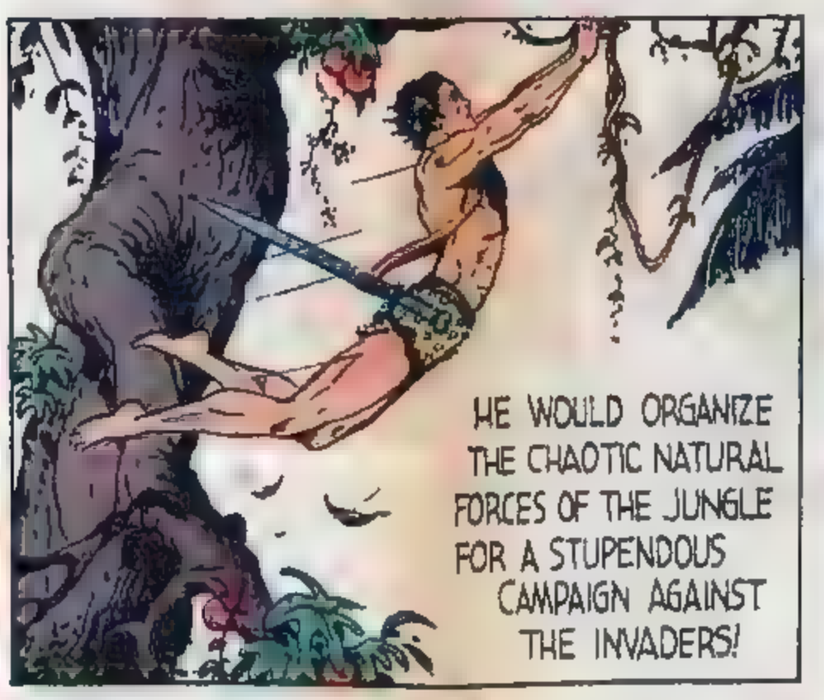
UNITED FEATURE SYNDICATE, Inc.

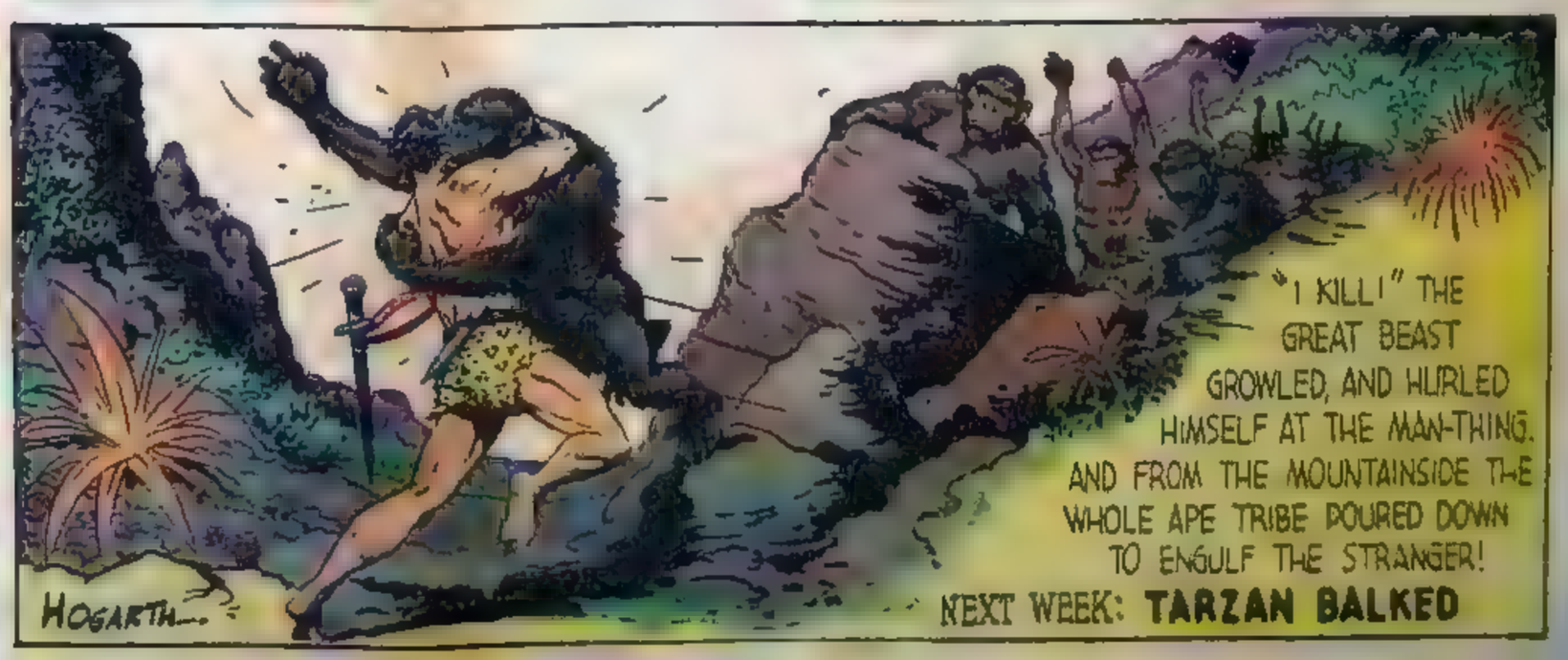
THE FIGHTING APE











16 COLOR COMIC PAGES

Los Angeles Times

SUNDAY MORNING JUNE 1 1937

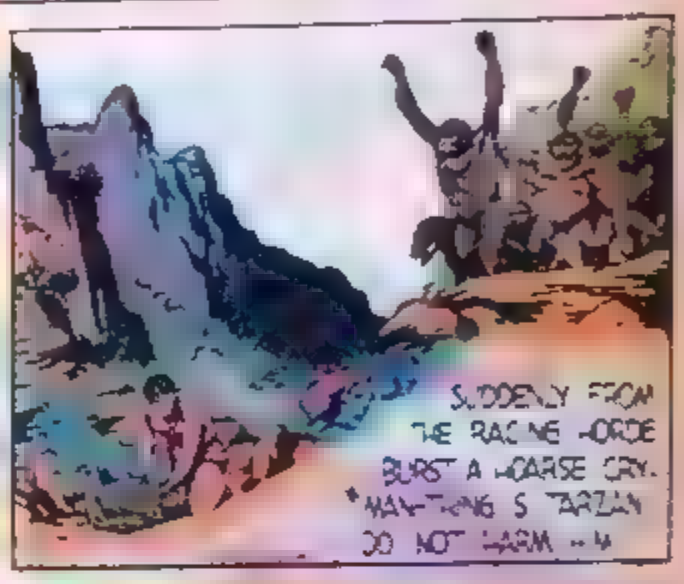
WORLD'S GREATEST COMICS

Tarzan

by EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

TARZAN BALKED

AS THE APE LUNGED TARZAN DODGED. THEN LEAPED AND LOCKED AN ARM AROUND THAT HAIRY NECK



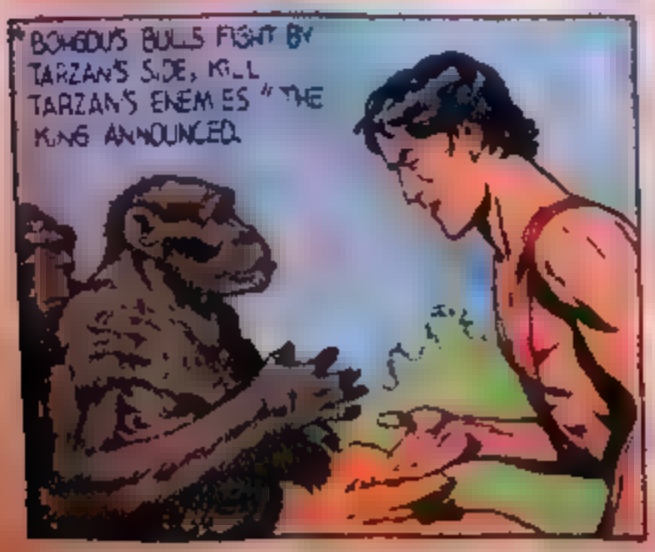
TARZAN RECOGNIZED THE VOICE OF BONGDU, HIS APE FRIEND WHO HAD SHARED WITH HIM SO MANY PERILOUS ADVENTURES

IN APE FASHION BONGDU GREETED HIM BY EXAMINING HIS SKIN, THUS TO JUDGE HIS HEALTH

THEN TARZAN ASKED: "WHO IS KING AMONG YOU?" BONGDU BEAT HIS CHEST PROUDLY.

BUT TARZAN SAW THAT THE BULLS RESENTED THE ALIEN MONARCH WHO RULED BY RIGHT OF CONQUEST

THE JUNGLE LORD SAID: "MEN WITH THUNDER-STICKS INVADE OUR FOREST. TARZAN NEEDS AID."



THE BULLS GROWLED: "LET TARZAN FIGHT OWN BATTLES. WE NOT FIGHT, WE NOT DIE FOR HIM."

THE APE-MAN TURNED AWAY. HE HAD FAILED IN HIS FIRST ATTEMPT TO RECRUIT A JUNGLE ARMY AGAINST HIS FOES.

NEXT WEEK: **GOOD FOR EVIL**

Ralph's AT ALL STORES

New Low Price **HORMEL** CONSOMME MADRILENE

Tell Cee Now Only **10c**

FOR THESE WARM DAYS SMART HOSTESSES SERVE HORMEL CONSOMME MADRILENE Jello quickly in refrigerator.

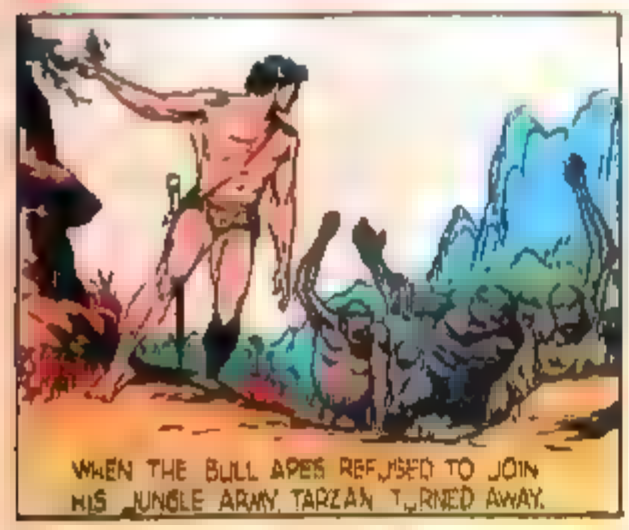
PEORIA JOURNAL-TRANSCRIPT

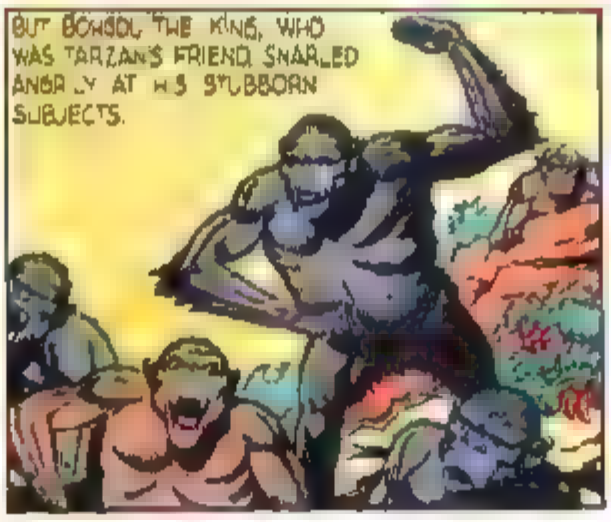
SUNDAY JUNE 11 1967

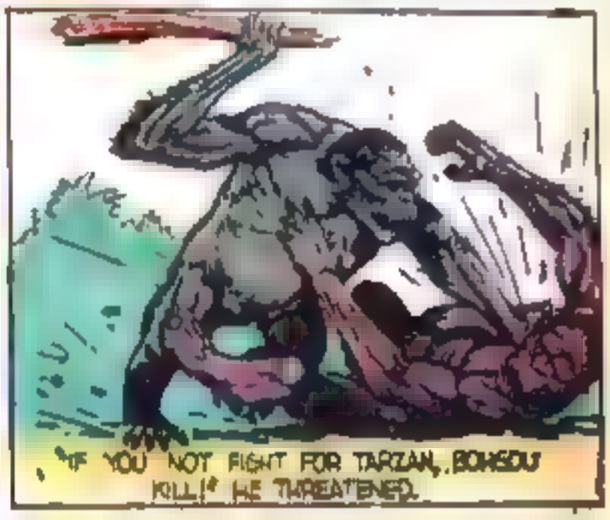
Tarzan

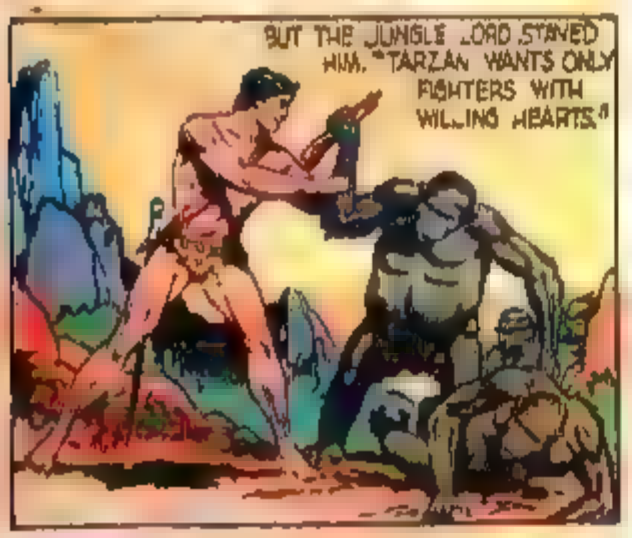
by EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

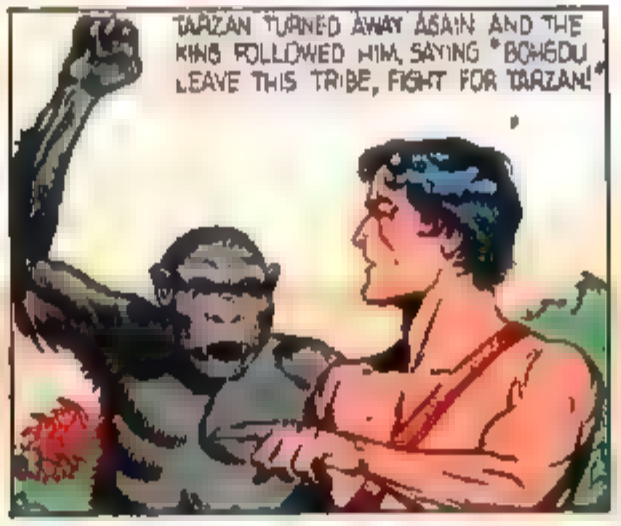
GOOD FOR EVIL

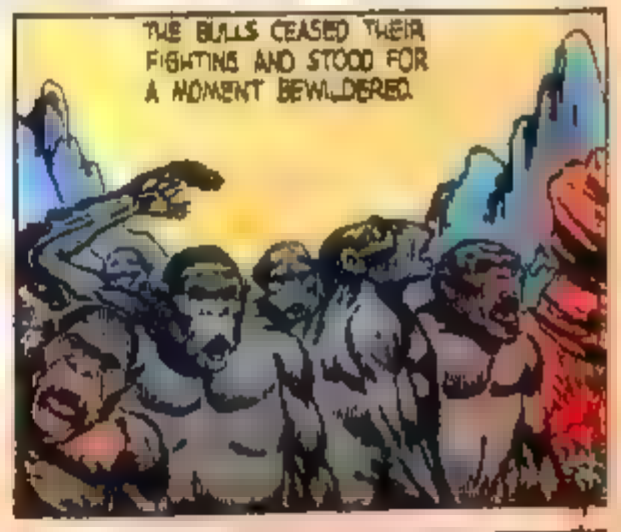


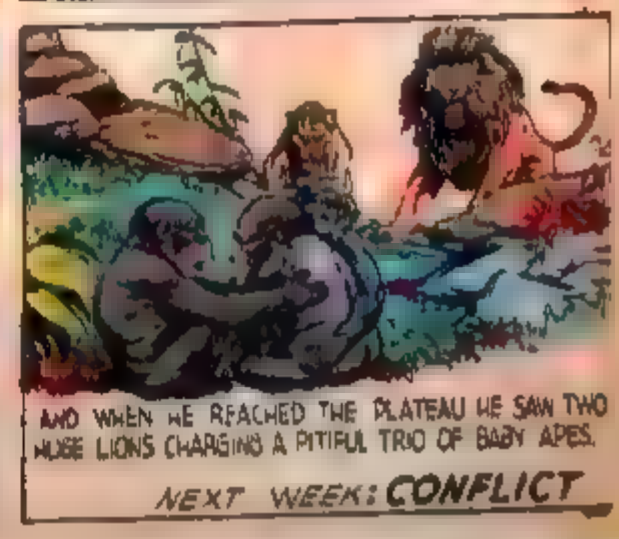








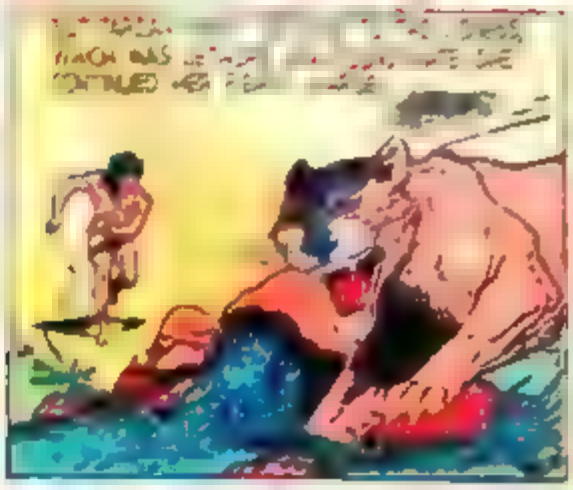


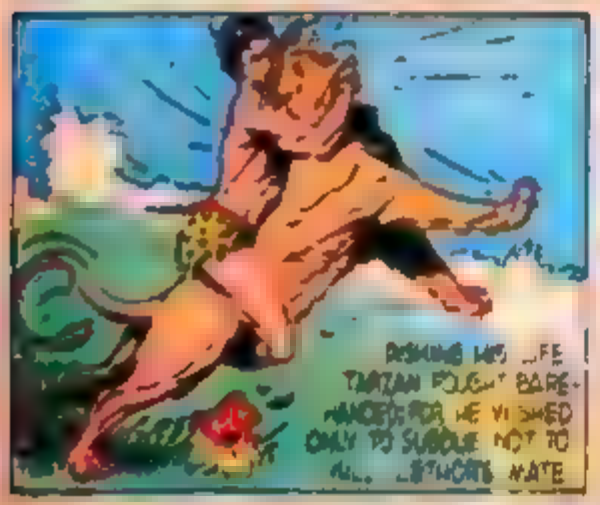


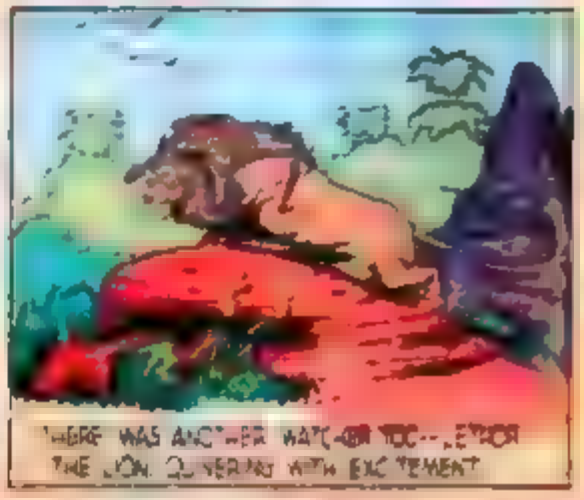
PEORIA JOURNAL-TRANSCRIPT

Tarzan

by Edgar Rice Burroughs







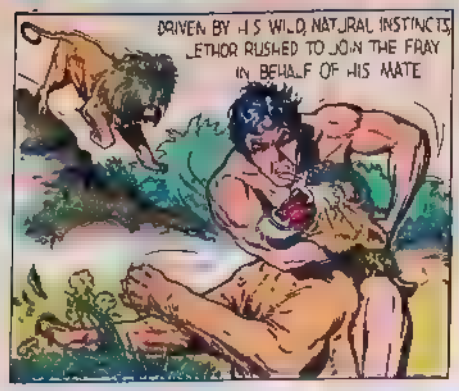
PEORIA JOURNAL-TRANSCRIPT

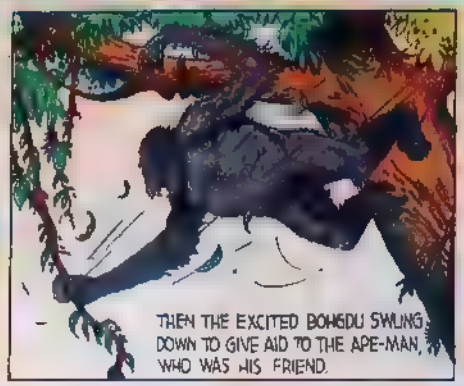
SUNDAY, JUNE 27, 1937

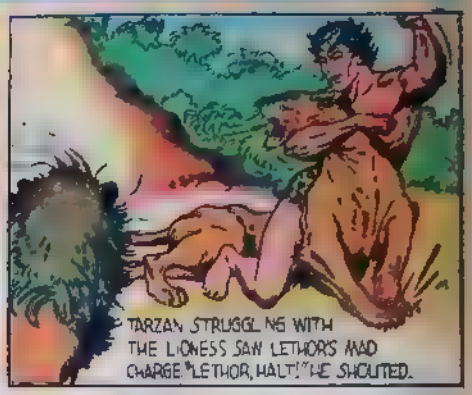
Tarzan

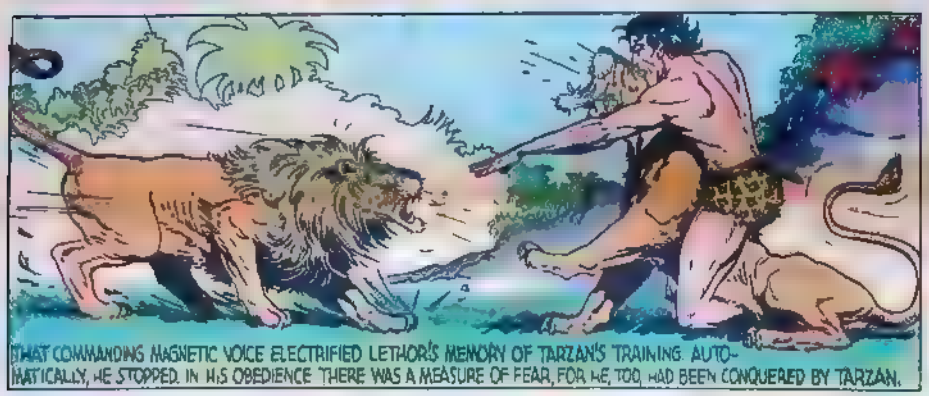
by EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

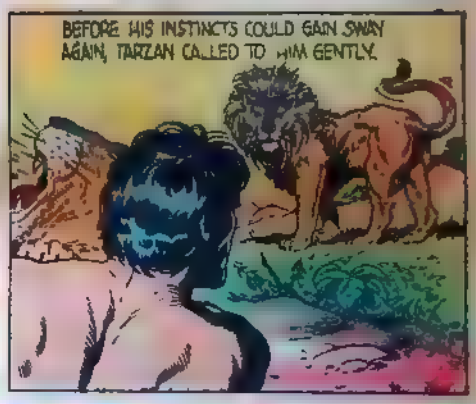
THE BLOOD OF TARZAN

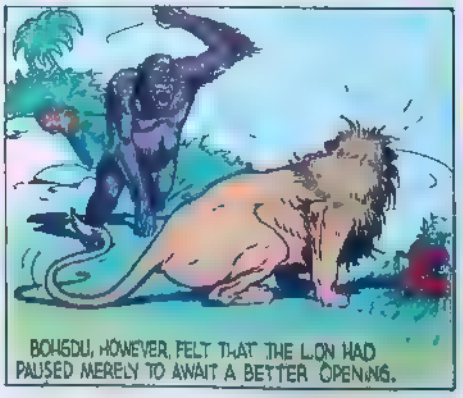


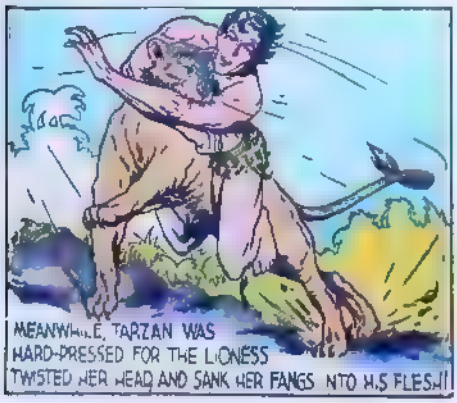


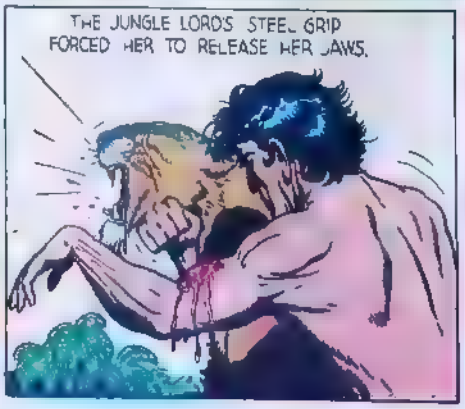


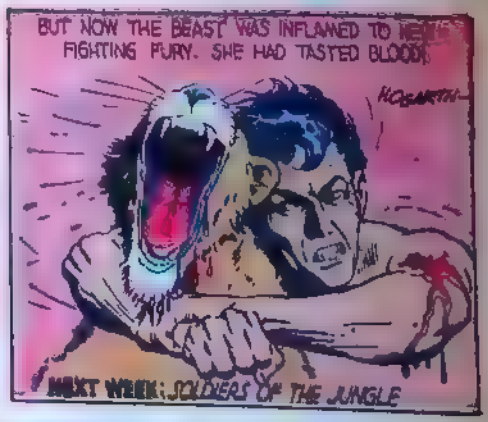












16 COLOR COMIC PAGES

Los Angeles Times

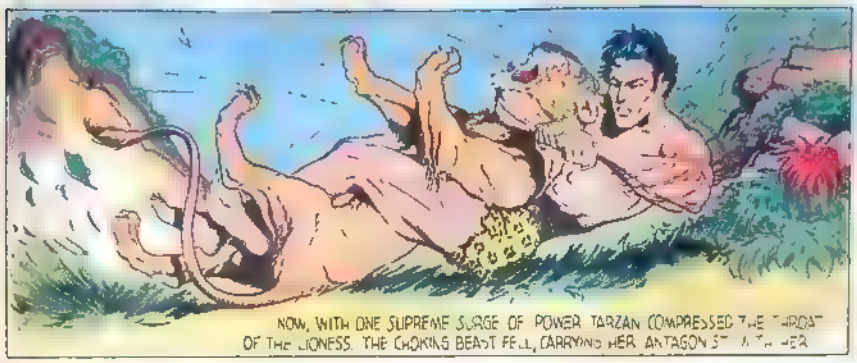
WORLD'S GREATEST COMICS

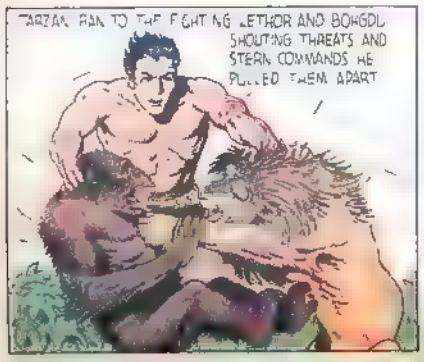
395-7-4

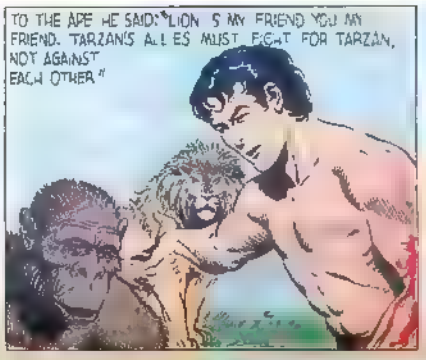
Tarzan

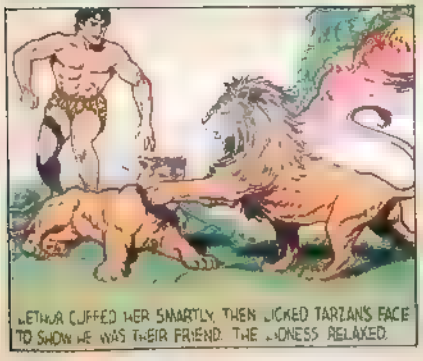
by EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

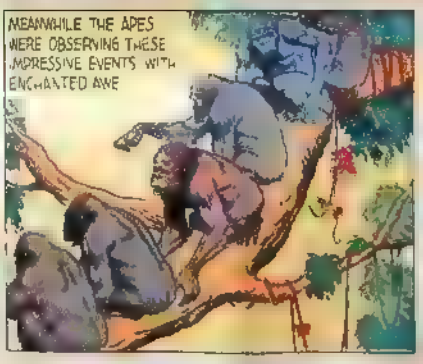
SOLDIERS OF THE JUNGLE











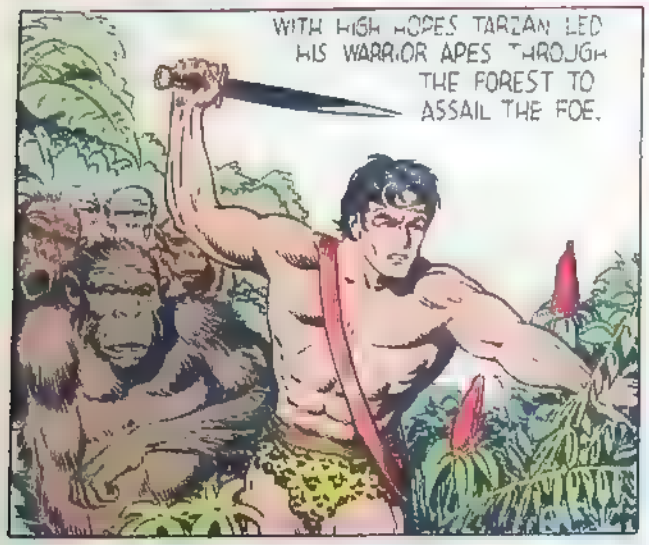
NEXT WEEK: JUNGLE VENGEANCE

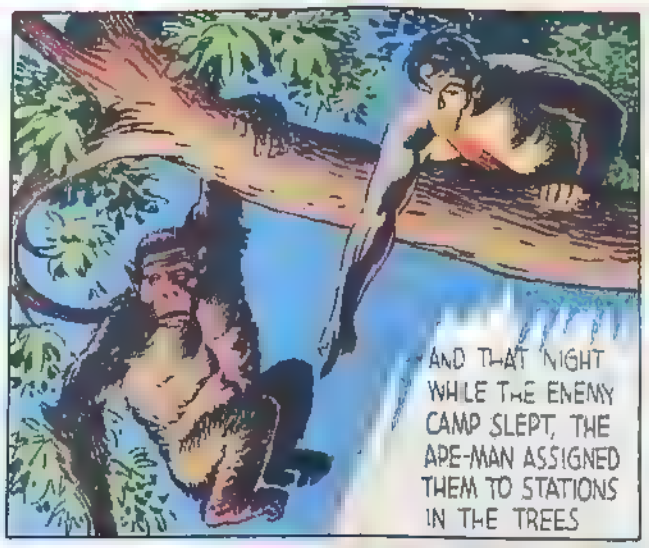
Tarzan

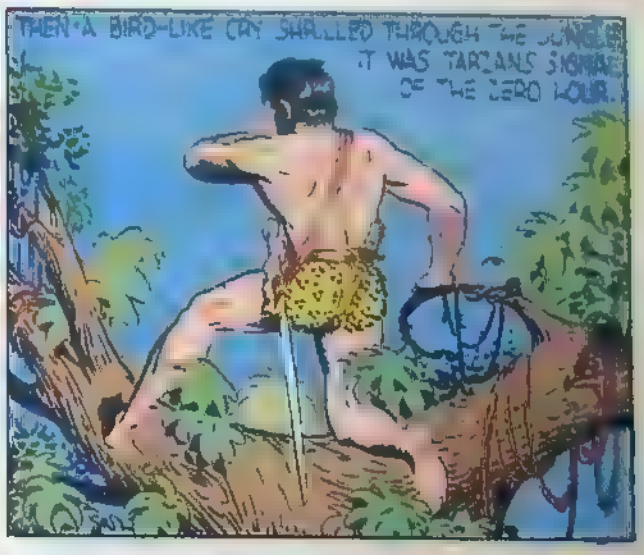
by EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

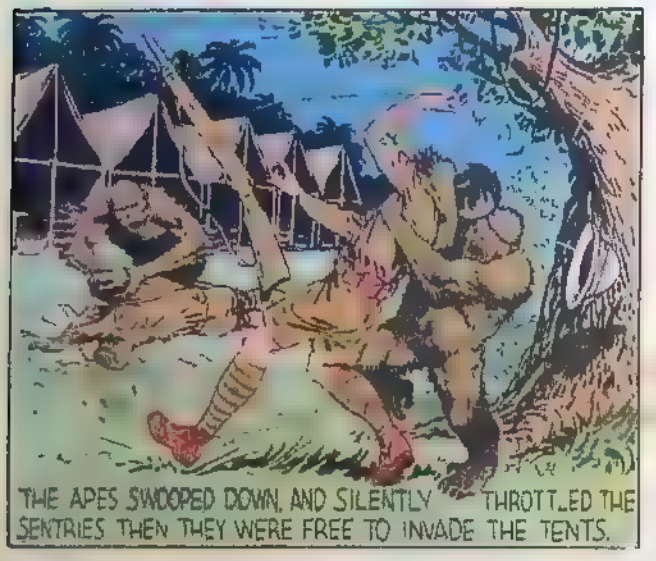
UNITED FEATURE SYNDICATE, INC.

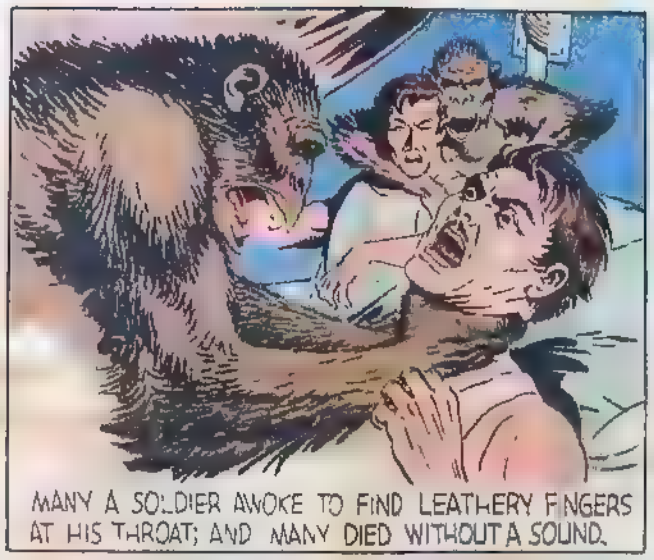
JUNGLE VENGEANCE

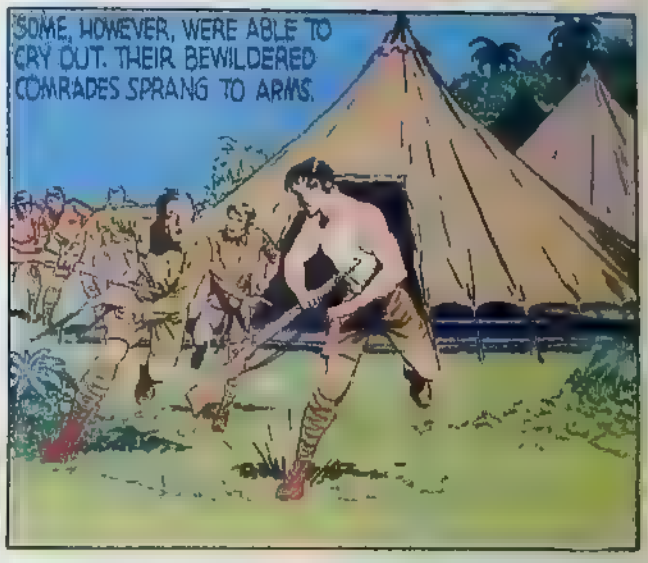


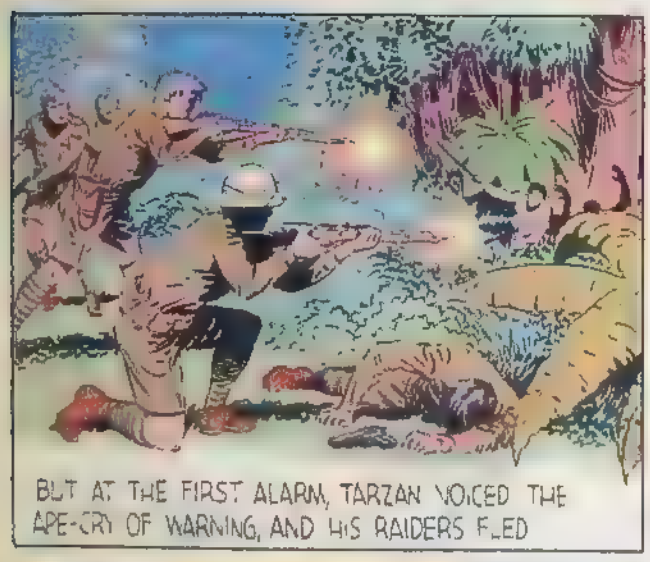


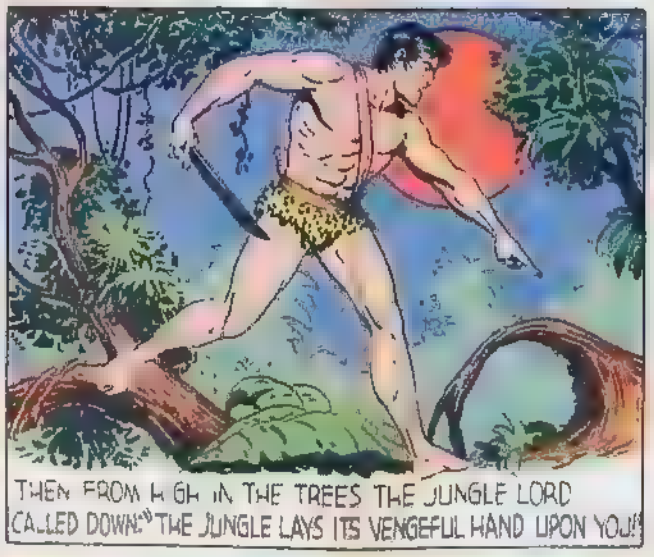


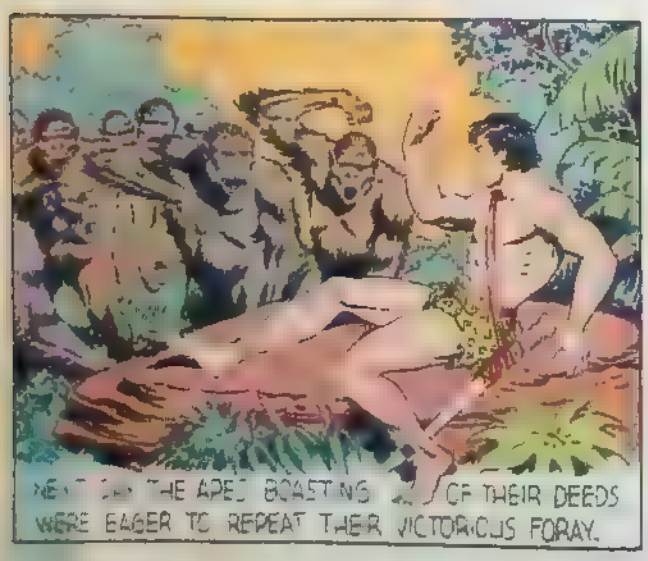


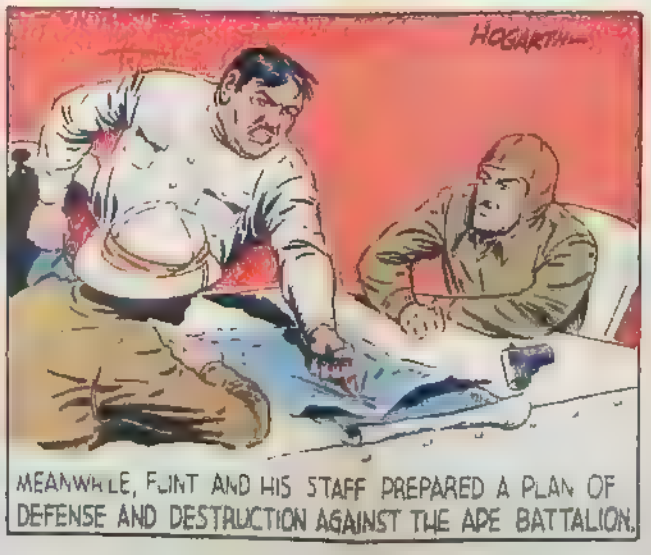


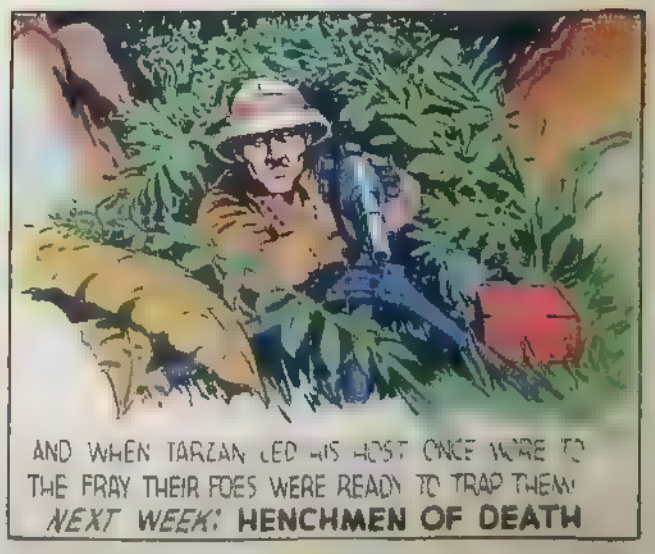












TARZAN

HENCHMEN OF DEATH

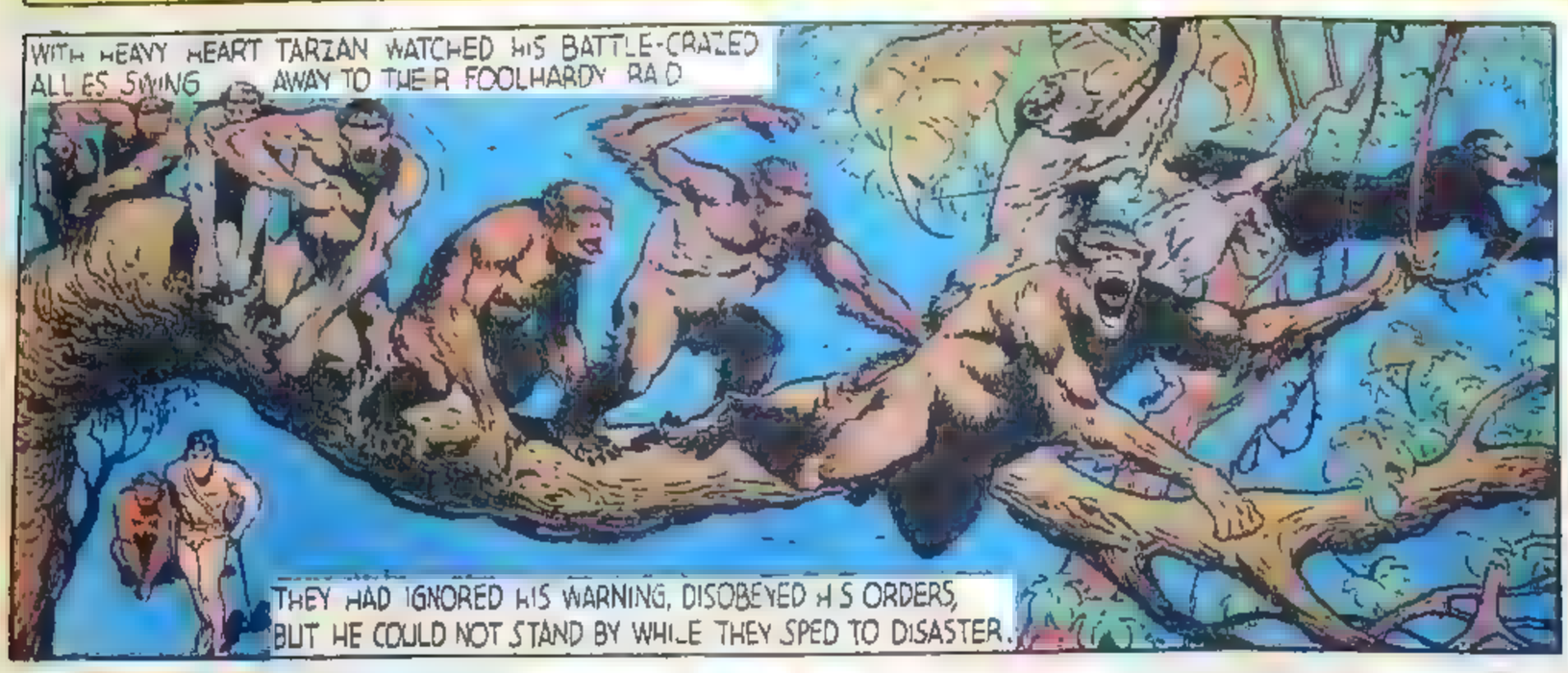
333-7-25

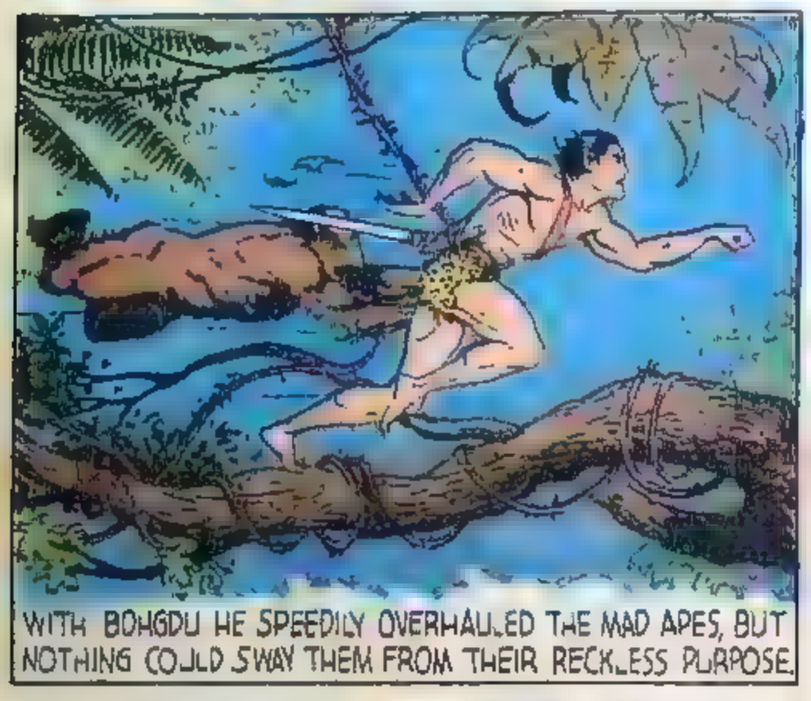
Tarzan

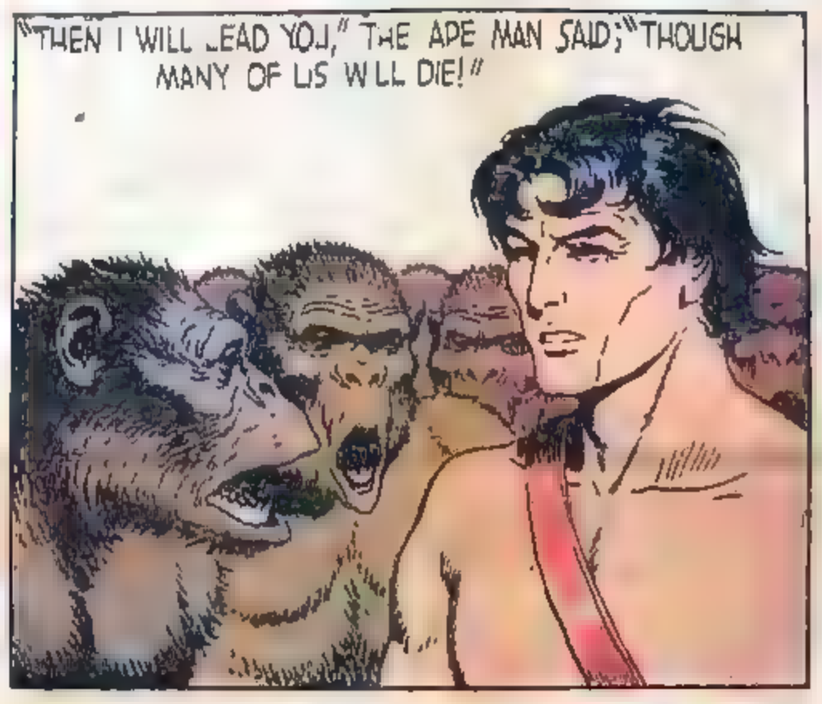
by EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

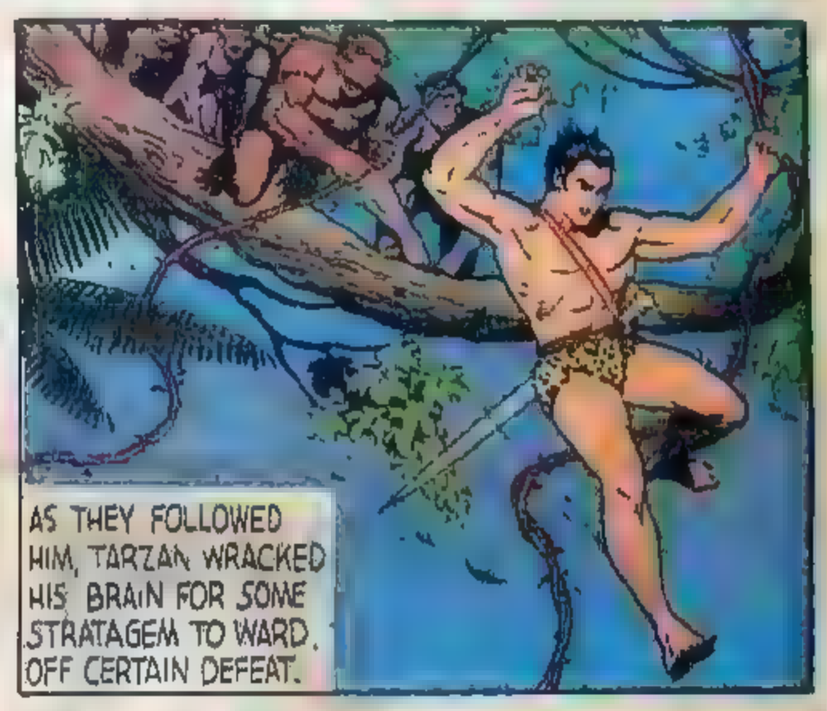
UNITED FEATURE SYNDICATE, INC.

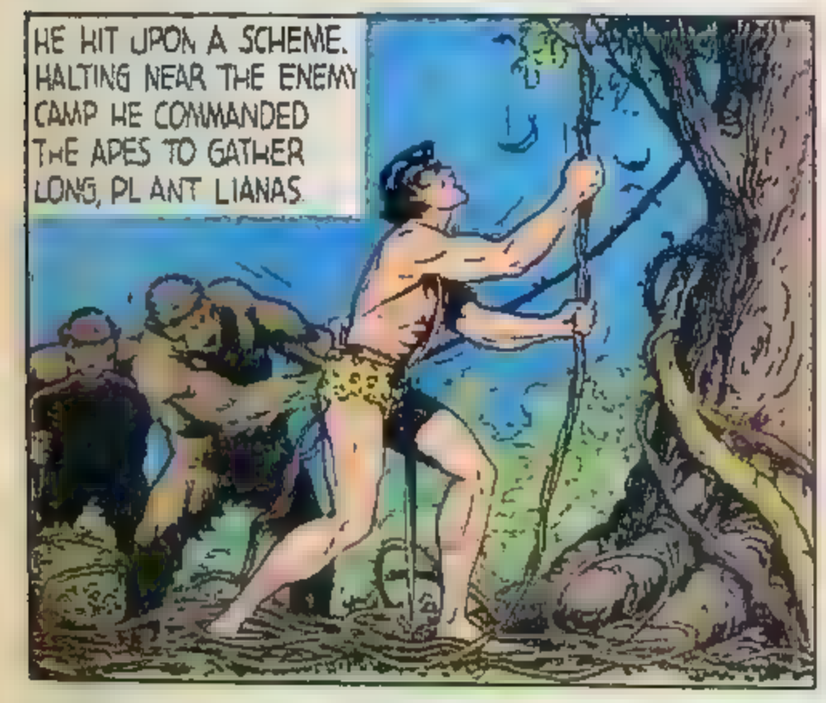
A DESPERATE CHANCE

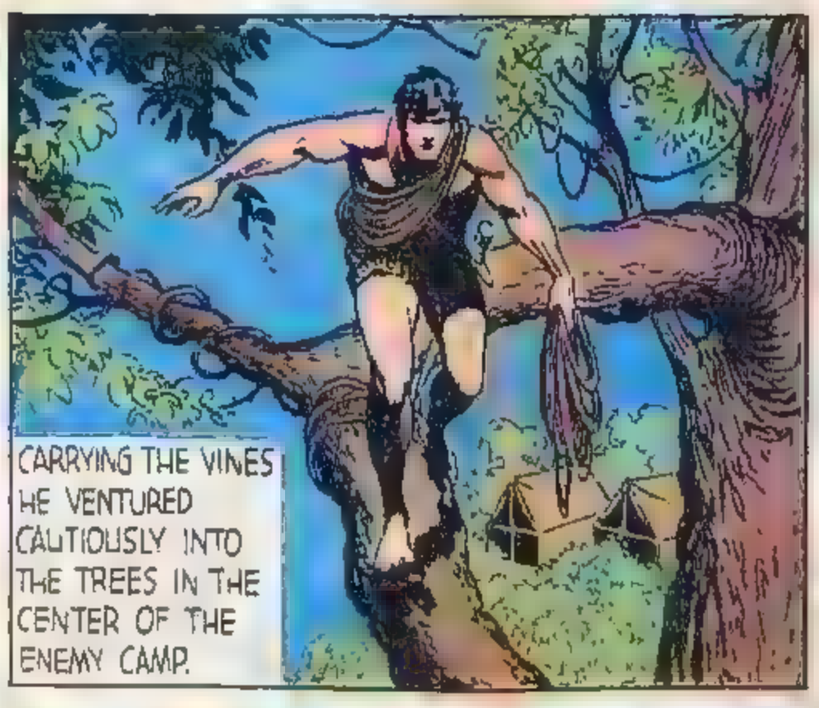


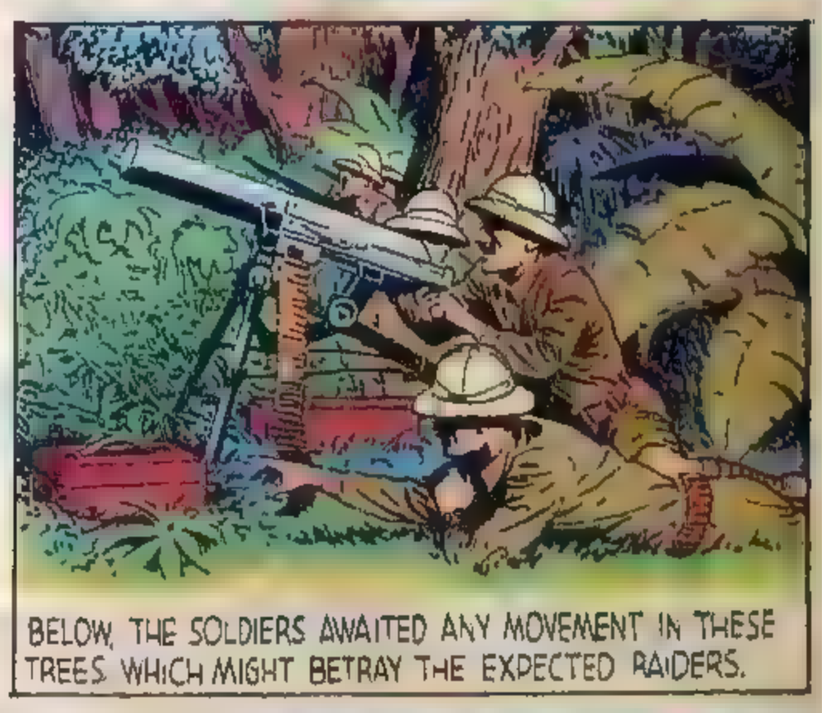


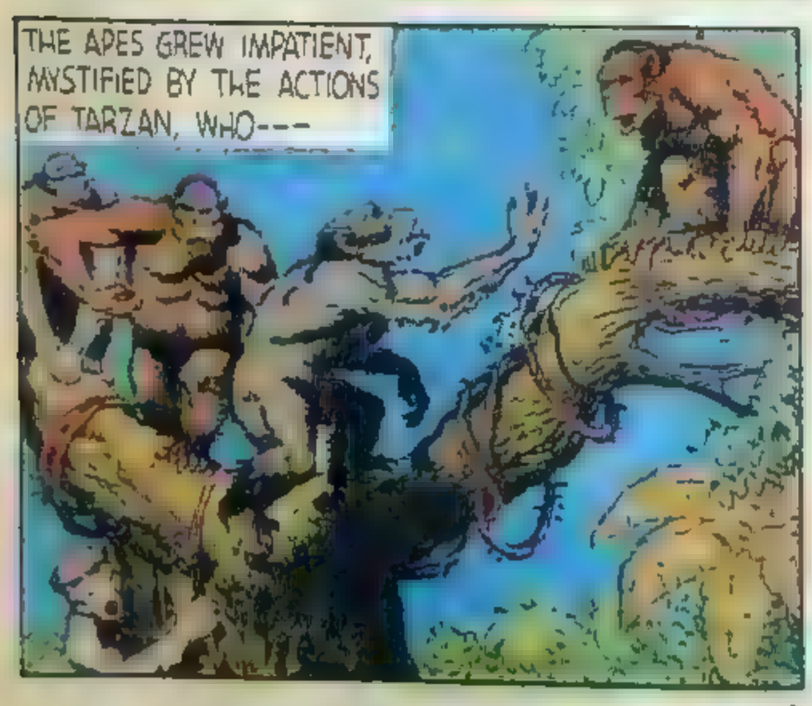


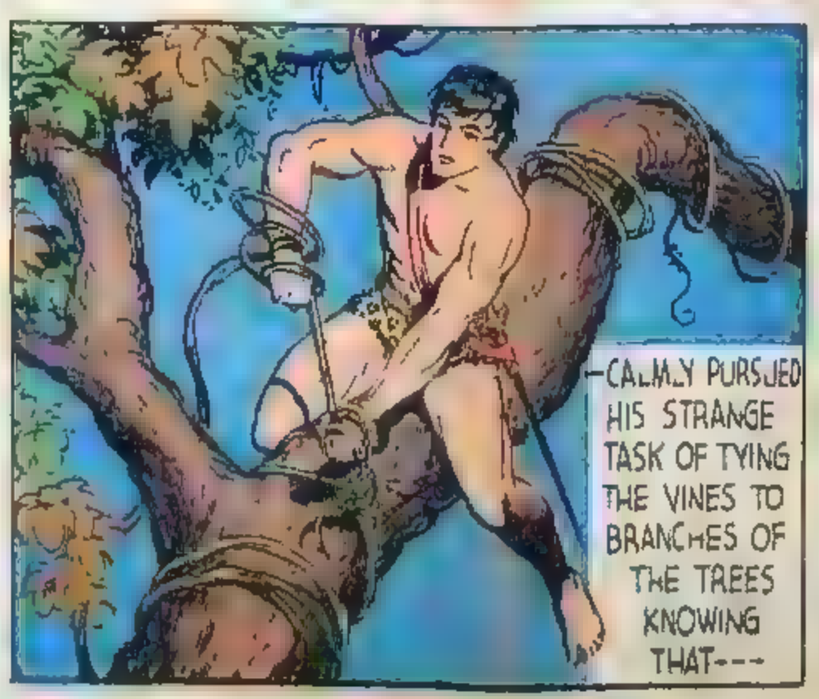












NEXT WEEK: DARING ADVENTURE

PEORIA JOURNAL-TRANSCRIPT

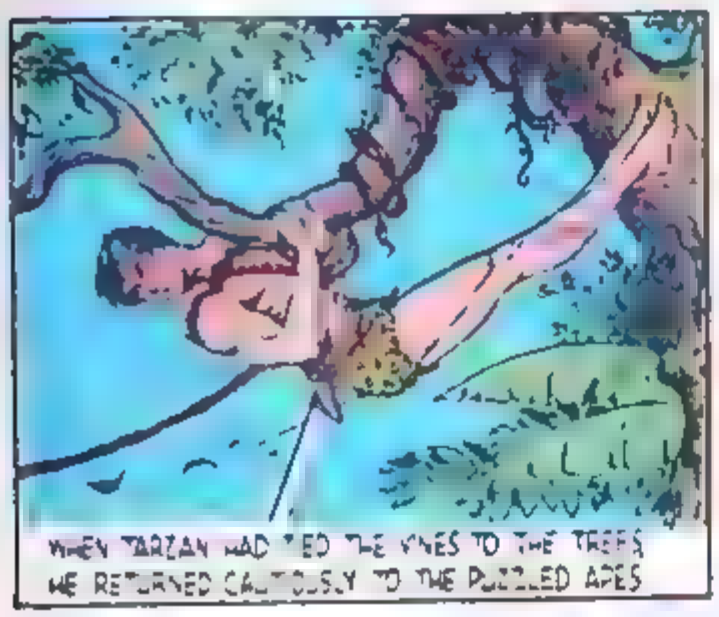
SUNDAY, AUGUST 1, 1937

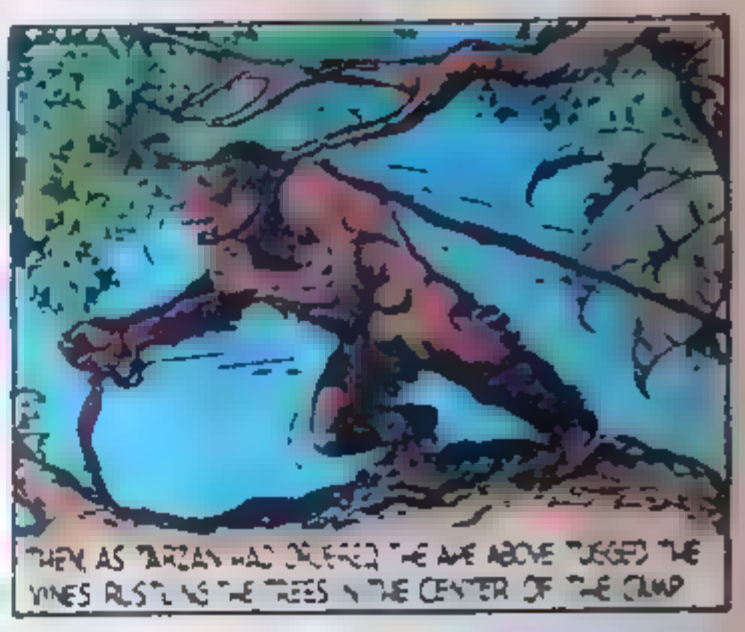
334-8-1

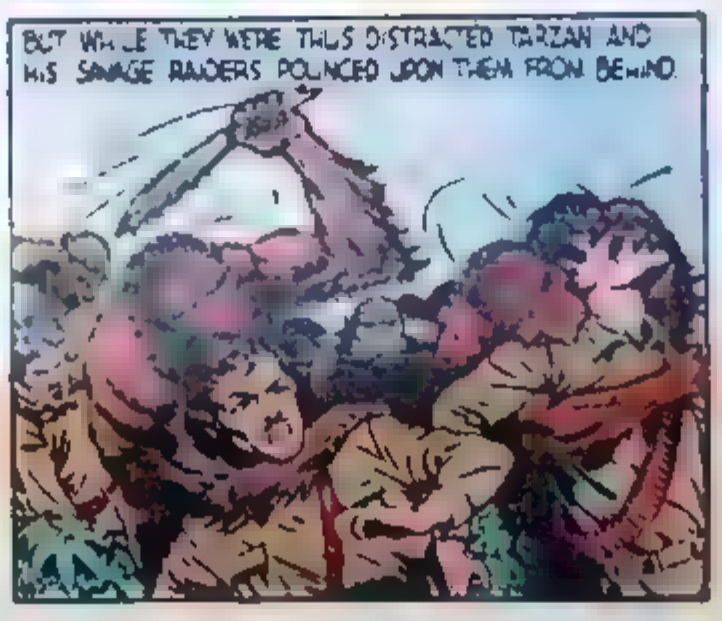
Tarzan

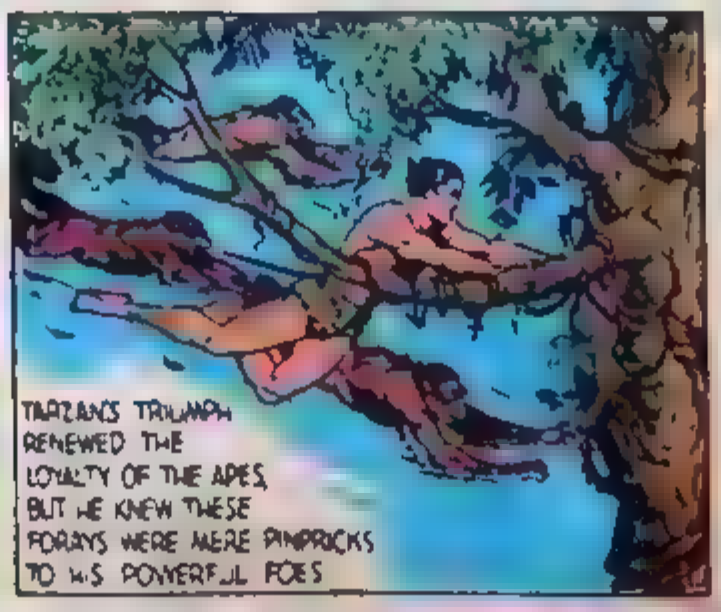
by EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

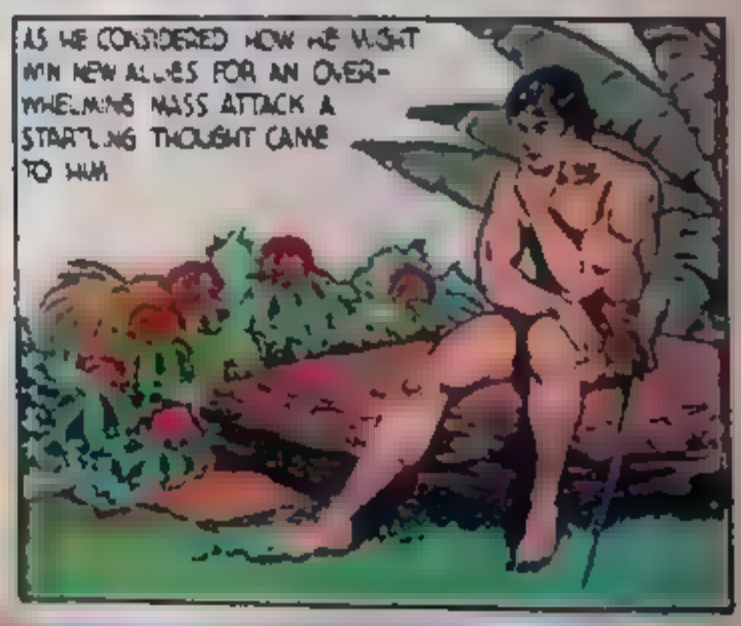
DARING ADVENTURE

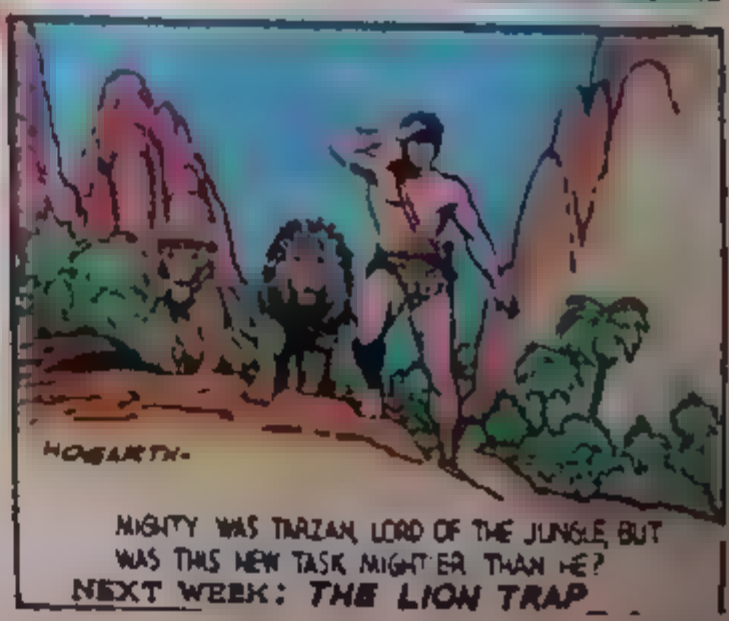












MIGHTY WAS TARZAN, LORD OF THE JUNGLE, BUT WAS THIS NEW TASK MIGHTIER THAN HE?

NEXT WEEK: *THE LION TRAP*

16 COLOR COMIC PAGES

Los Angeles Times

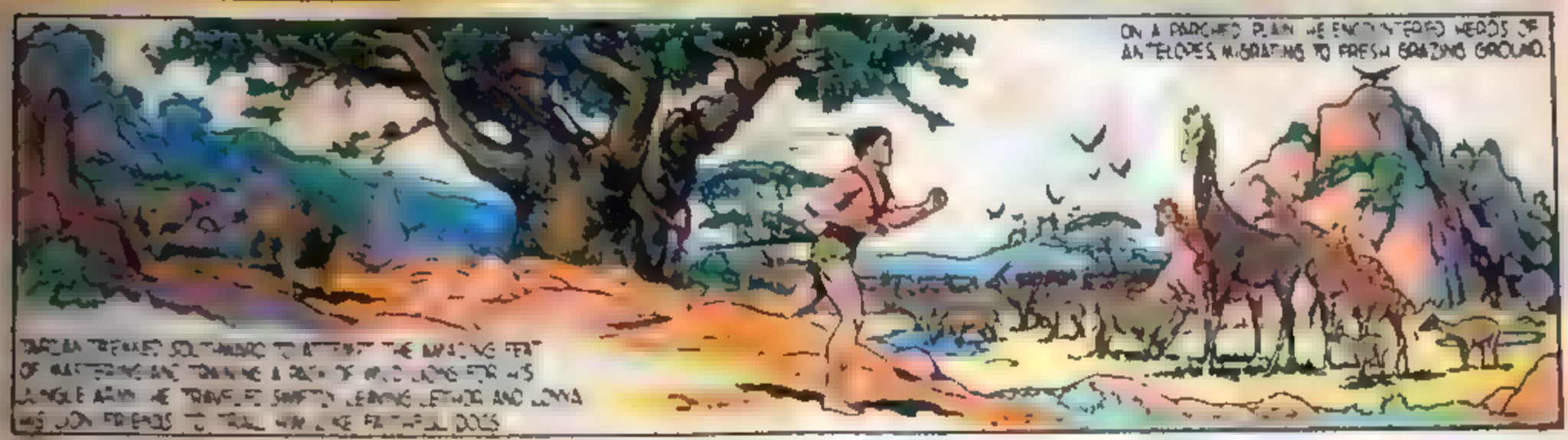
WORLD'S GREATEST COMICS

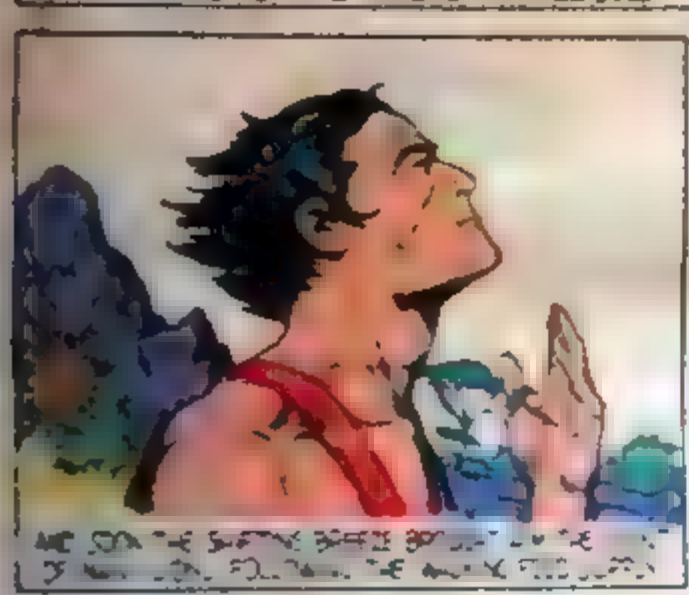
335-6-8

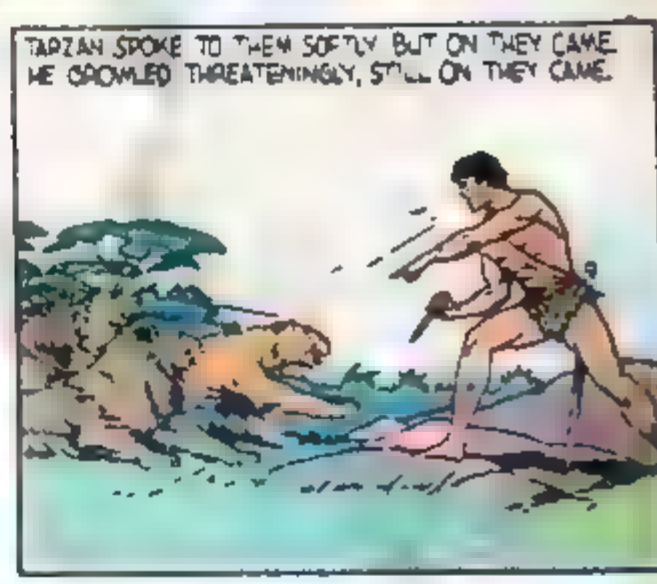
Tarzan

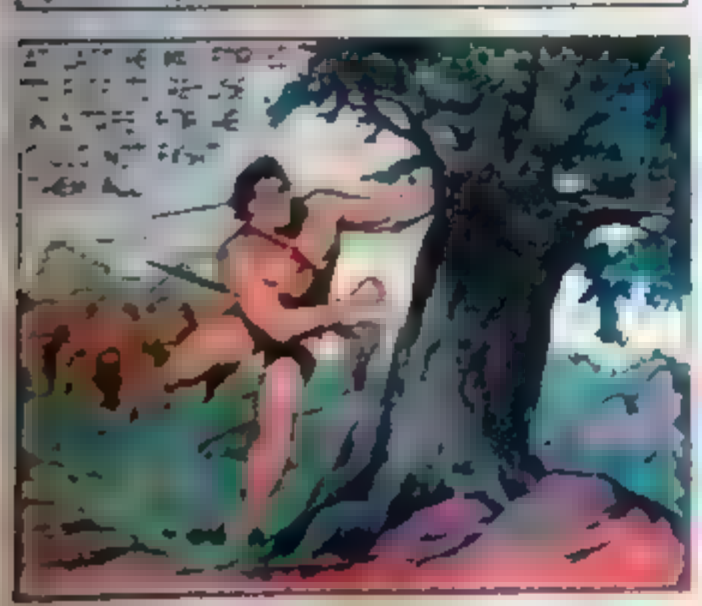
by EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

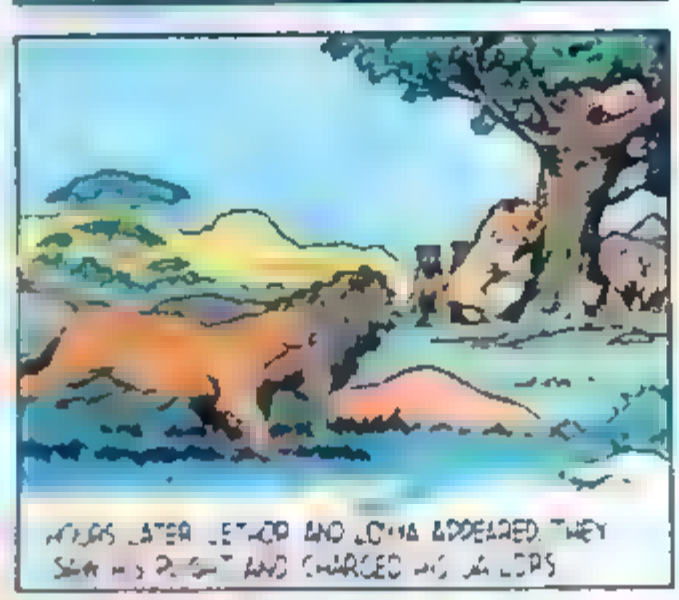
THE LION TRAP

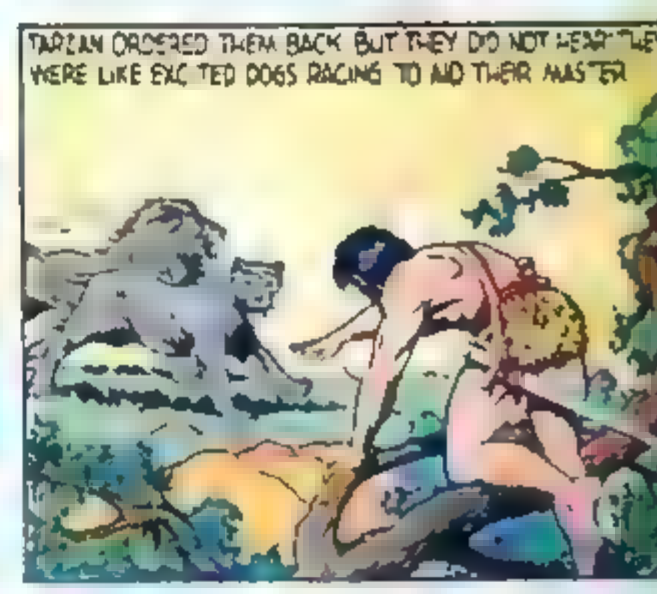


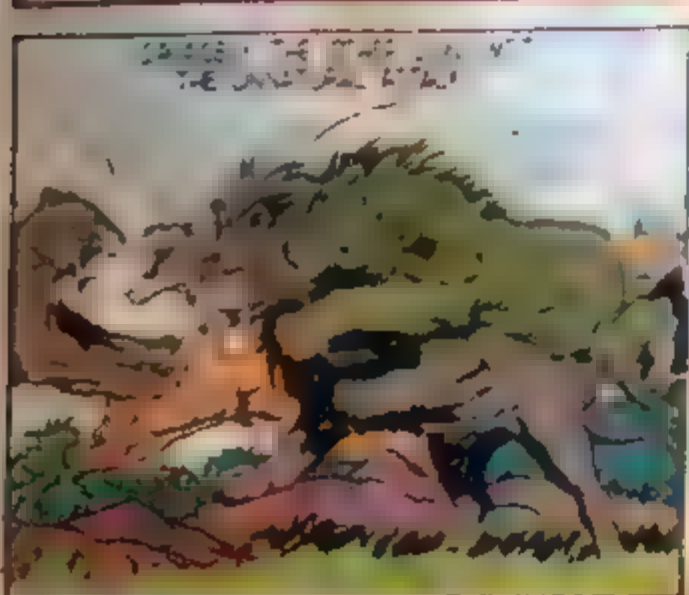


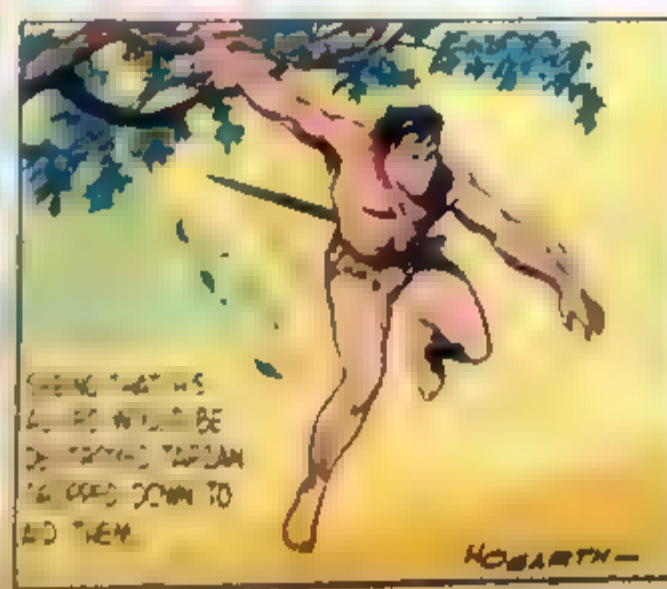












Rasco's ANNOUNCE New Quick Summer Meal HORMEL HAM a la King ONLY 19c

336-8-15

Tarzan

by EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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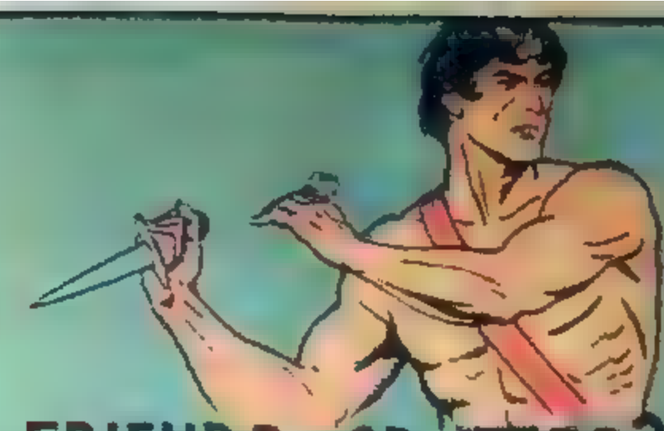
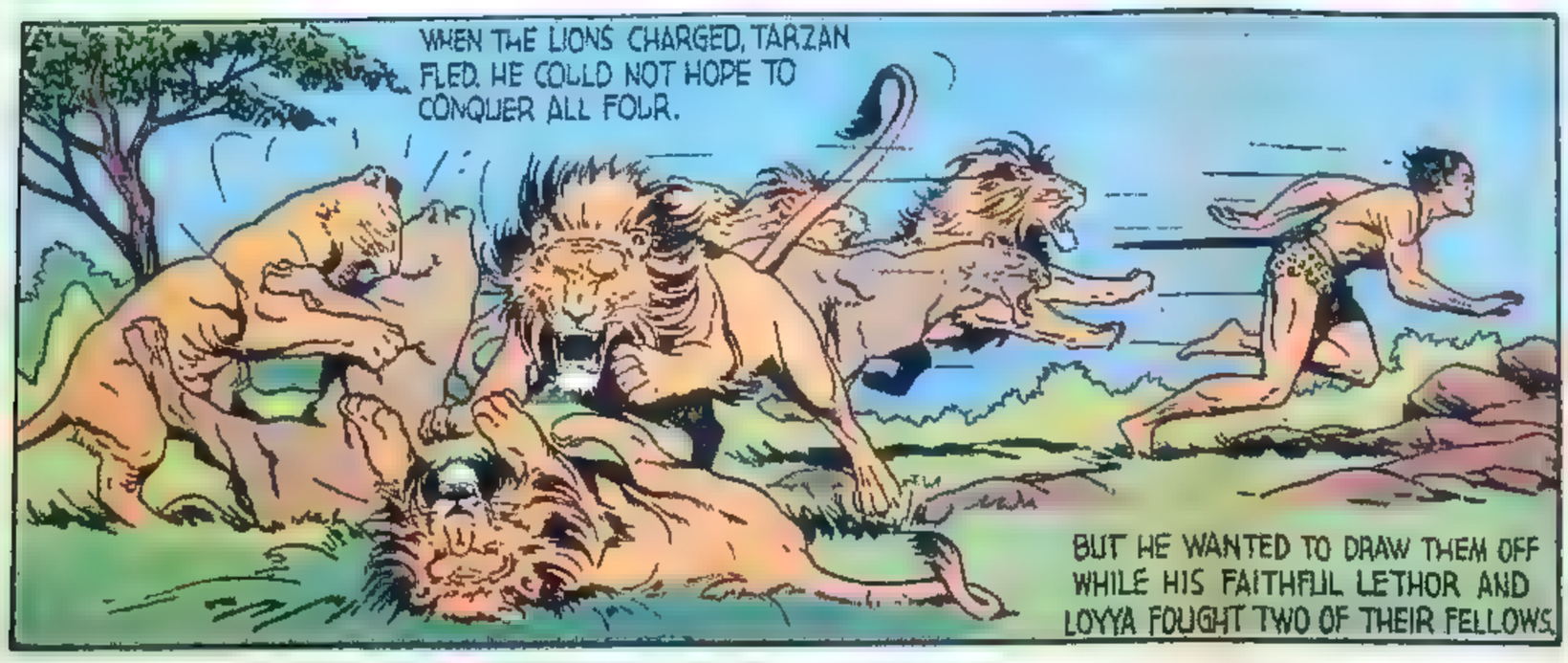
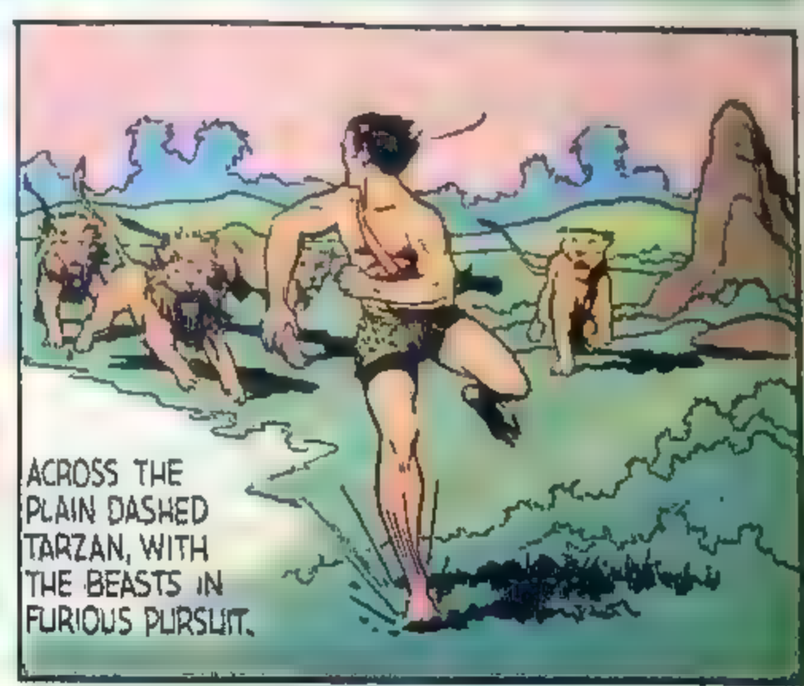
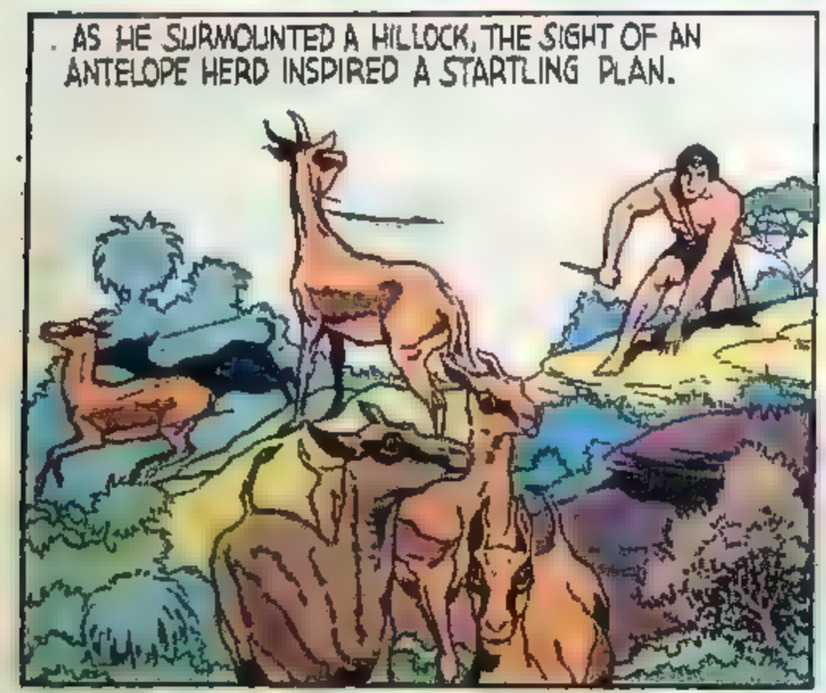
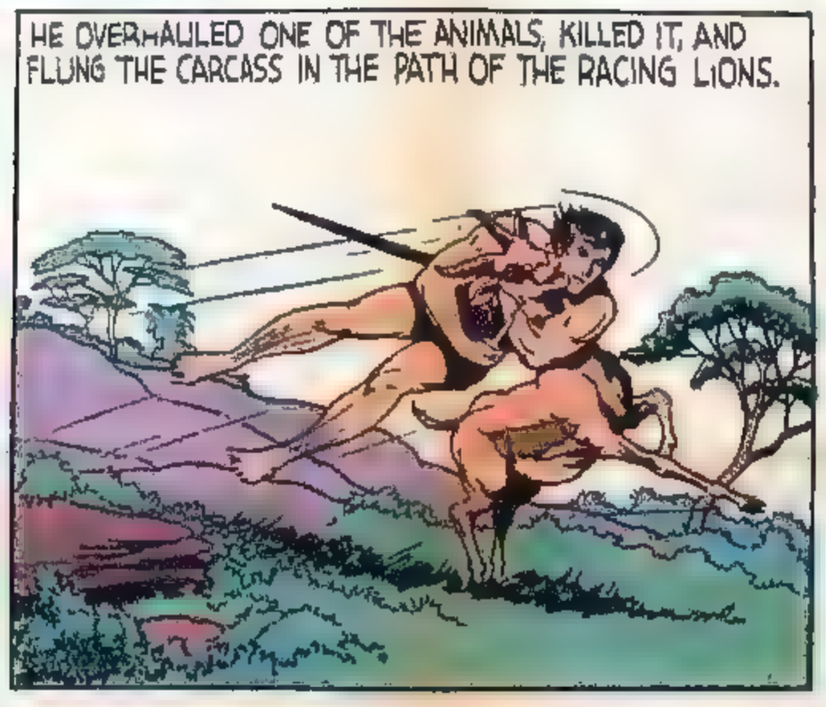


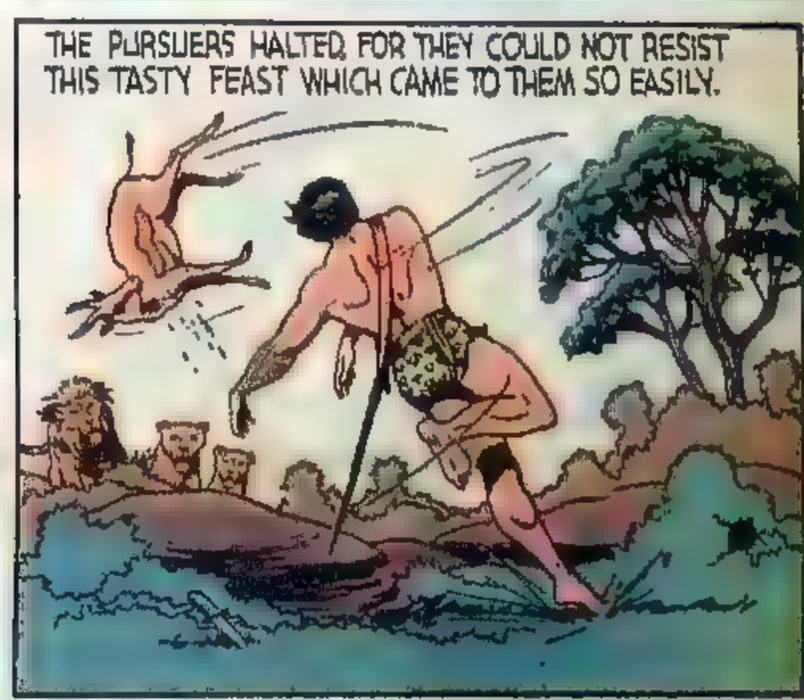
FRIENDS--OR FOES?

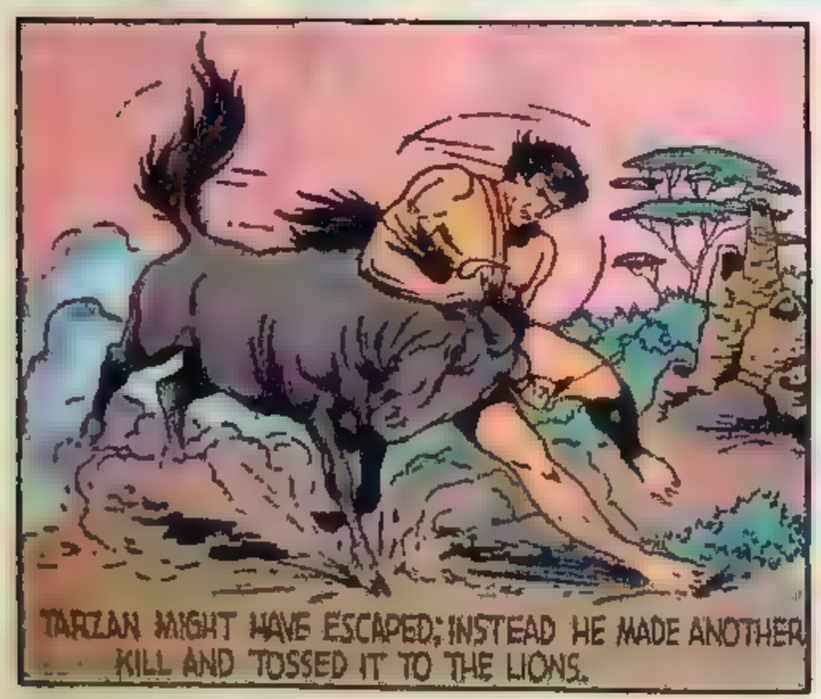


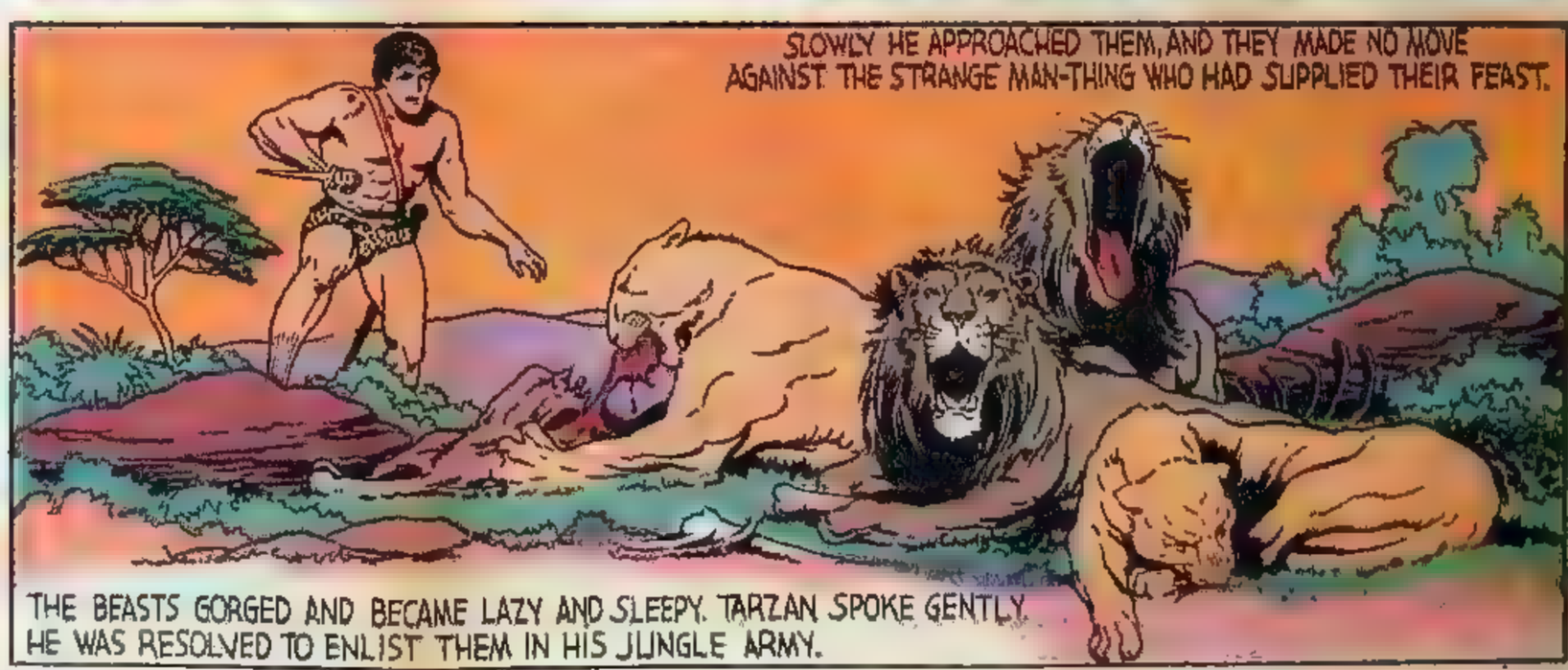


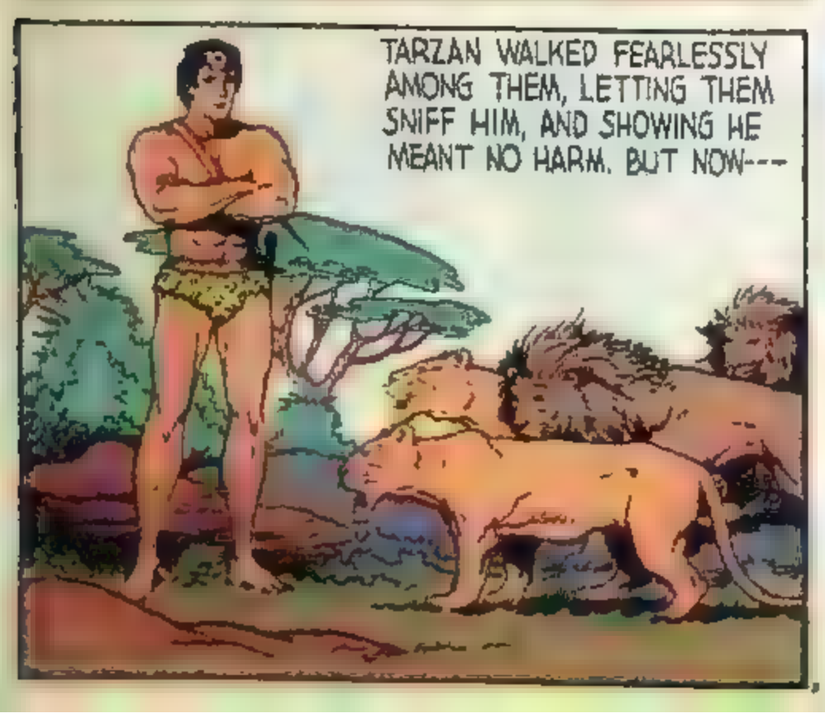


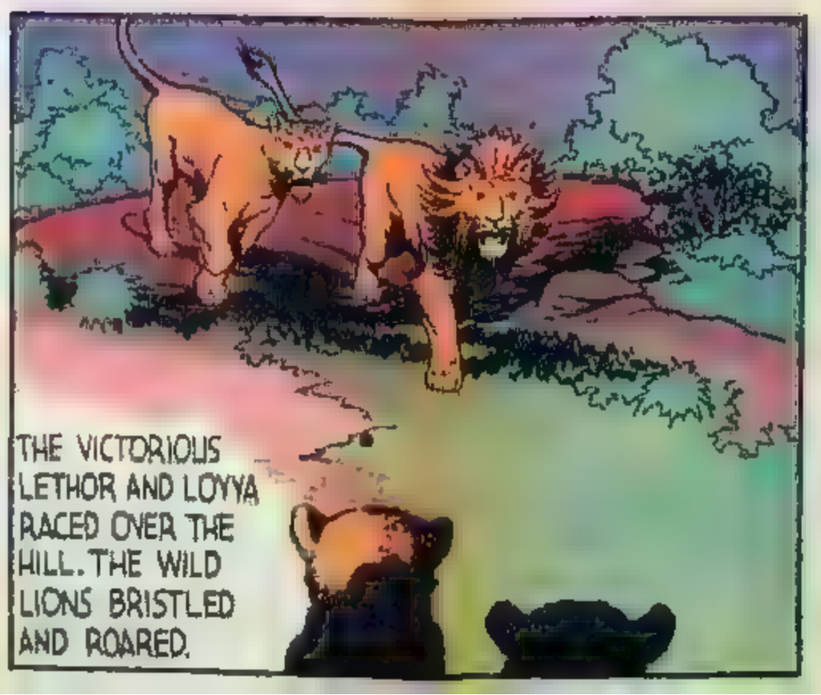


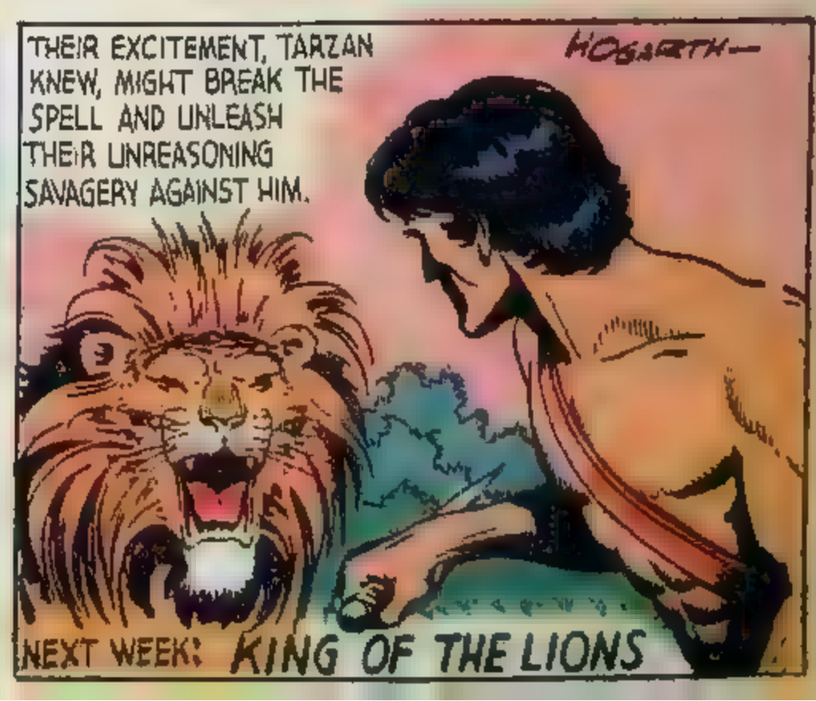












16 COLOR COMIC PAGES

Los Angeles Times

WORLD'S GREATEST COMICS

Tarzan

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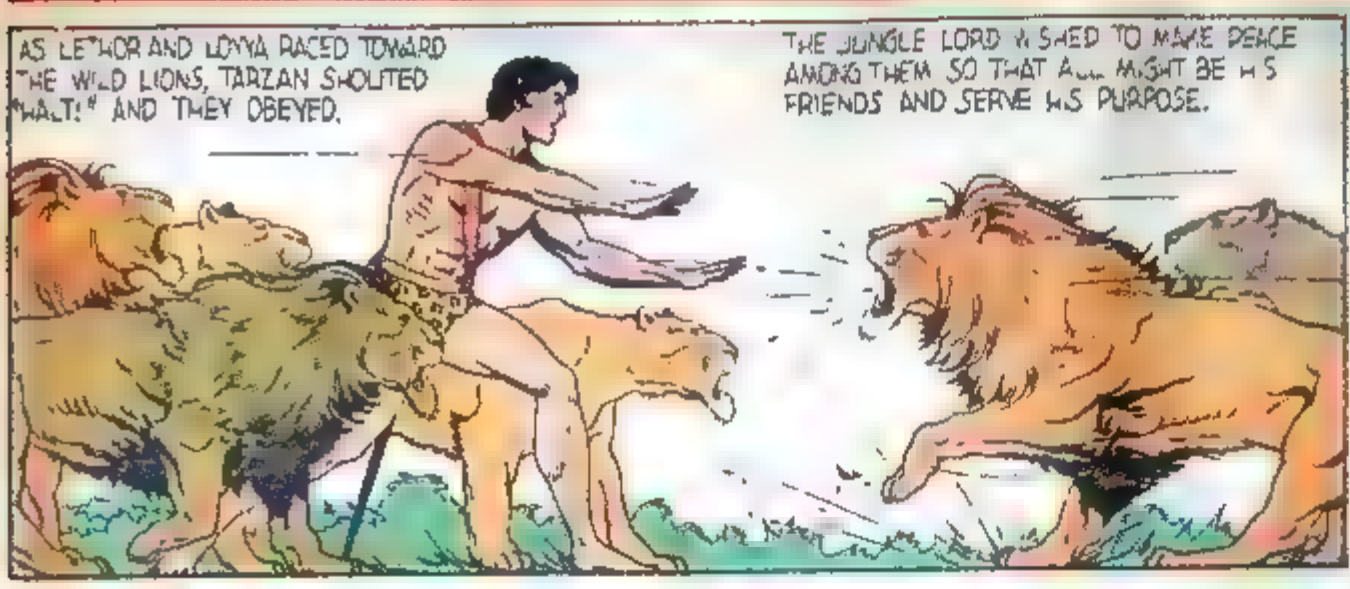
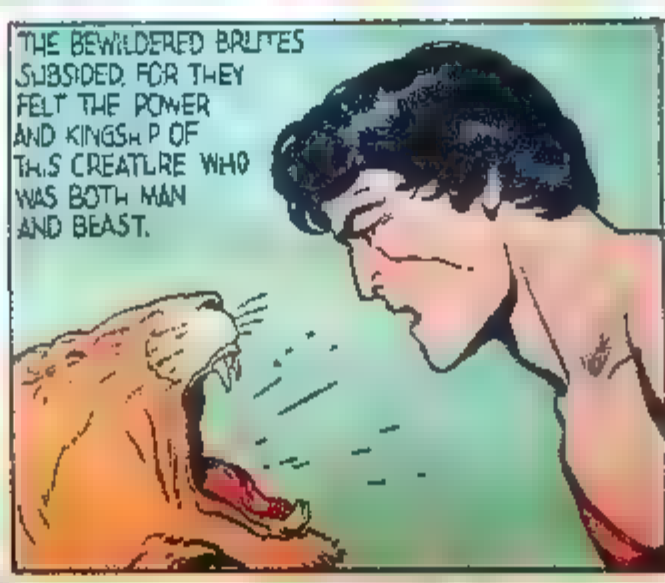
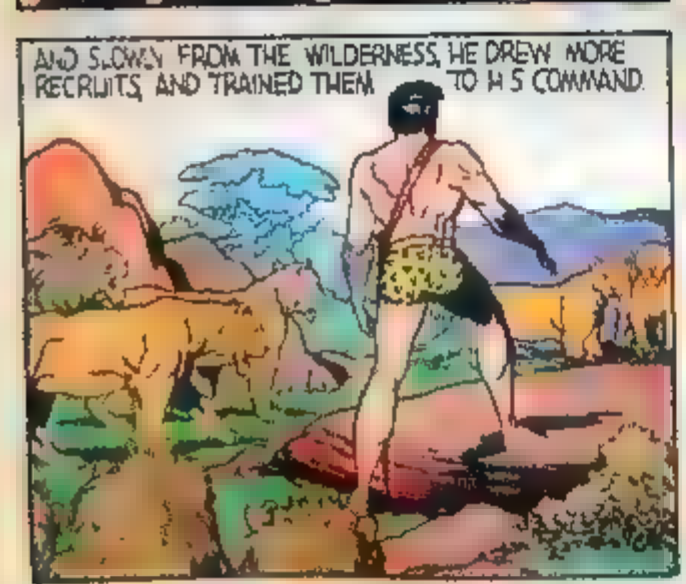
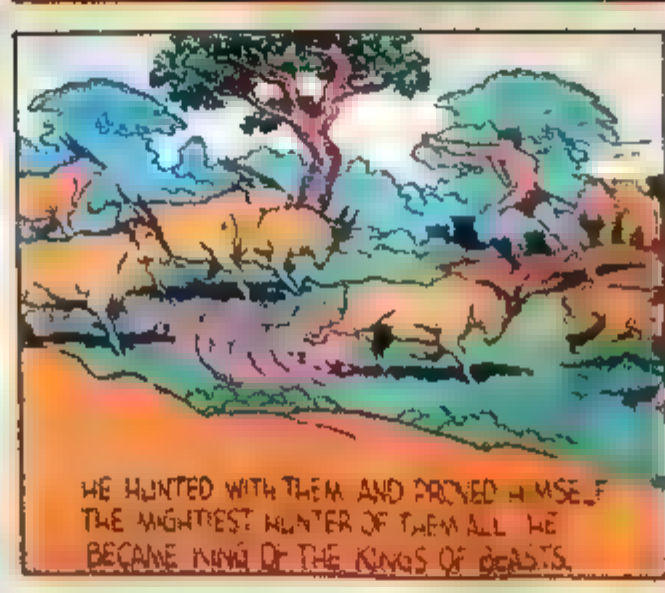
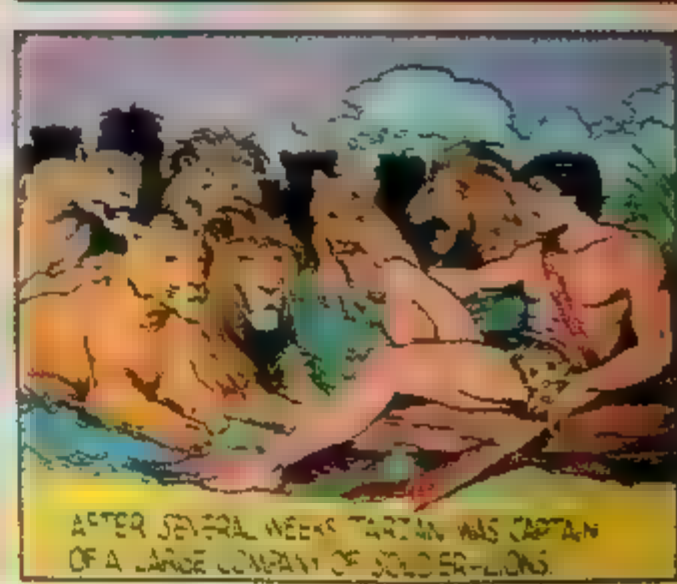
KING OF THE LIONS

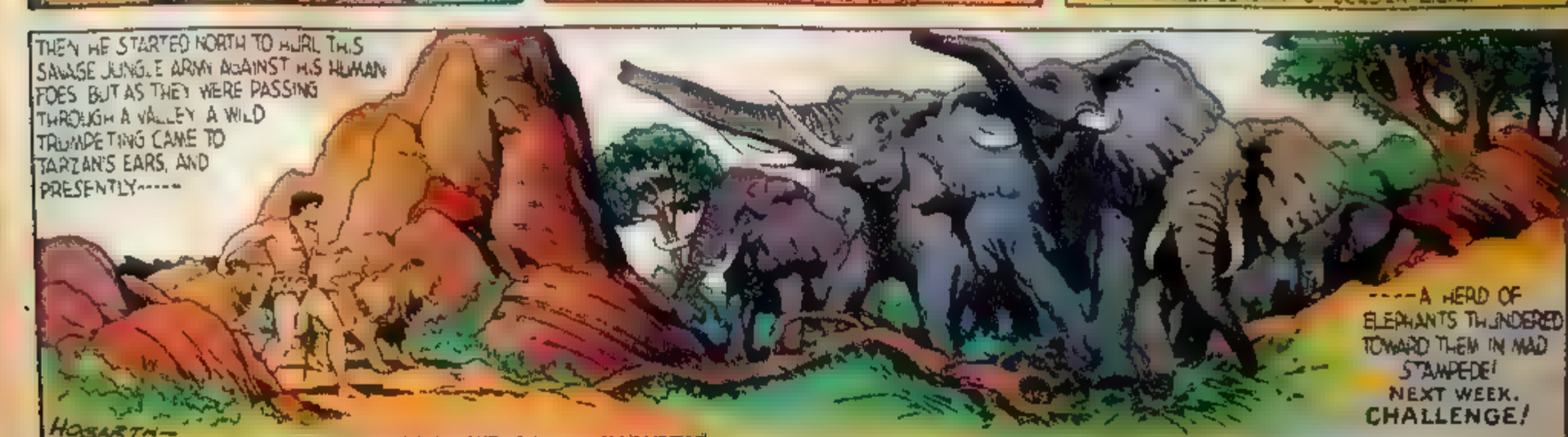












Ralph's Health Company
TIMELY SUGGESTION

Doctors Say
Serve a hot dish with a cold summer meal

HORMEL SOUPS

- Chicken Consommé
- Chicken Broth
- Consommé Madrilene
- Beef Consommé
- Chicken Noodle
- Vegetable Beef
- Vegetable
- Pea

10¢

DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK
If you don't say each is the finest you ever bought

16 COLOR COMIC PAGES

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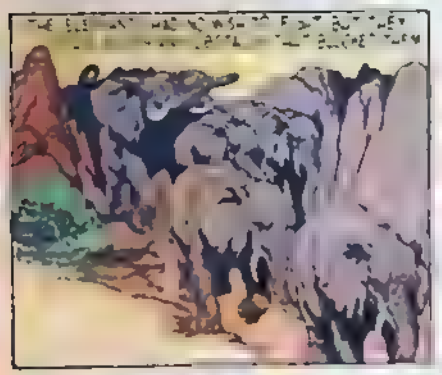
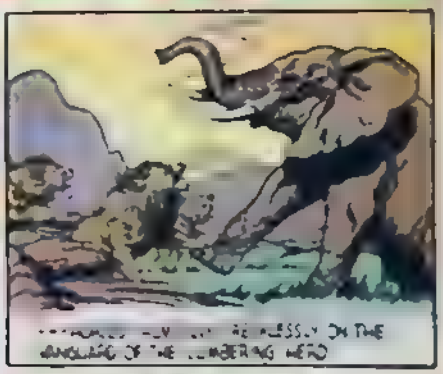
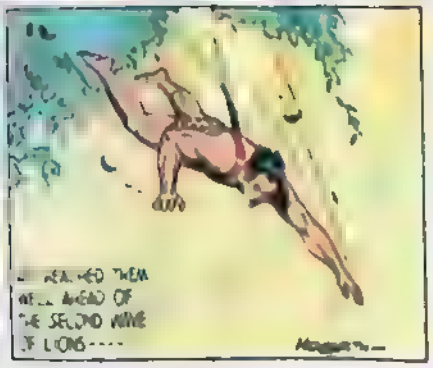
CHALLENGE







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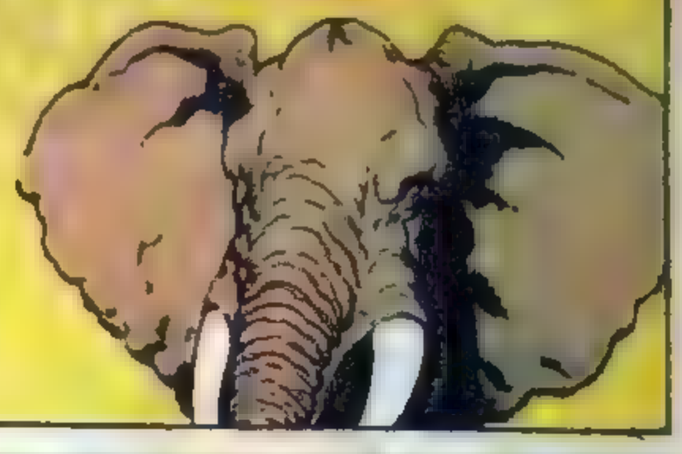
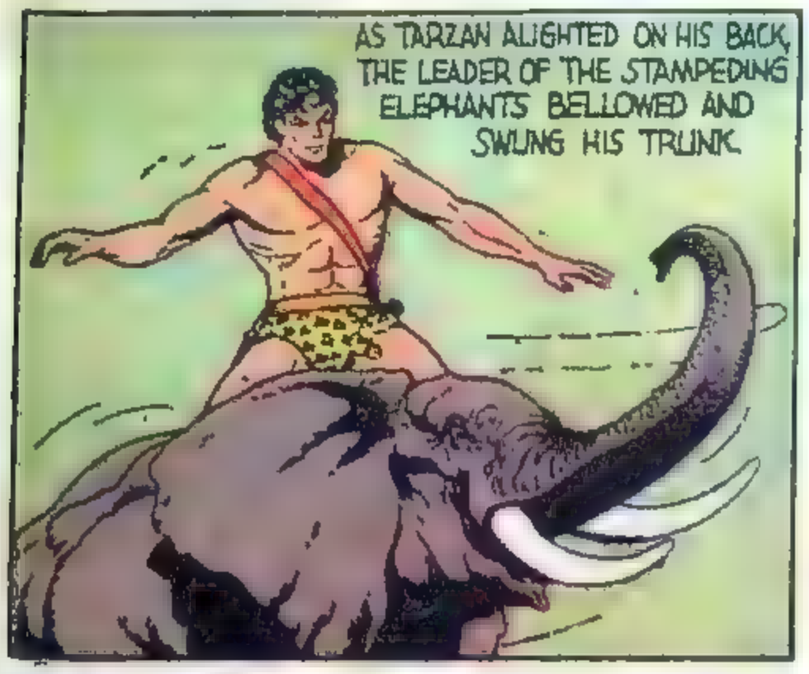
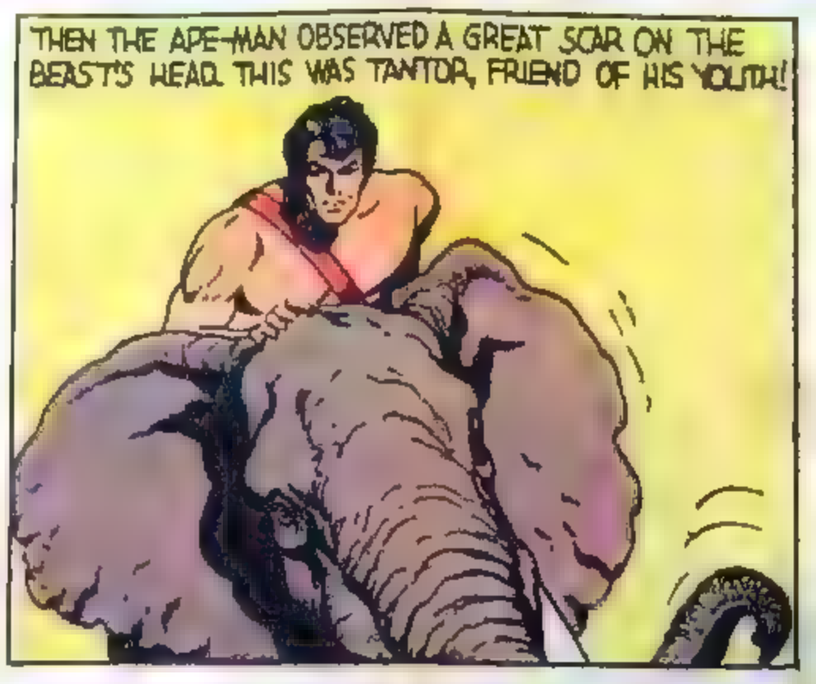
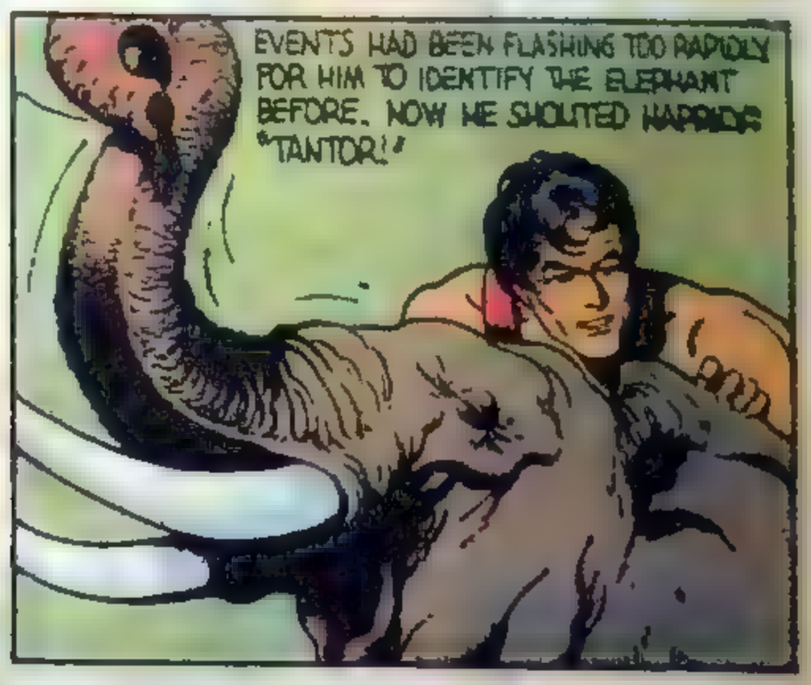
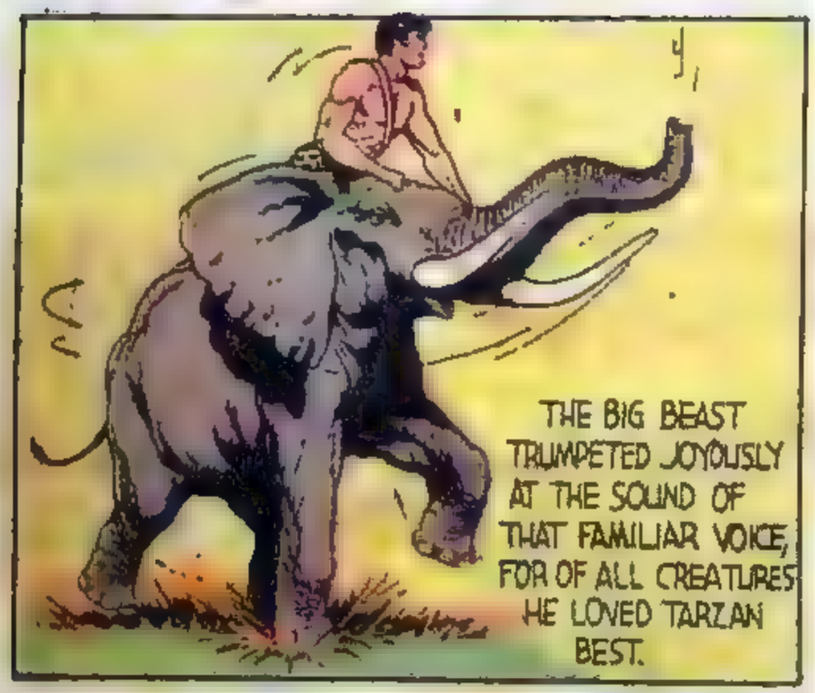
A FRIEND IN NEED

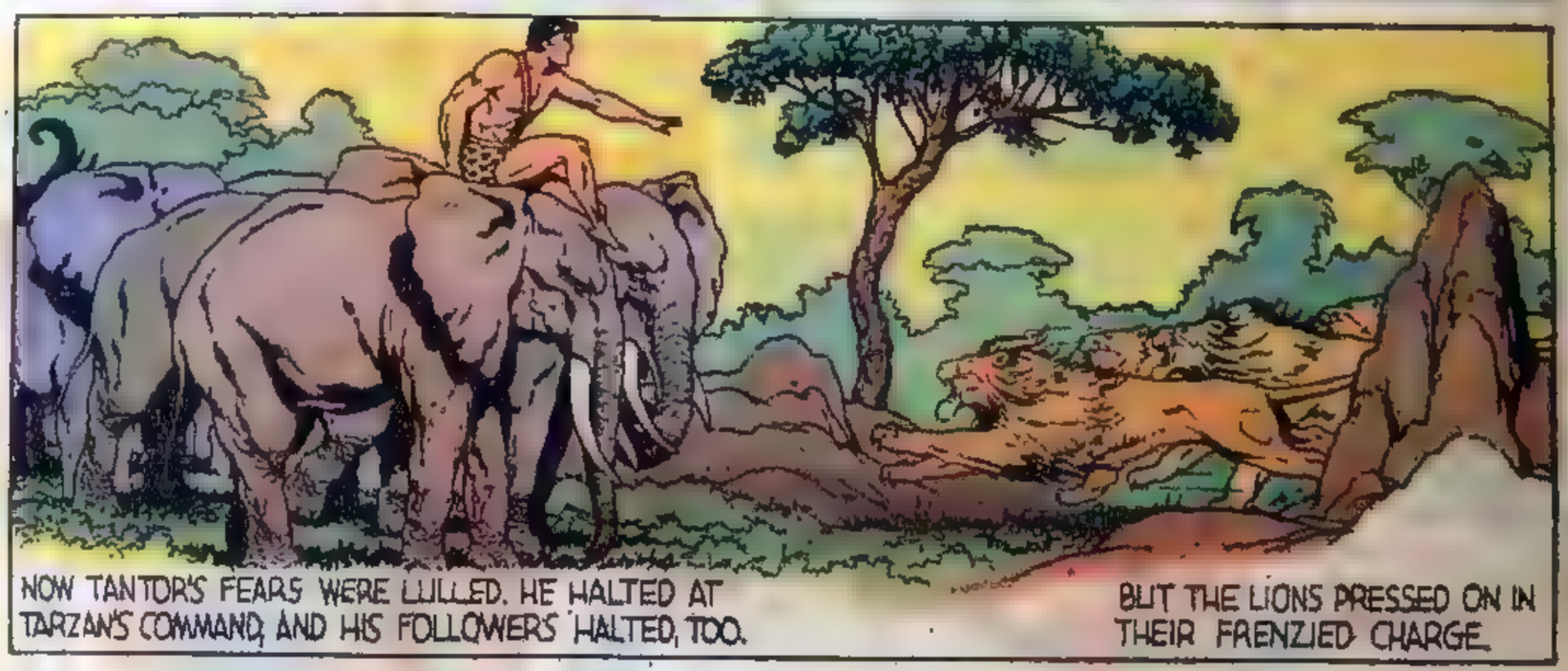


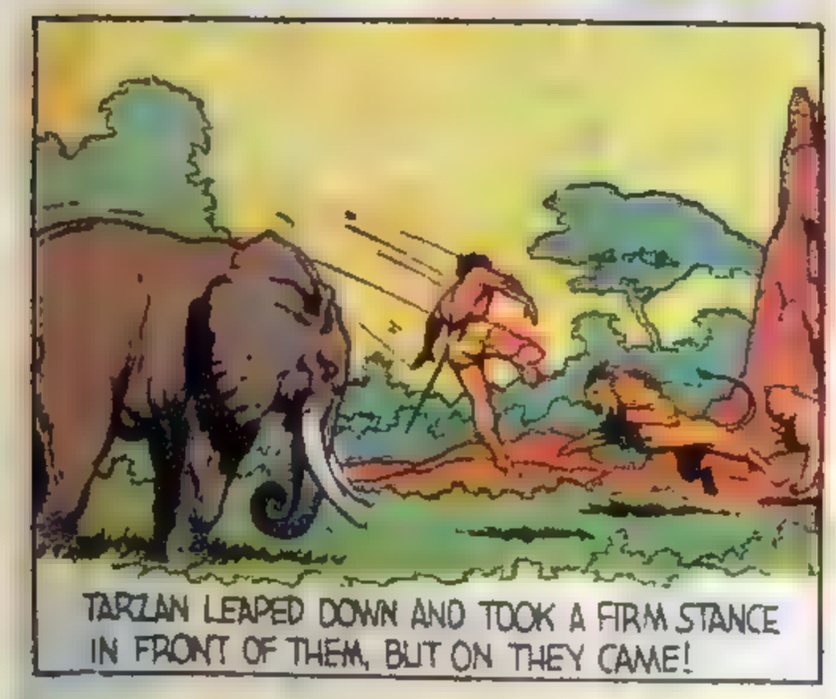


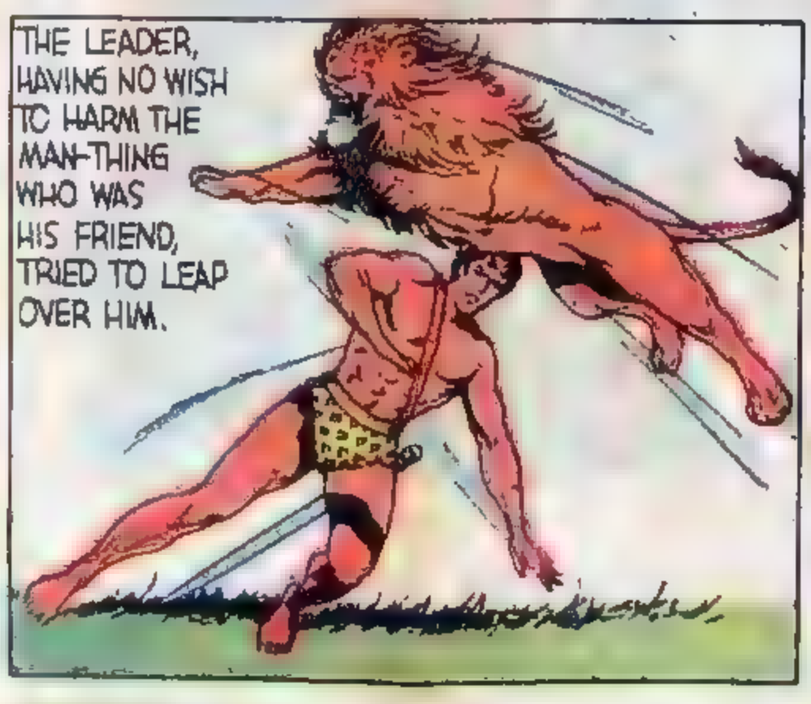


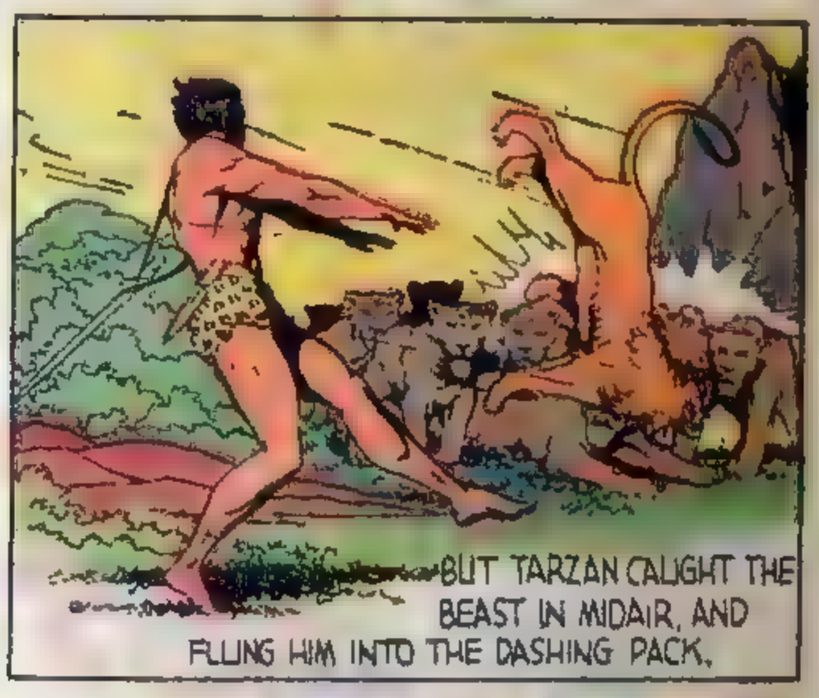


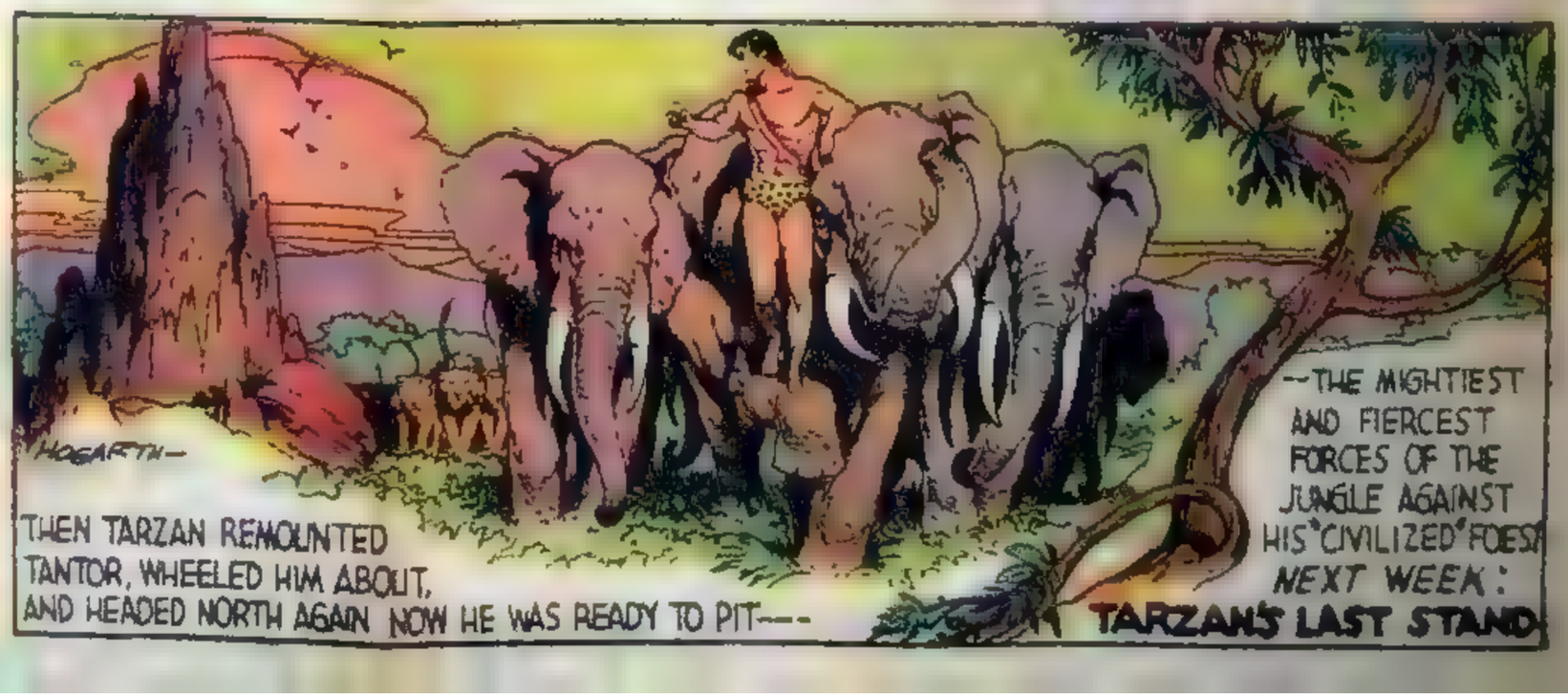












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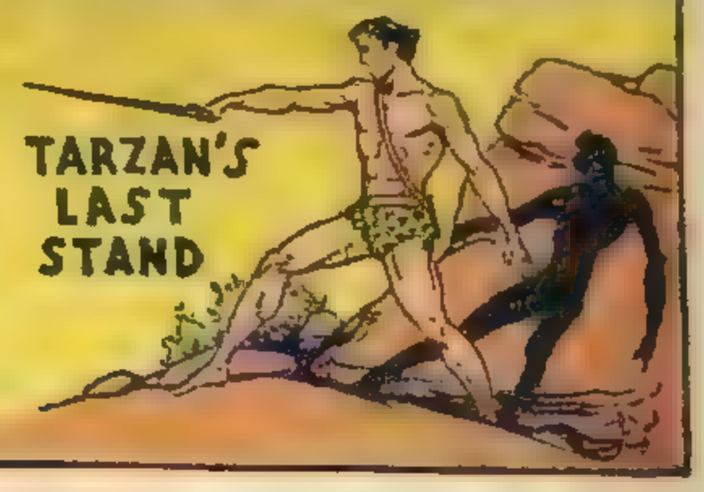

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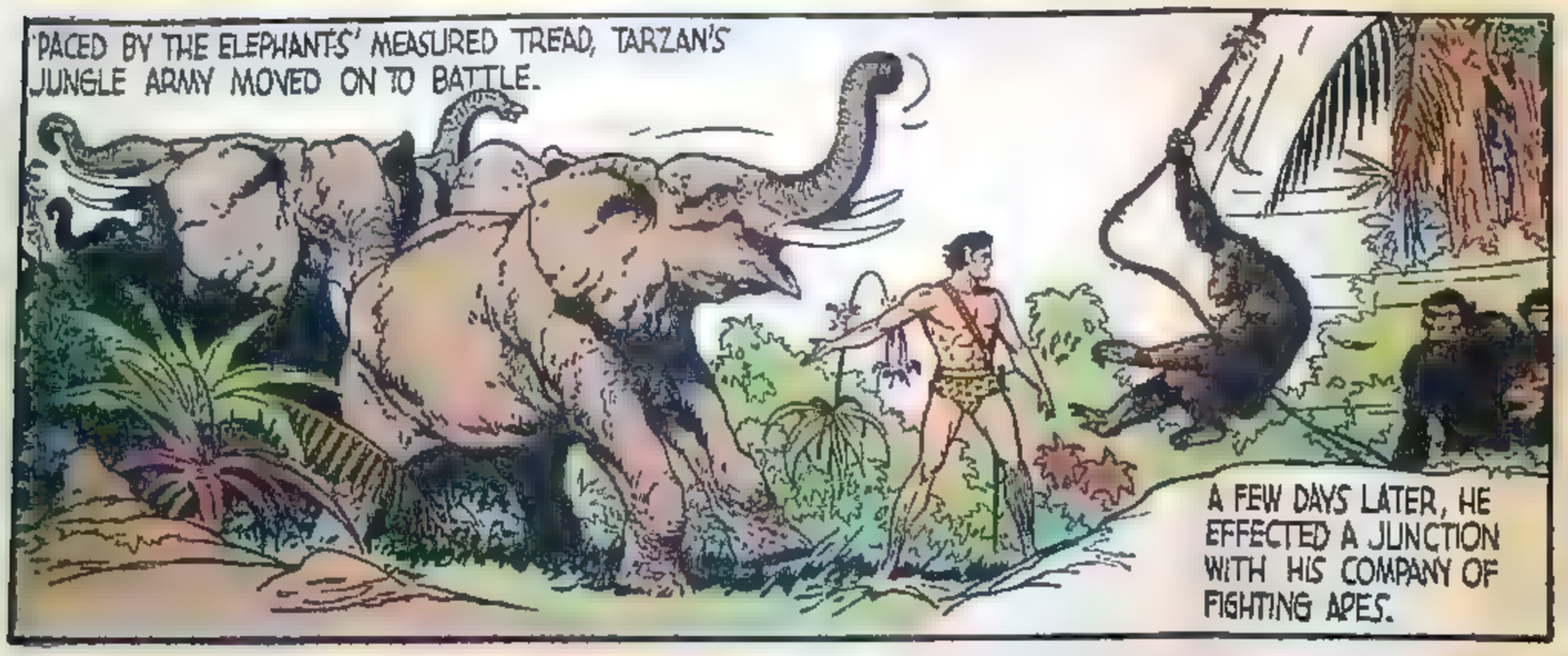

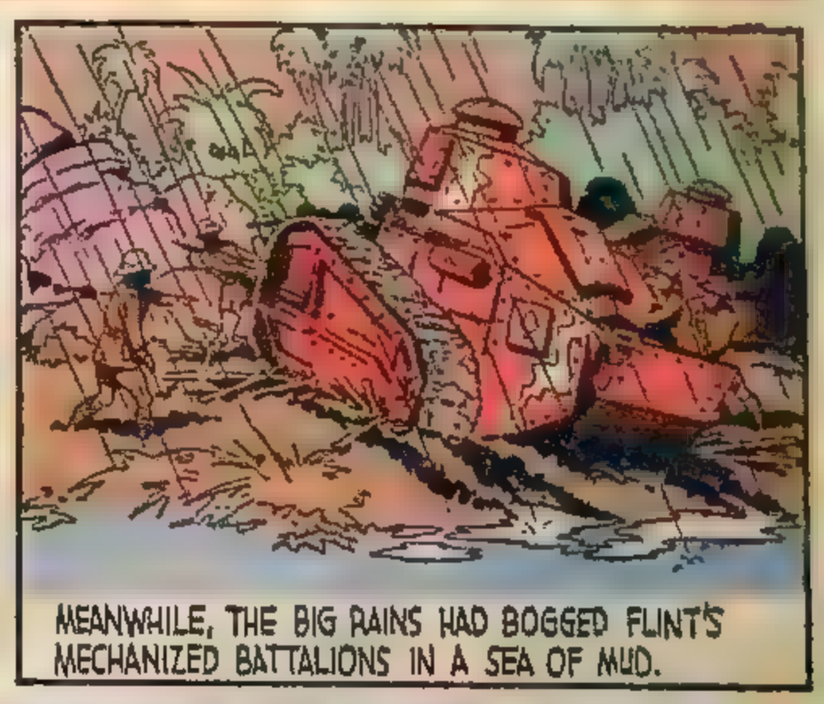

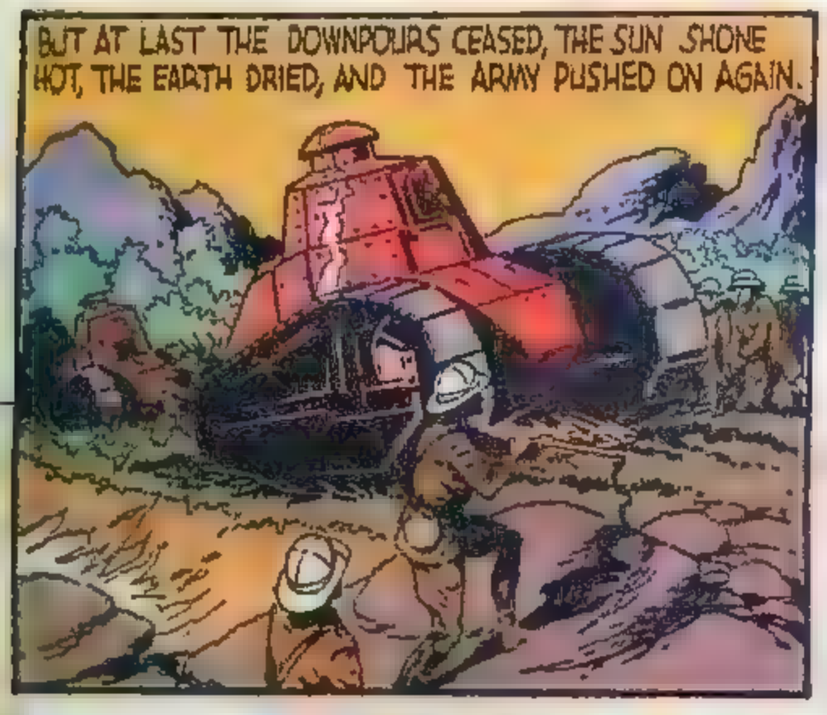

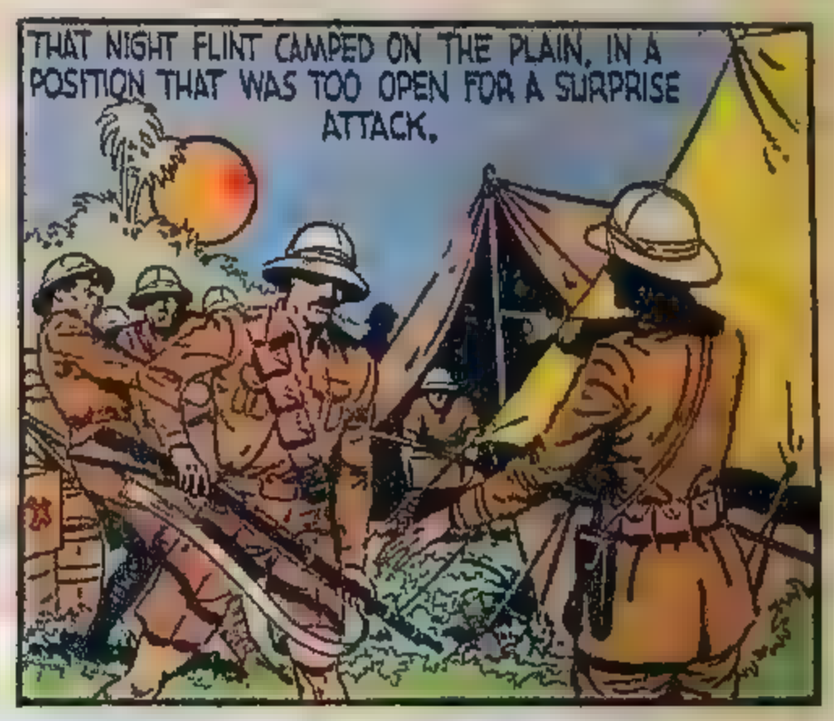

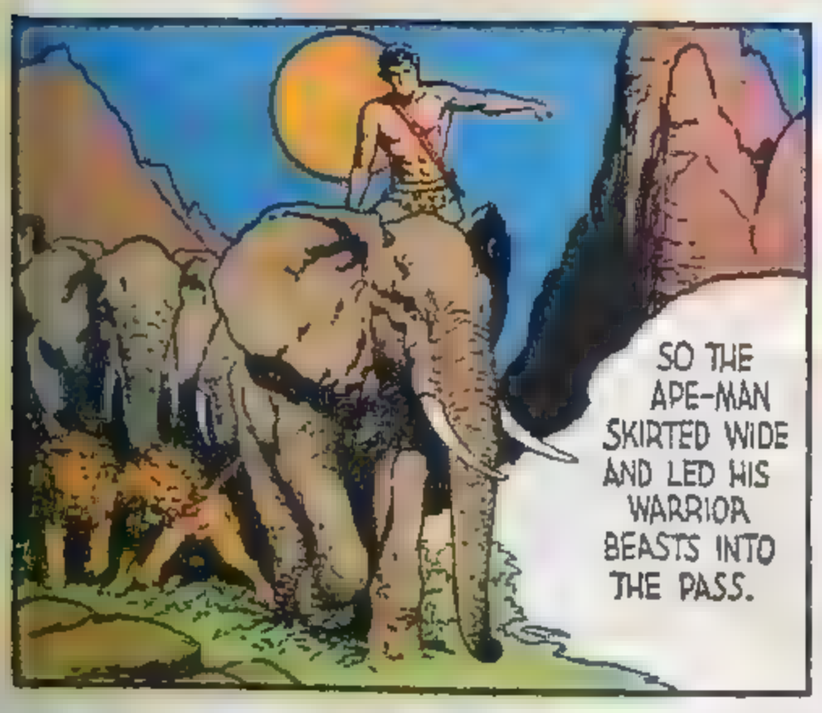

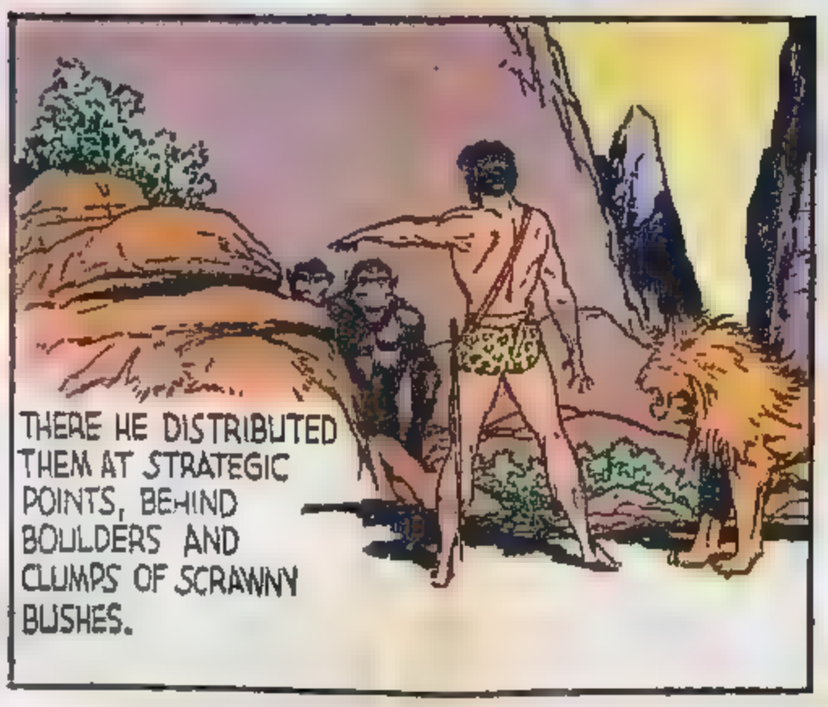

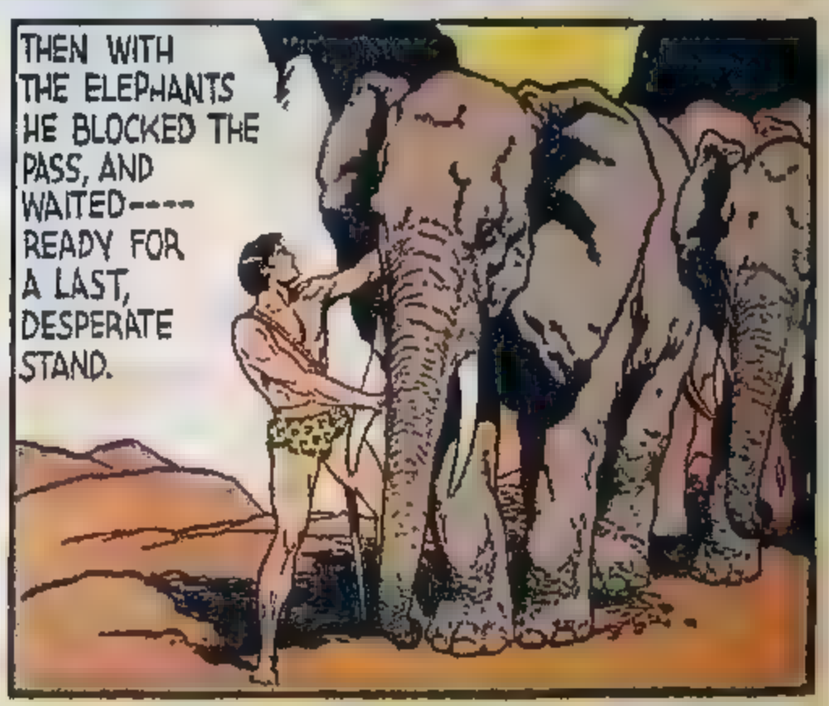

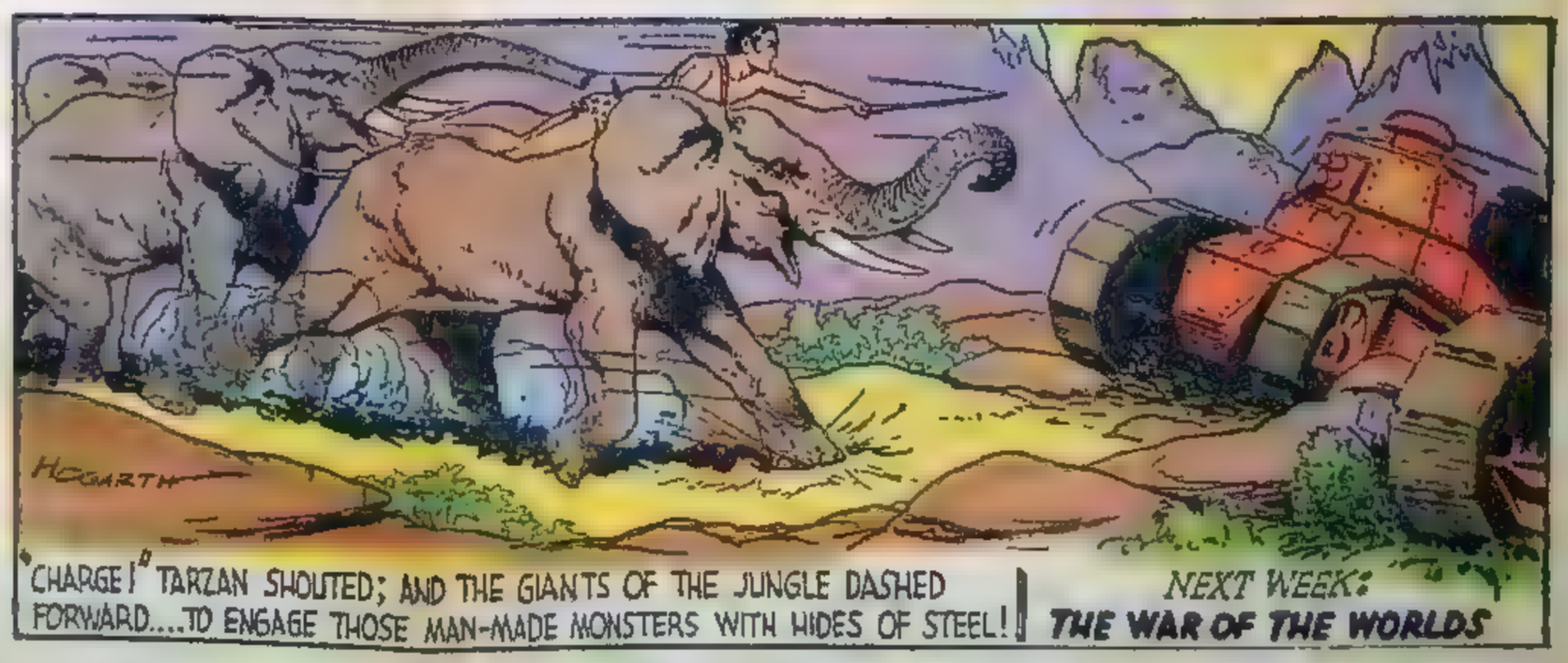

NEXT WEEK: **THE WAR OF THE WORLDS**

9-13-341

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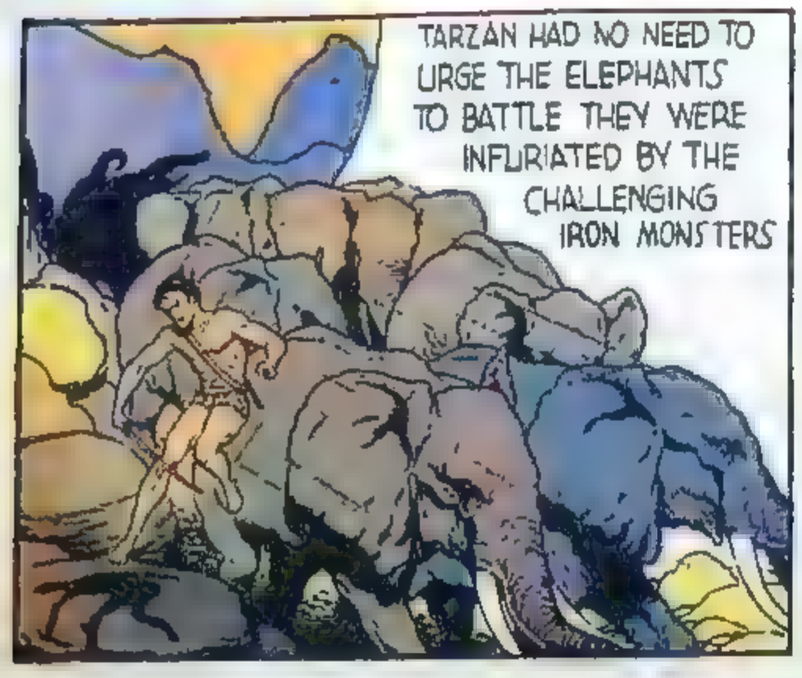
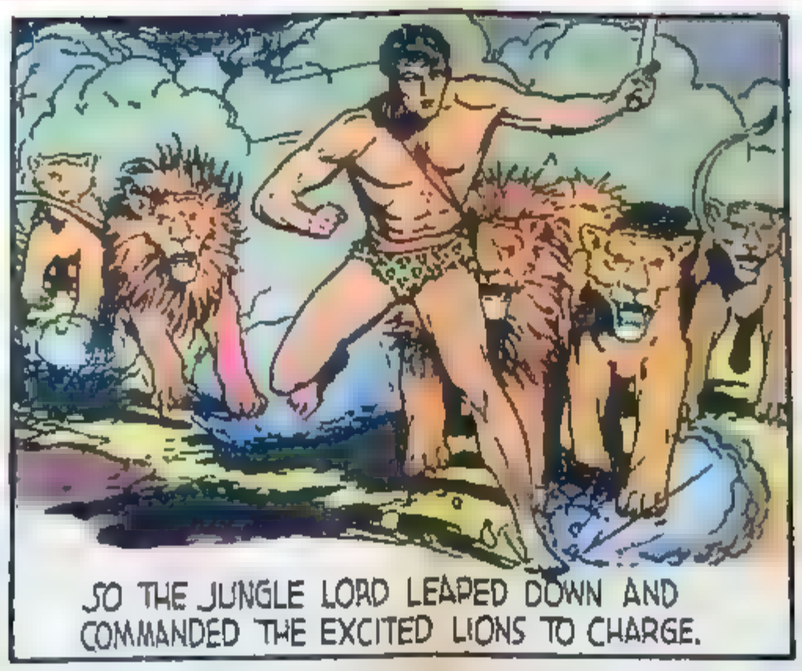
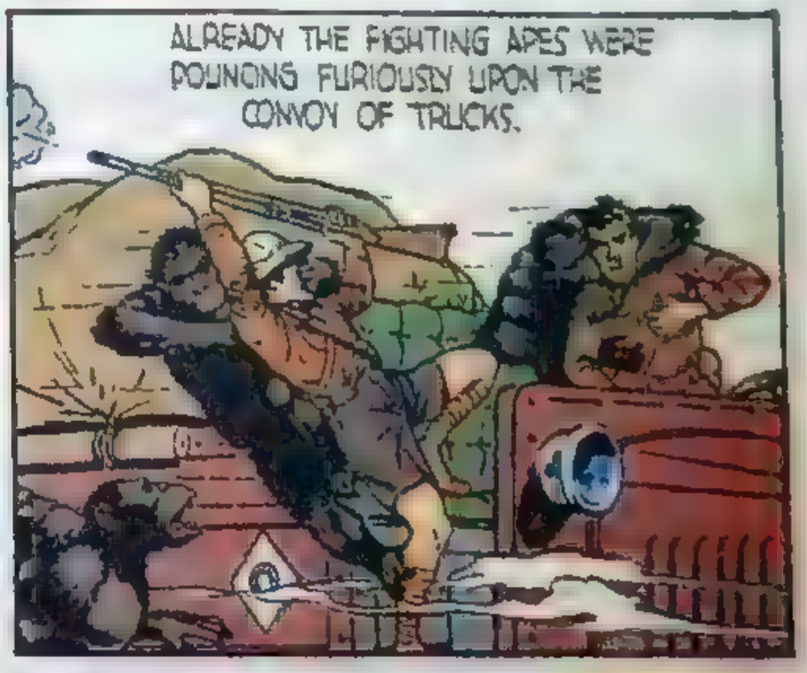
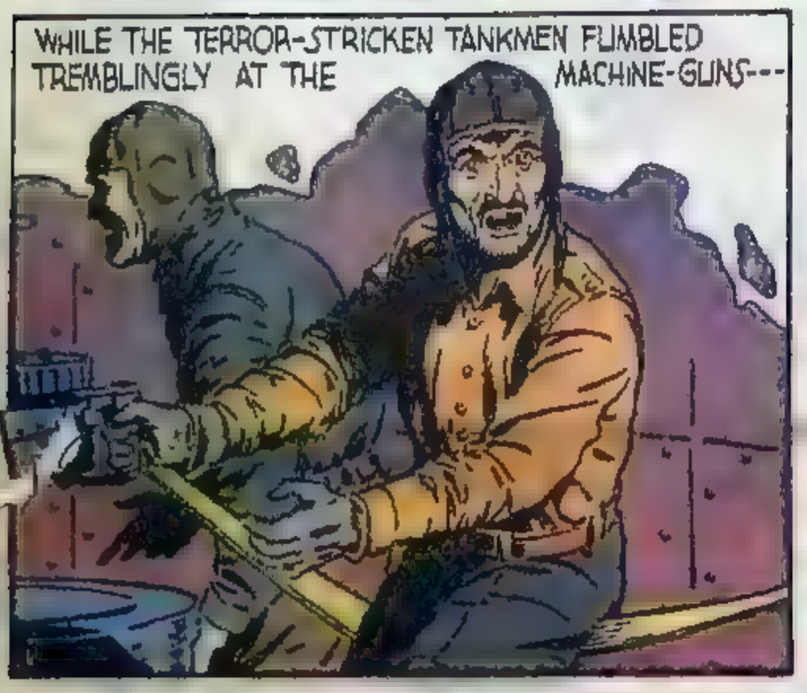
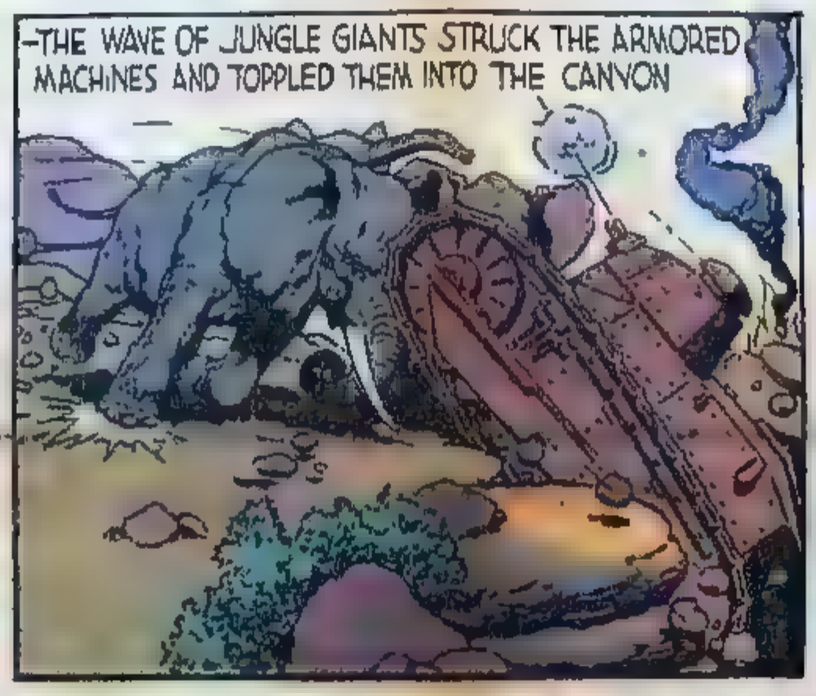
THE WAR OF TWO WORLDS

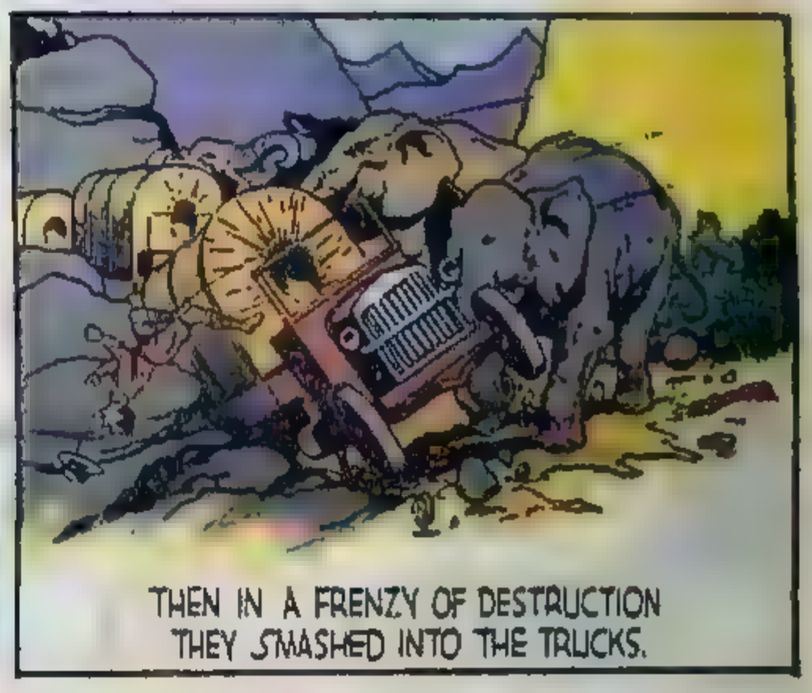


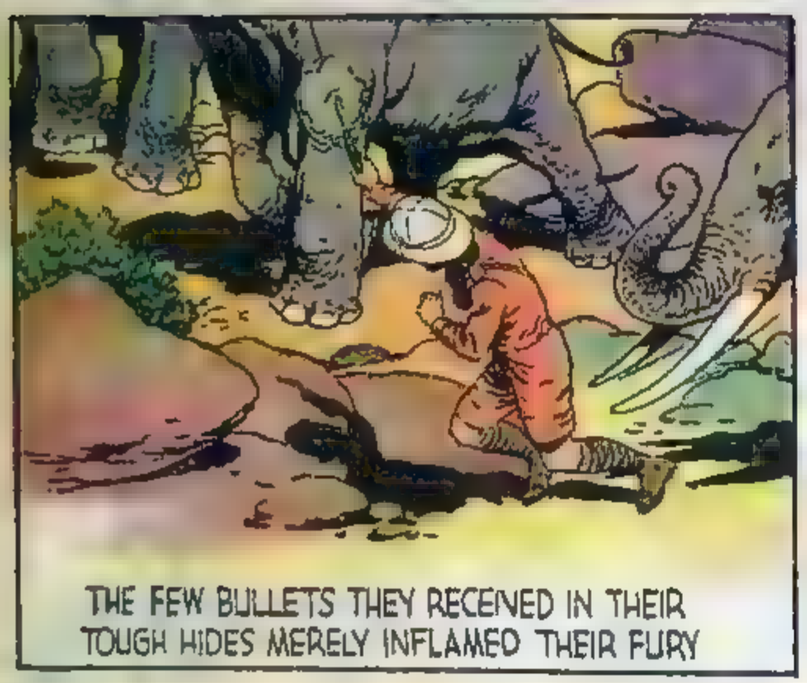


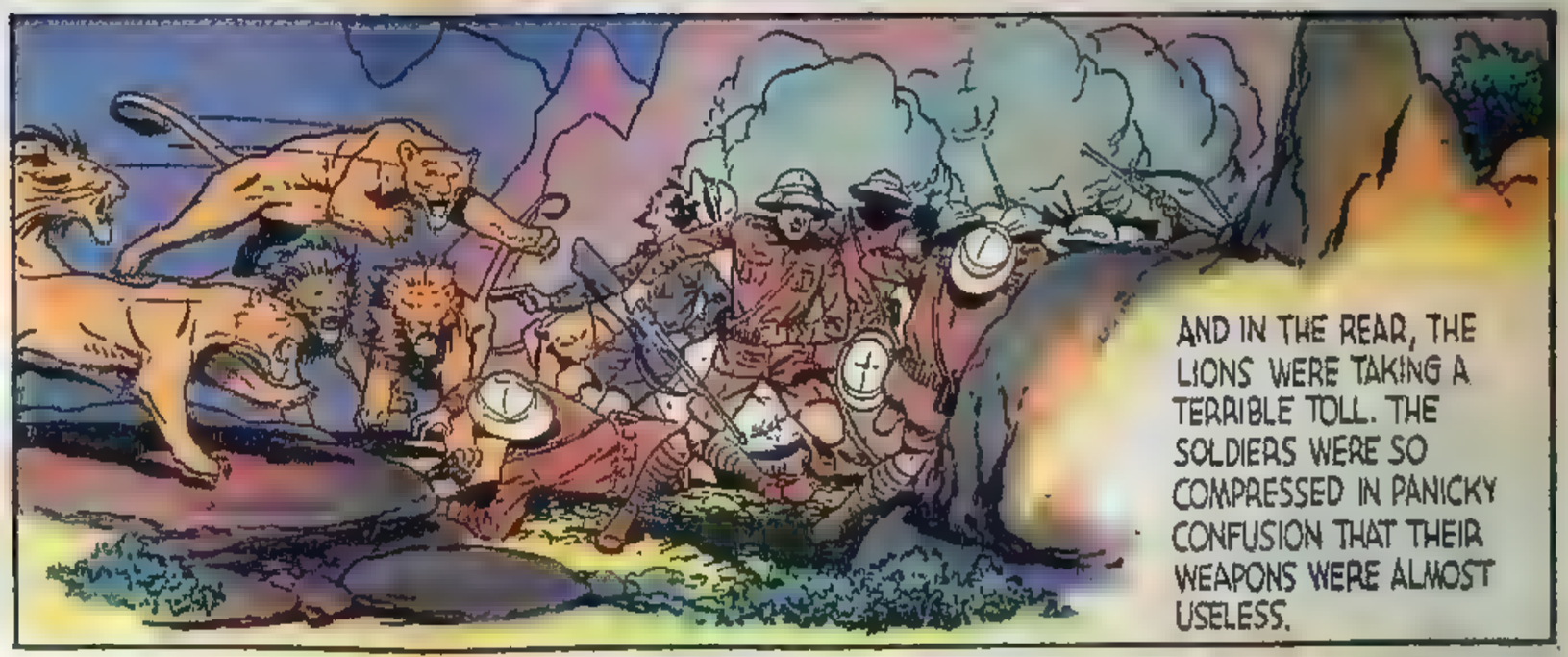


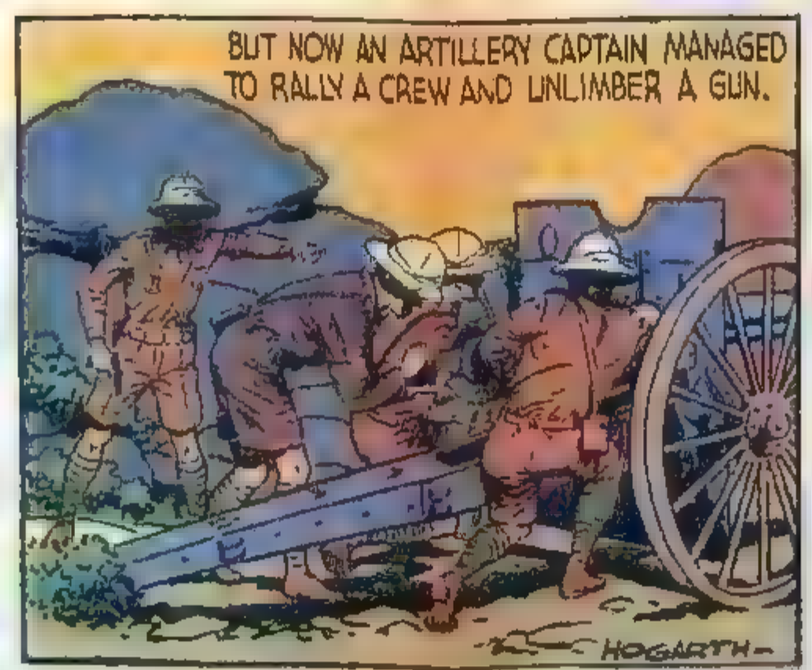


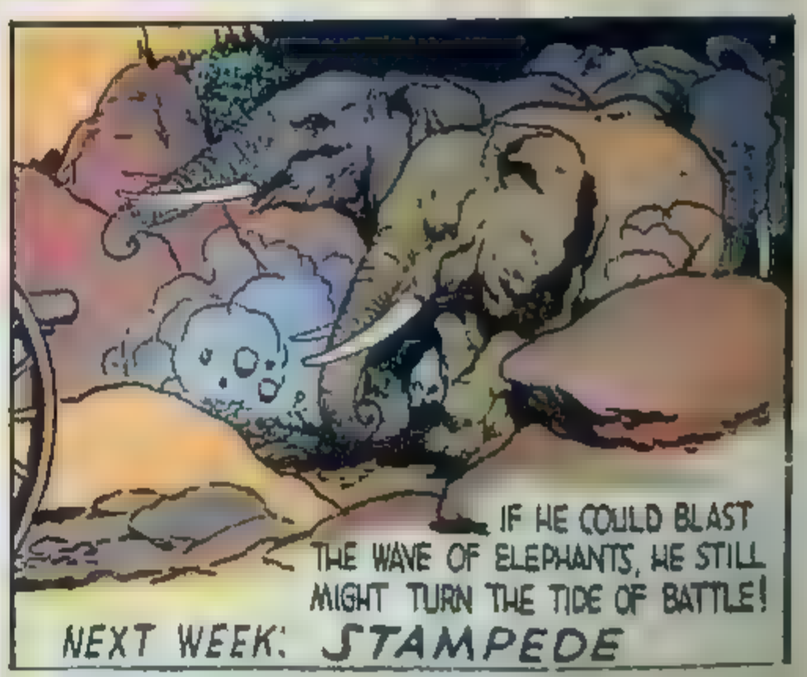












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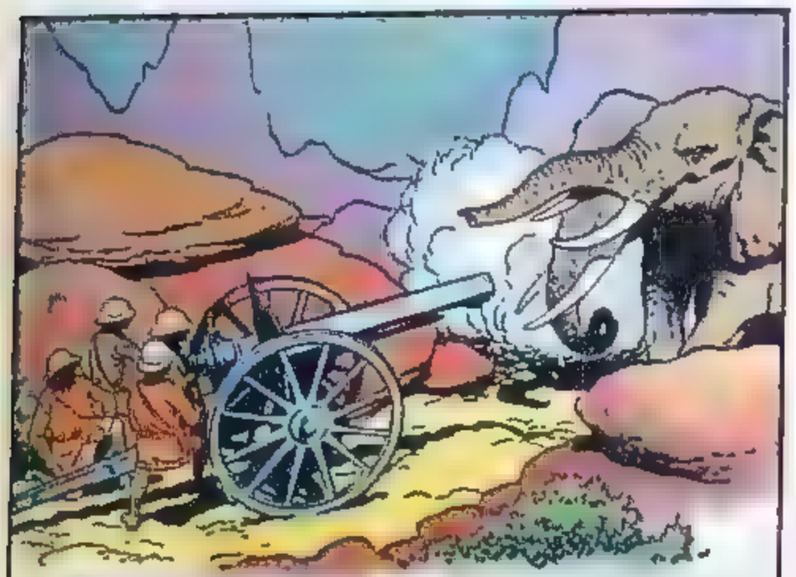
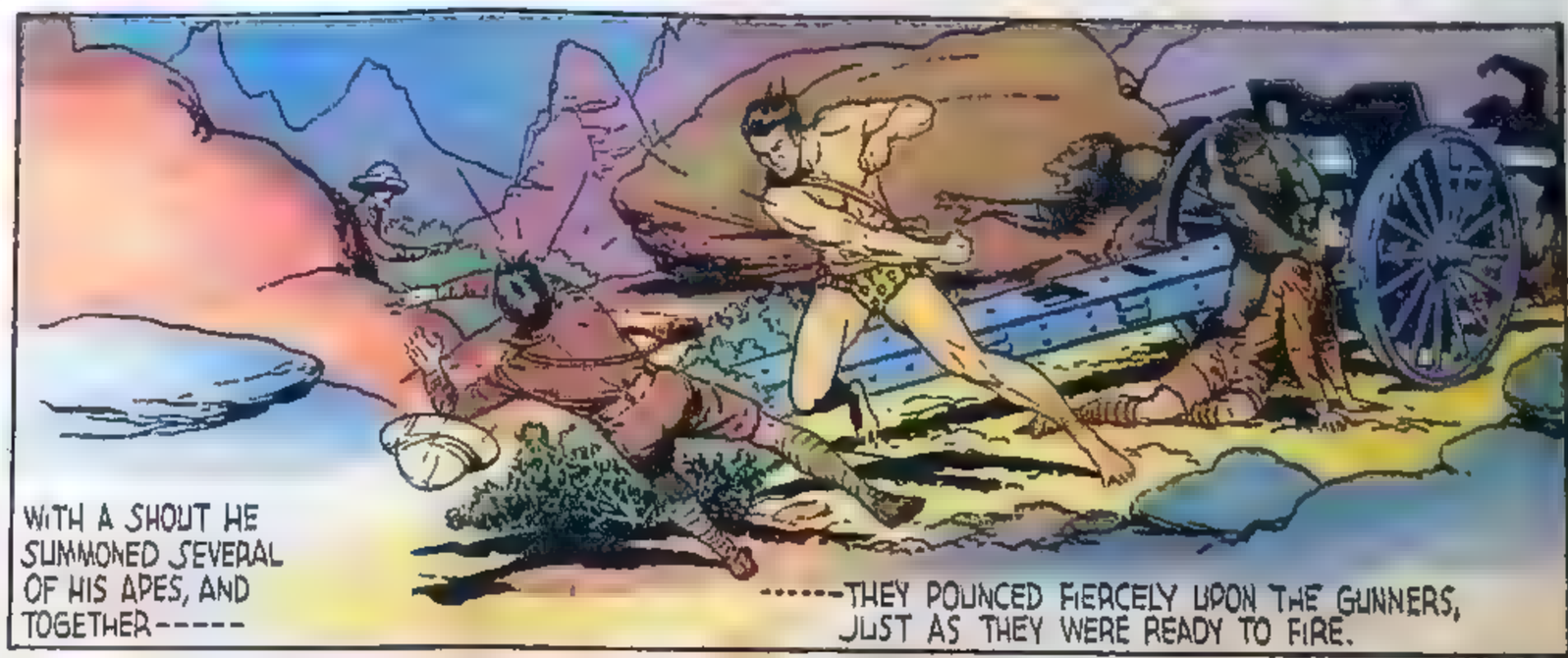
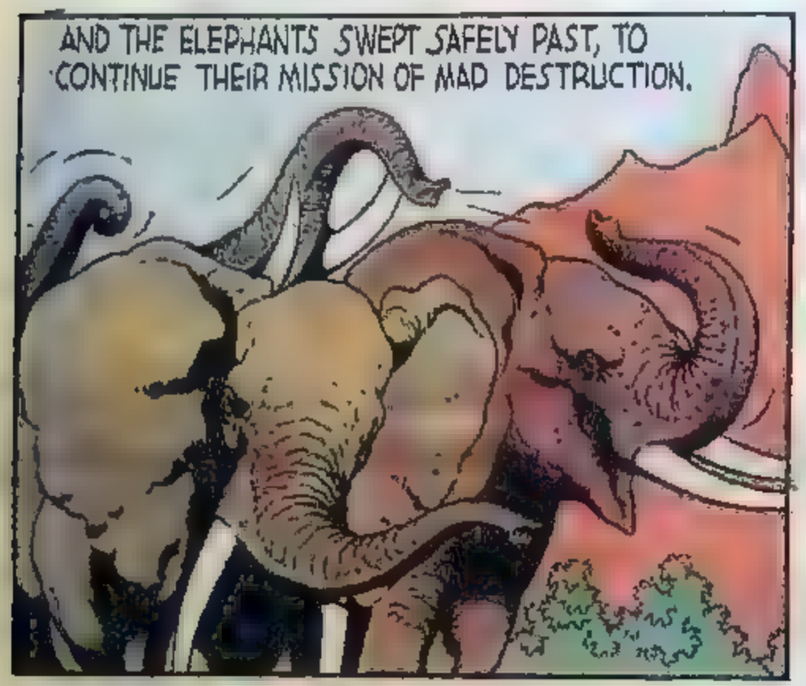
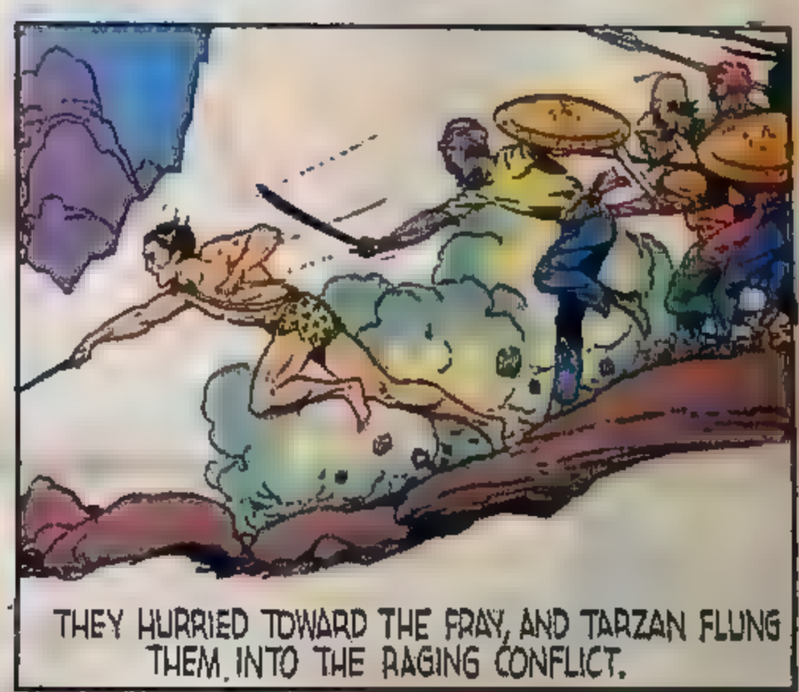
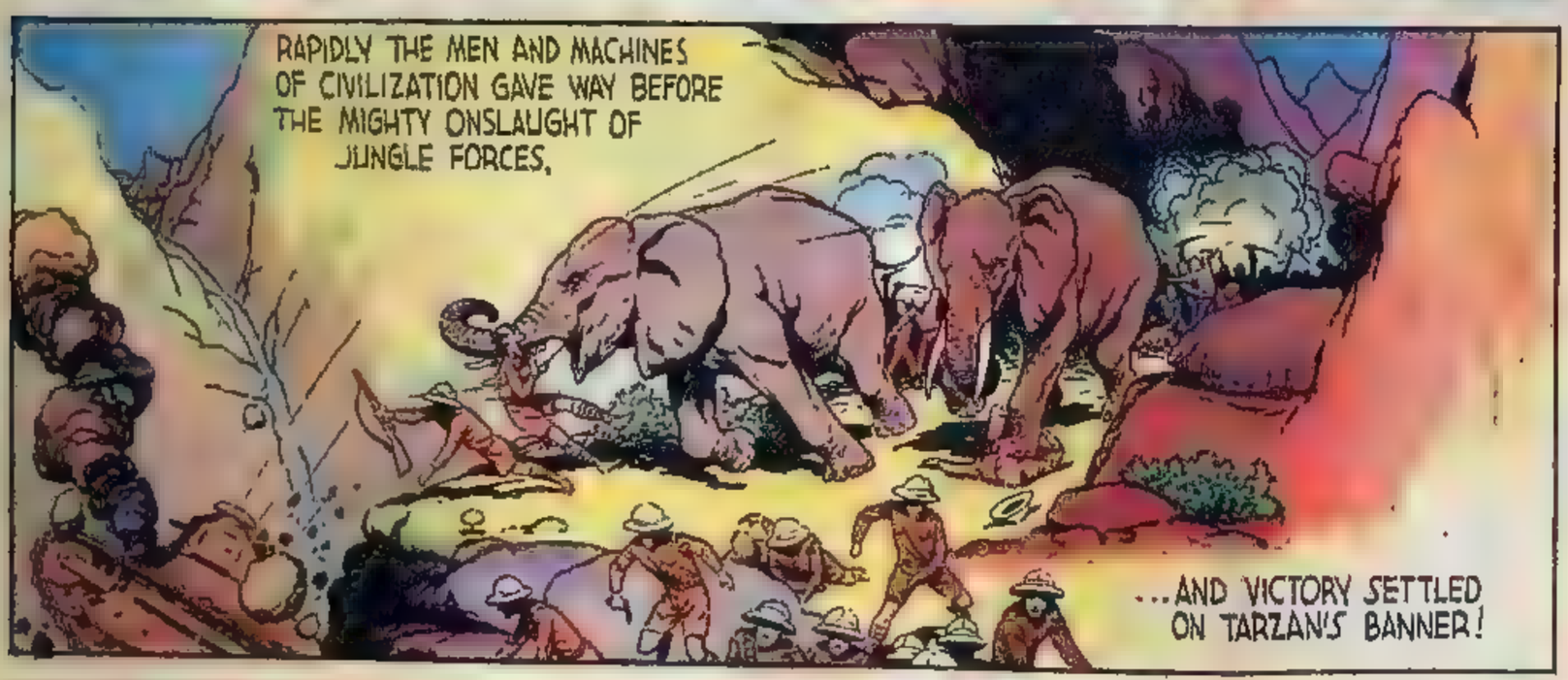
STAMPEDE

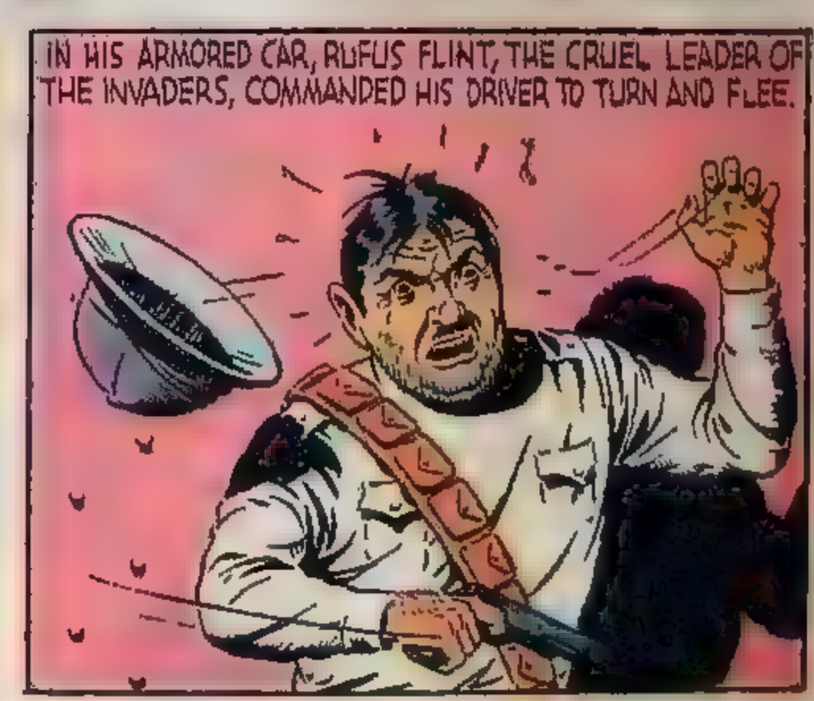


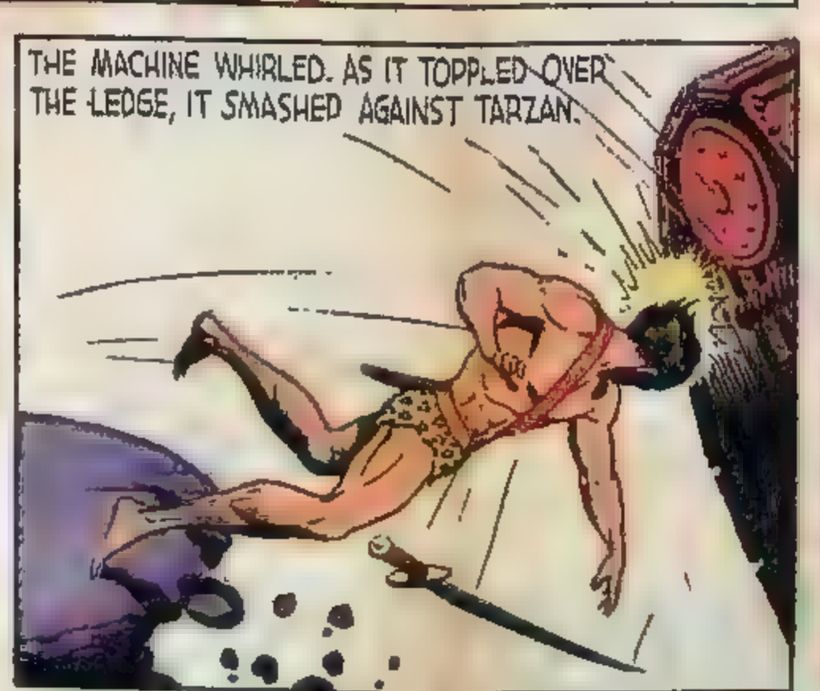


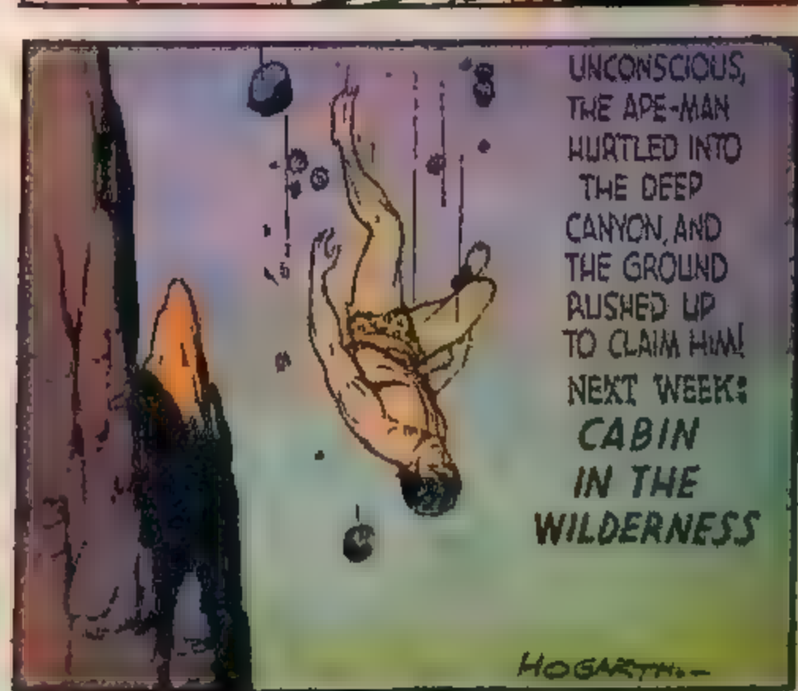












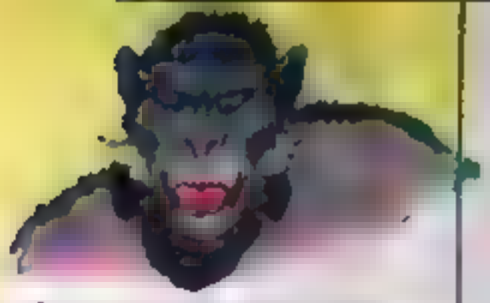
Tarzan

by EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

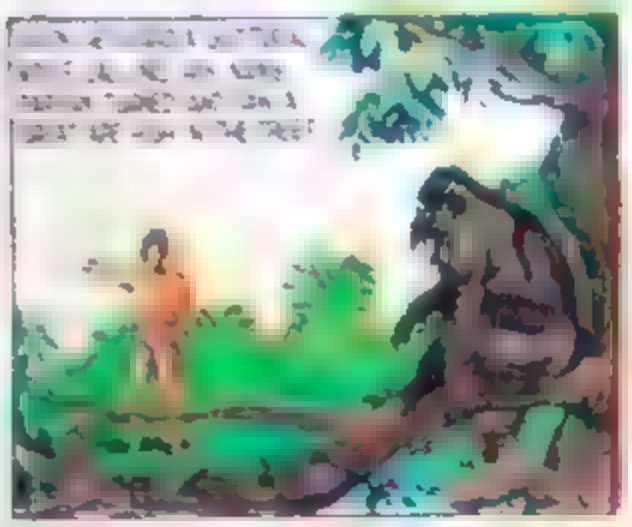
CABIN IN THE WILDERNESS

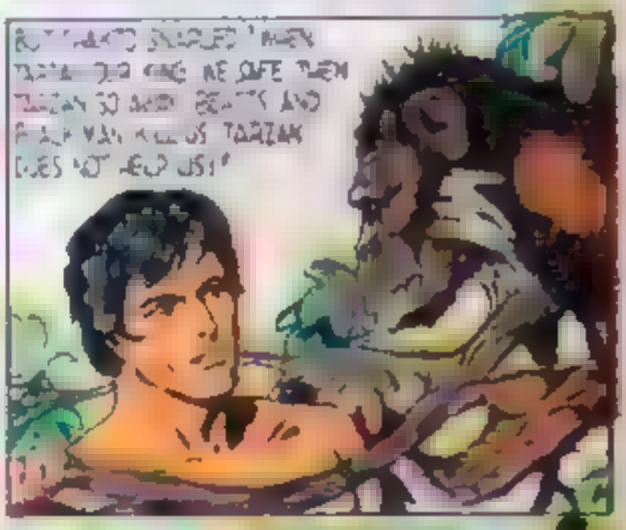
Tarzan

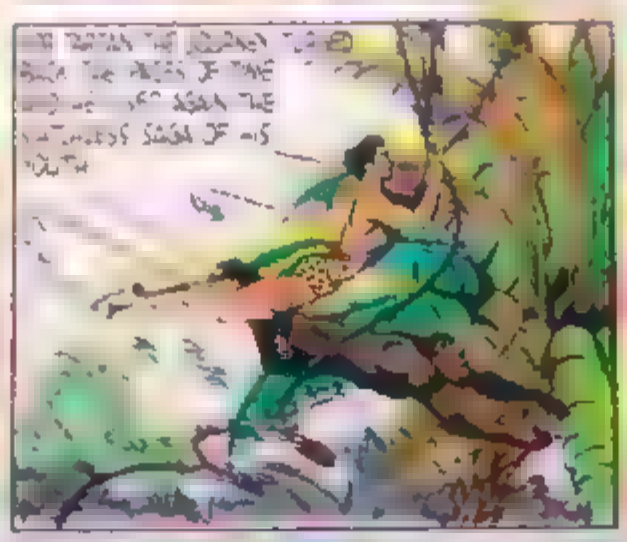
by EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

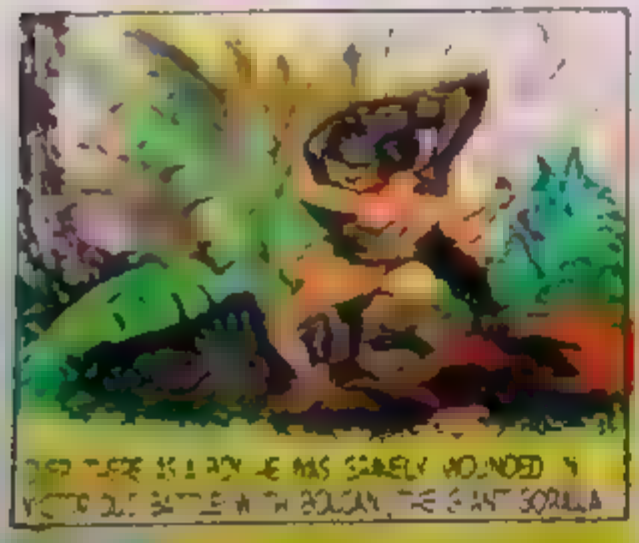


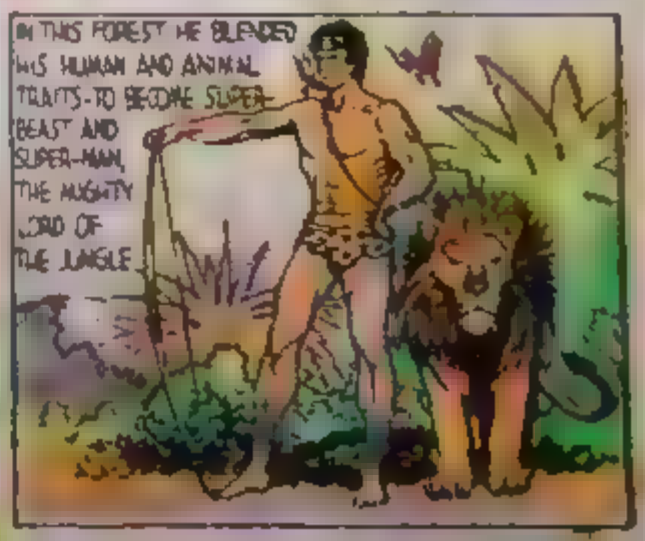
TARZAN'S HOMECOMING

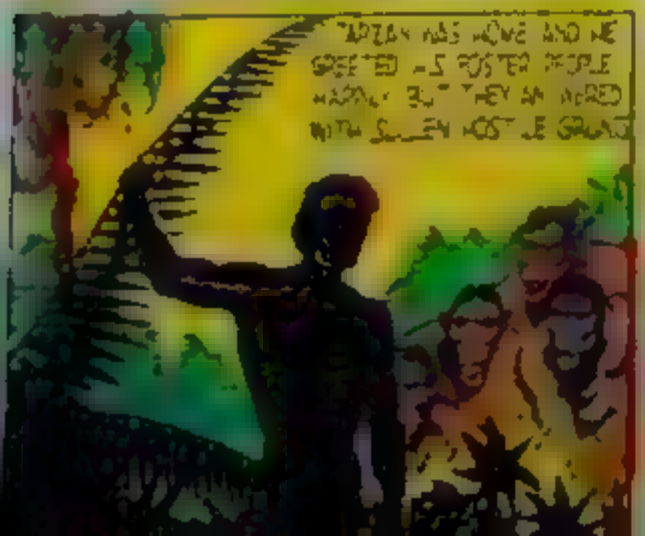






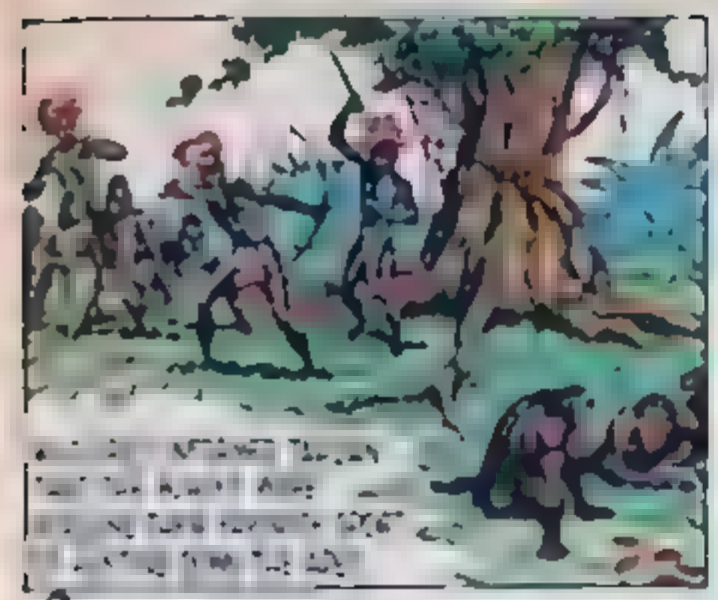


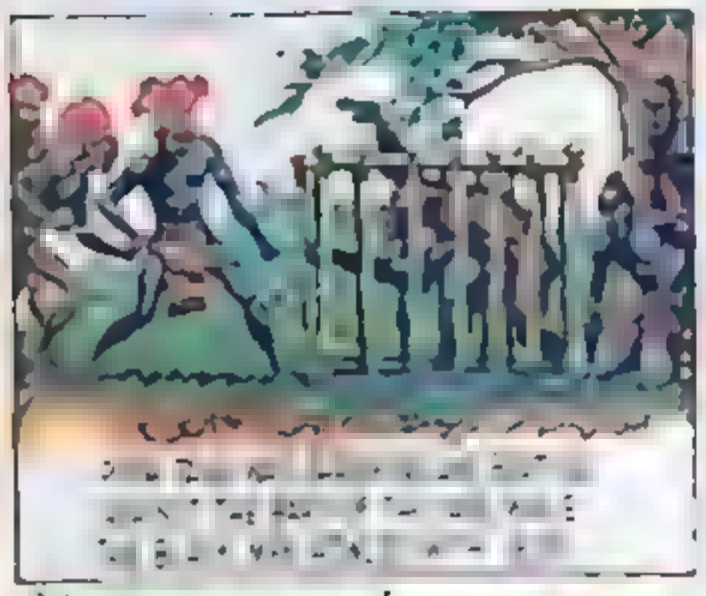


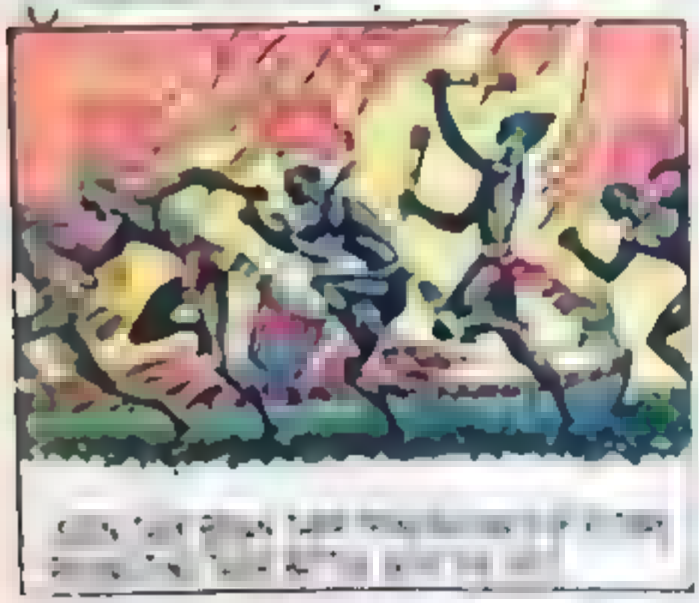


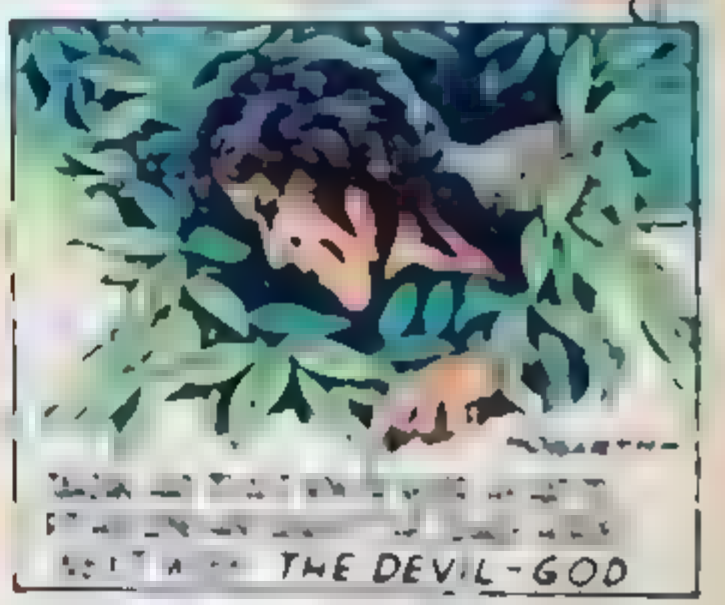
345-10-17
Tarzan
by EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS
UNITED FEATURE SYNDICATE, Inc.
TARZAN'S EXILE
AS TAUG BARKED HIS CHALLENGE TO TARZAN, A SHRIEK OF TERROR BURST FROM THE EDGE OF THE CLEARING. THE APE-MAN TURNED---
--TO SEE A GREAT LION LEAP FROM THE THICKET, STRIKE DOWN A HALF-GROWN APE, AND FLEE WITH HIS LIFELESS PREY.
"WE KILL THE LION," TARZAN SHOUTED. TAUG GRUNTED. "WHY RISK OUR LIVES? MIKKA ALREADY DEAD."
BUT THE APE-MAN'S HUMAN FORESIGHT TOLD HIM THAT IF THE LION SUCCEEDED NOW, HE WOULD REPEAT HIS RAID.
SO TARZAN GAVE CHASE; AND LAUNCHED HIMSELF AT THE LION'S BACK-A HAZARDOUS TECHNIQUE HE HAD PERFECTED IN HIS BOYHOOD.
THE LION REARED AND SHOOK, BUT TARZAN'S KNIFE STRUCK AGAIN AND AGAIN, UNTIL THE TAWNY BEAST FELL DEAD.
THEN THE JUNGLE LORD PLACED A FOOT UPON THE CARCASS, AND FROM HIS THROAT ISSUED THE AWFUL APE-CRY OF VICTORY.
THEN CAME THE APES, SOME GRUNTING APPROVAL; BUT TAUG PUFFED WITH JEALOUS ANGER. "TARZAN GO, OR TAUG KILL!"
"TARZAN DOES NOT FIGHT HIS OWN PEOPLE," THE APE-MAN ANSWERED. THEN HE TURNED AND STALKED AWAY.
A STRANGE SADNESS FILLED HIM, FOR NOW HE WAS EXILED BY THE COMPANIONS OF HIS YOUTH, HIS COUSINS OF THE JUNGLE.
SUDDENLY, THE FOREST RESOUNDED WITH THE GUTTURAL SHRIEKS OF APES AND THE EXCITED CRIES OF SAVAGE MEN
NEXT WEEK: SAVAGE RAIDERS -
HOGARTH-
THE APES WERE IN TROUBLE! AND THOUGH THEY HAD SPURNED HIM, TARZAN RACED TO AID THEM, AT THE PERIL OF HIS LIFE

TARZAN by EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS









Tarzan

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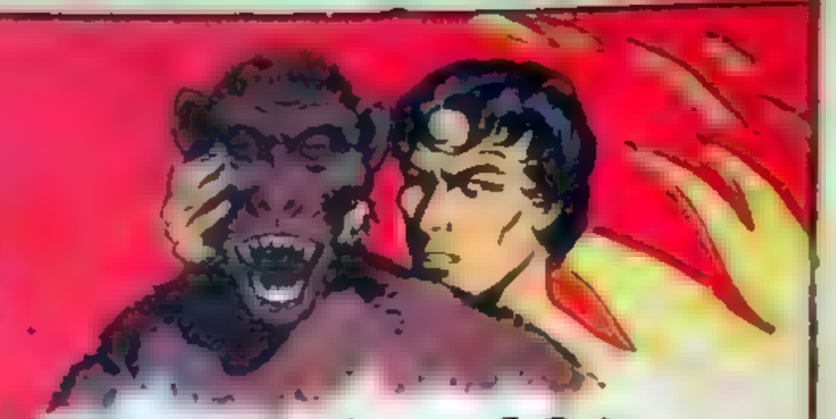
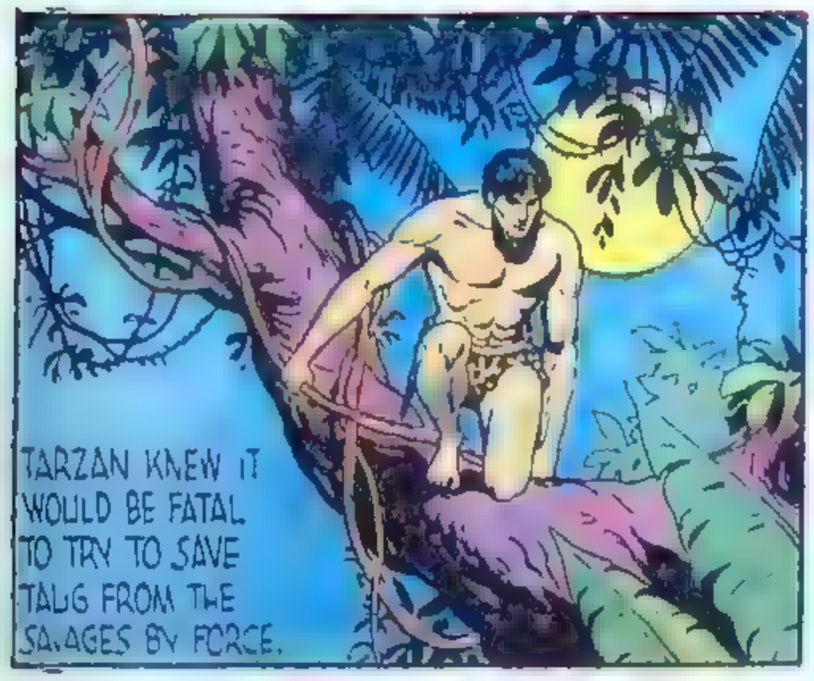
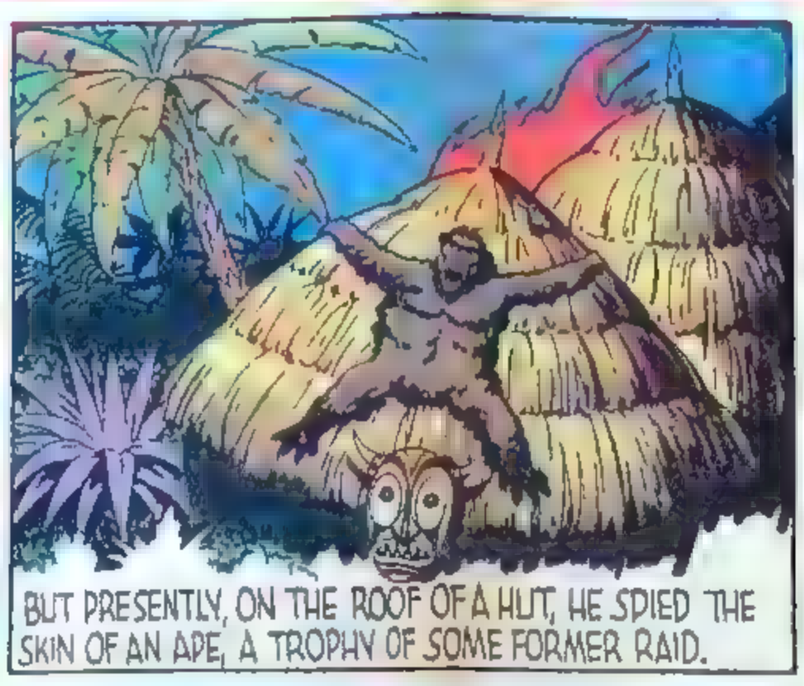
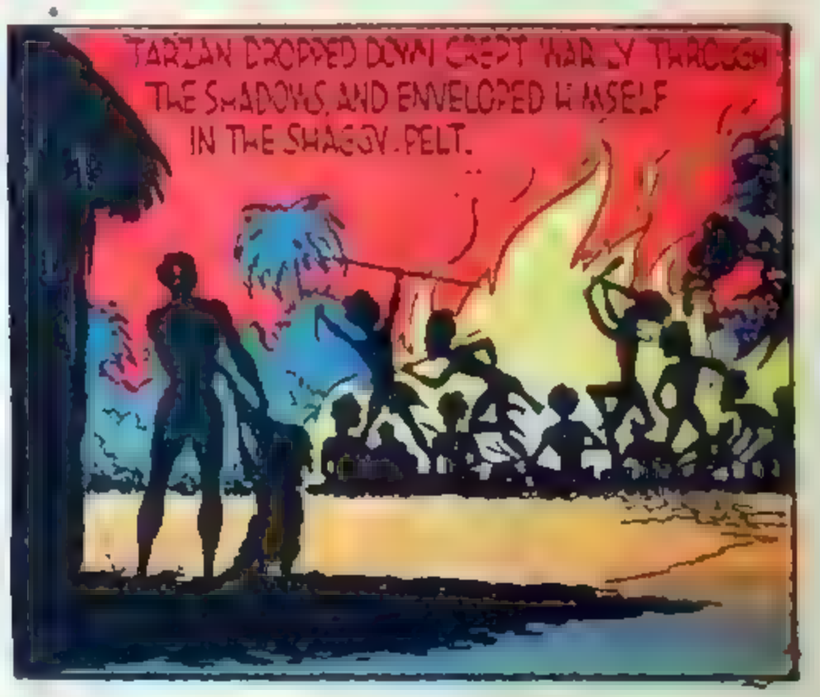
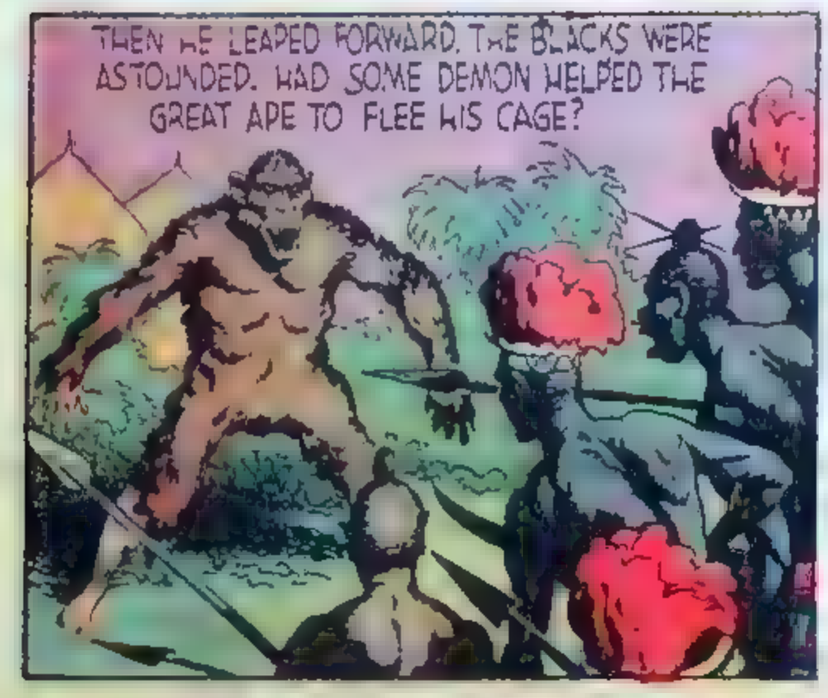


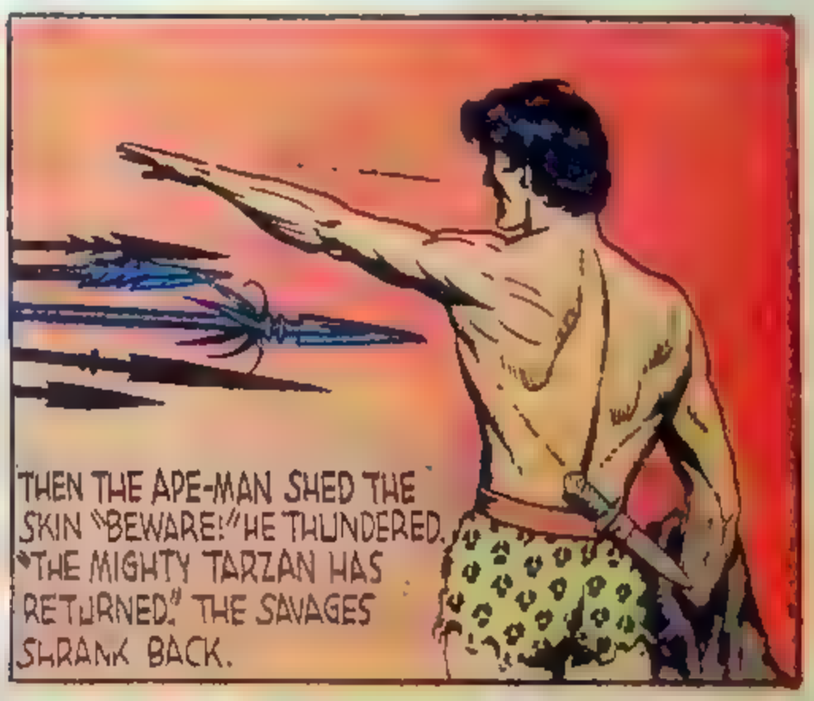
THE DEVIL-GOD

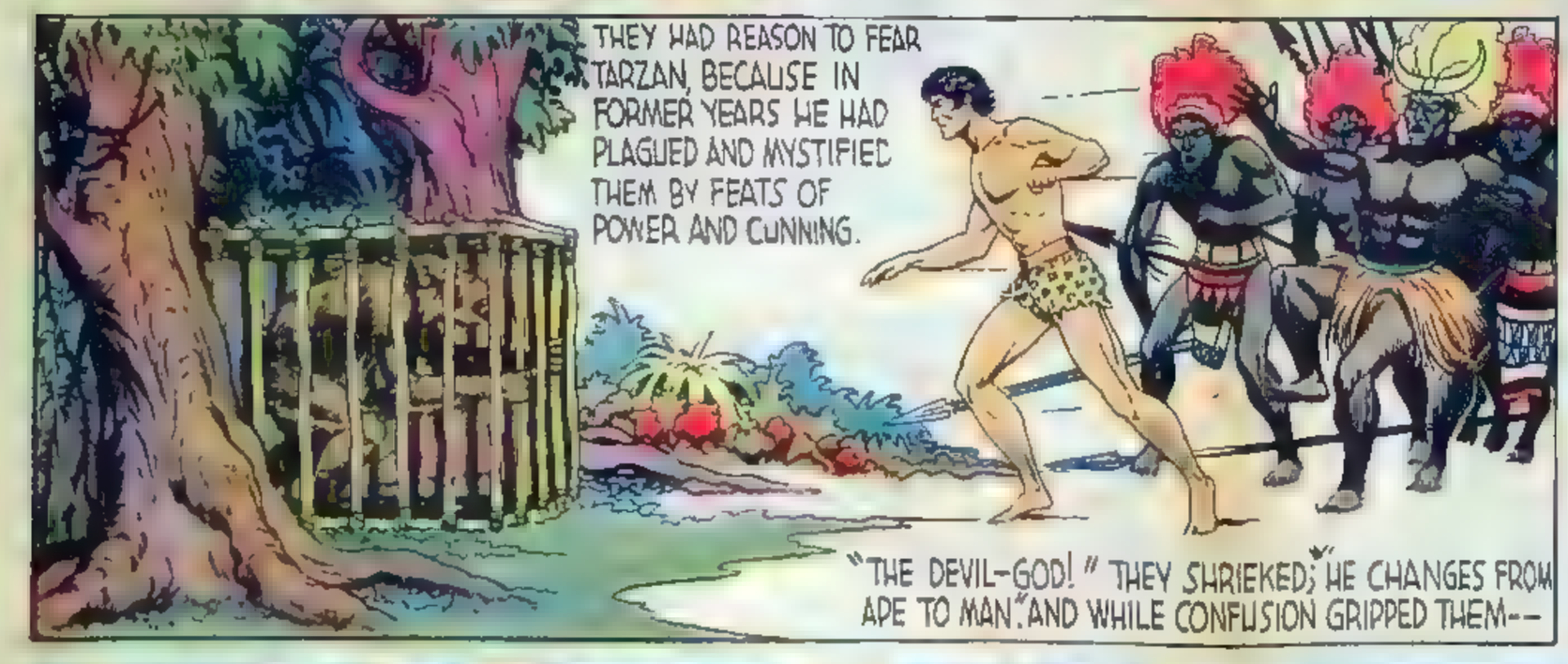


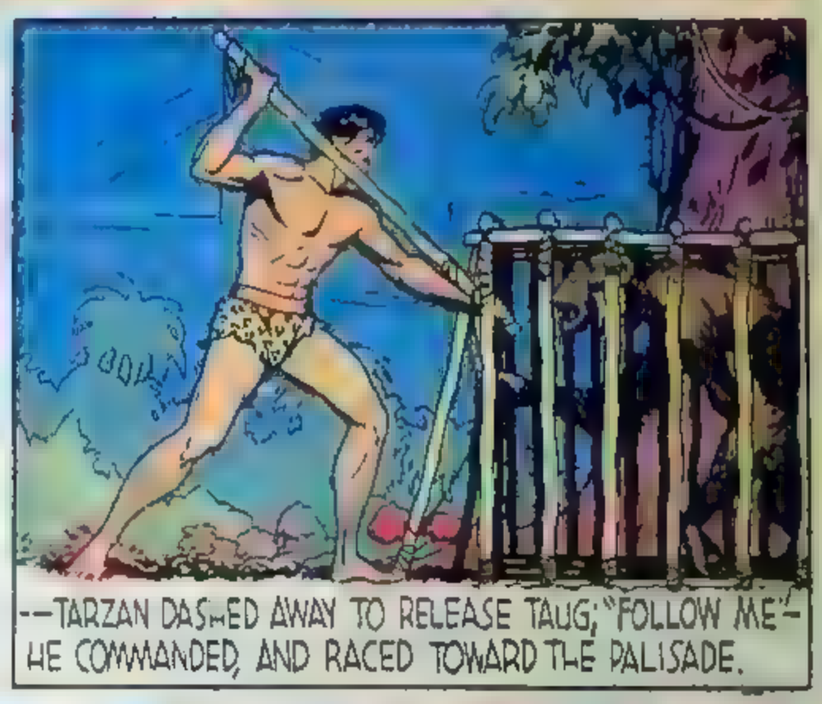


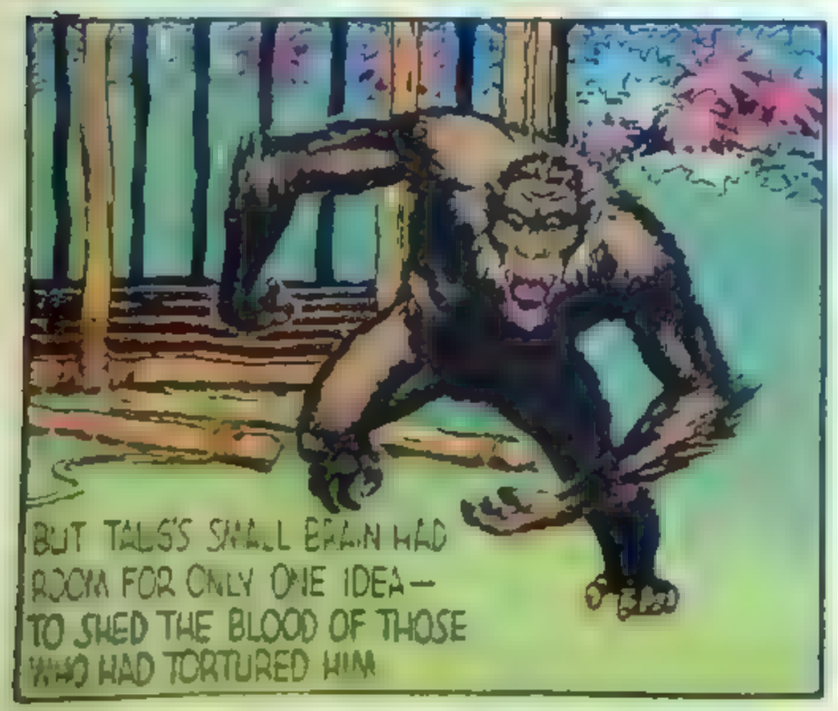


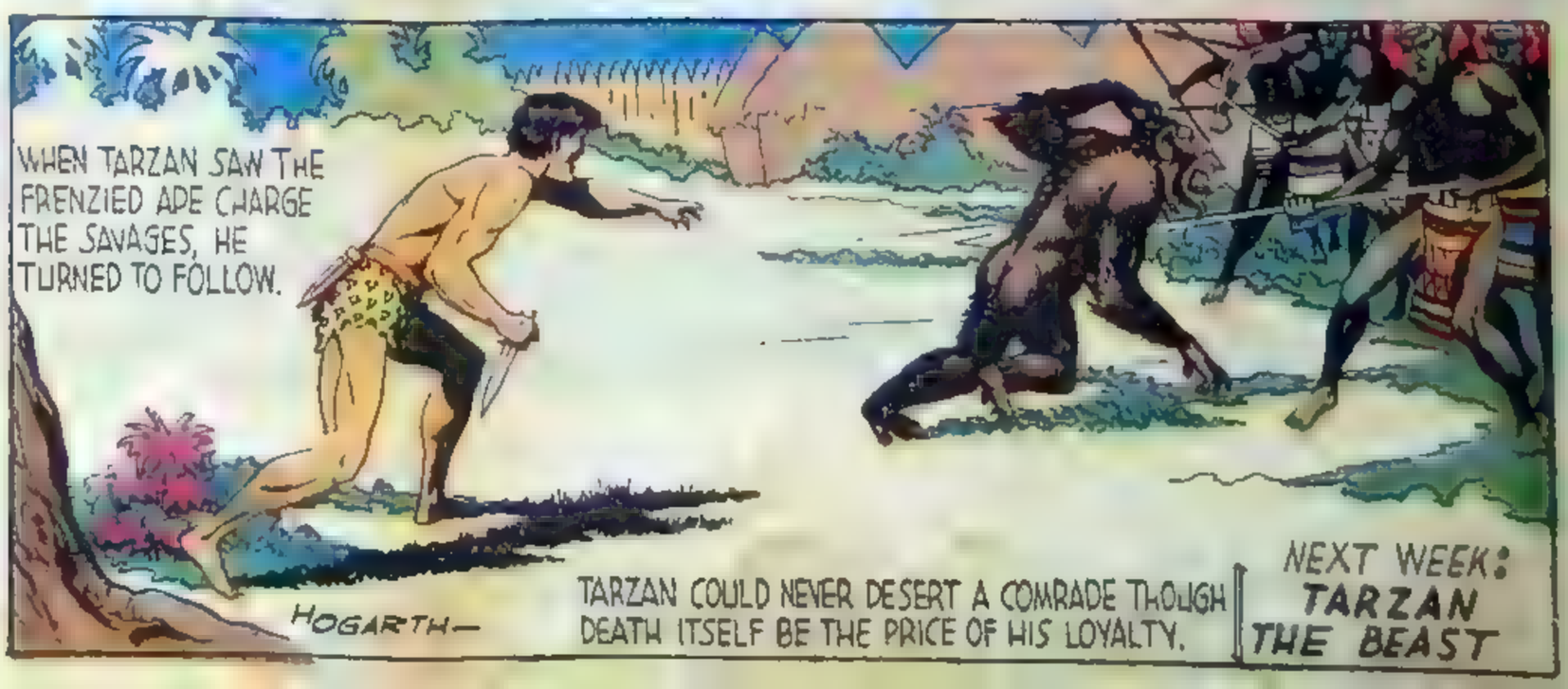












NEXT WEEK: TARZAN THE BEAST

Tarzan

by EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

TARZAN THE BEAST

TARZAN THRILLED TO THE DESPERATE BATTLE AS HE FOUGHT BESIDE HIS HAIRY COMPANION

DEFEAT HOWEVER WAS CERTAIN SO HE CALLED TO TAUG TO FLEE. BUT THE BLOOD-MAD APE WAS DEAF TO PERSUASION.

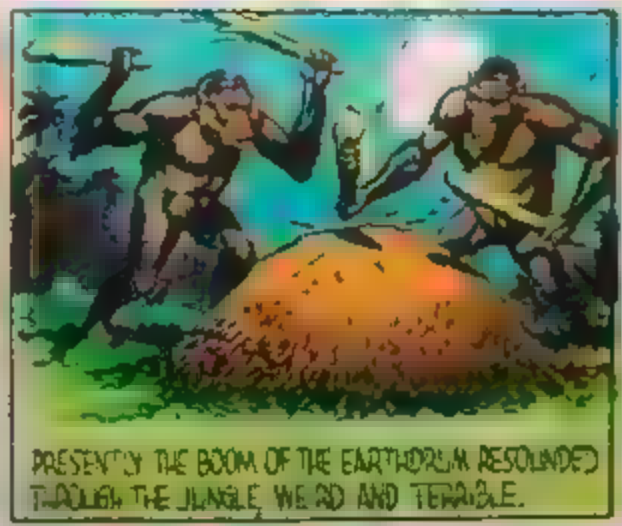
THEN TARZAN'S JUNGLE LORE CAME TO HIS AID. HE KNEW THE APES INSTINCT FOR IMITATION

SO HE SLEW ONE OF HIS ADVERSARIES AND LEAPED TREEWARD. TAUG COPIED HIS ACTIONS

THEN THEY DASHED AWAY THROUGH THE TREES EACH BEARING A CAPTIVE TO THE APE-TRIBE

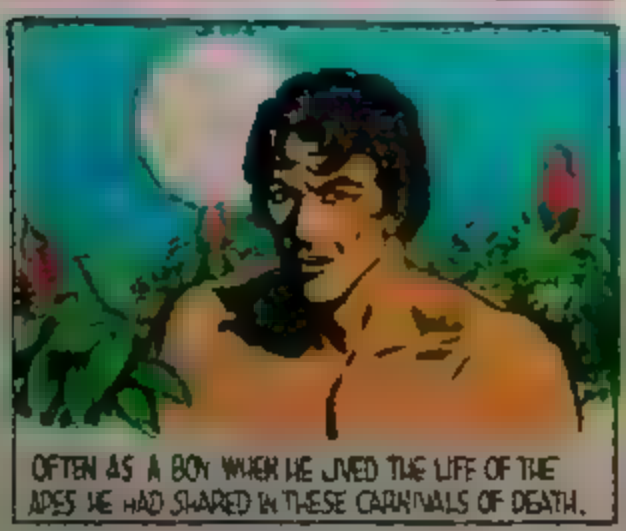
TARZAN WAS GREETED WITH HOARSE ACCLAIM, BUT HE INTERCEPTED PRAISE FOR TAUG AS A MIGHTY FIGHTER.

NOW THE EXCITED APES CLAMORED FOR A DUM-DUM, THAT GHASTLY RITE WHICH WAS A PRELUDE TO SLAUGHTERING CAPTIVES.



PRESENTLY THE BOOM OF THE EARTHDRUM RESOUNDED THROUGH THE JUNGLE, WEIRD AND TERRIBLE.

THEN THE APES BEGAN TO DANCE IN A MAD INTOXICATING REVEL. SOMETHING STIRRED IN THE BLOOD OF TARZAN



OFTEN AS A BOY WHEN HE LIVED THE LIFE OF THE APES HE HAD SHARED IN THESE CARNIVALS OF DEATH.

AND NOW THESE MAGIC DRUMBEATS CARRIED HIM BACK THROUGH THE YEARS. HE WAS A BEAST AGAIN.

HOGARTH

AND SO WITH A BLOOD-CURDLING CRY TARZAN JOINED THE WILD LEAPING HORDE AS SAVAGE AS ANY APE!

NEXT WEEK: **A MYSTERIOUS MESSENGER**

Tarzan
by EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS
A MYSTERIOUS MESSENGER
SHOUTING MADLY, TARZAN DANCED THE DEATH DANCE OF THE DUM-DUM AS SAVAGELY AS HIS FELLOW BEASTS!
SOON TWO OF THE SHAGGY APES TOOK UP CLUBS AND LUMBERED TOWARD THE DOOMED CAPTIVES.
SUDDENLY TARZAN SHOOK OFF THE HYPNOTIC SPELL; AND NOW THIS HIDEOUS REVEL FILLED HIM WITH DISMAY.
TO DEATH HE WAS NO STRANGER. OFTEN HE, TOO, HAD KILLED FOR JUST CAUSE—BUT SWIFTLY AND WITHOUT PLEASURE.
THOUGH HE HAD BEEN REARED BY THE APES, HE WAS A MAN OF NOBLE HERITAGE; HE COULD NOT SHARE IN THIS BRUTAL ORGY. BUT HE WAS TOO WISE TO ATTEMPT TO IMPOSE HIS OWN CODE UPON THE BRUTE INSTINCTS OF THE APES.
SO HE SLIPPED AWAY UNNOTICED INTO THE JUNGLE, UNOBSERVED BY THE BLOOD-MAD APES.
AFTER A LONG TREK HE CAME ONCE MORE TO HIS OWN DOMAIN WHERE HIS WAZIRI WARRIORS HAILED HIM WITH JOY.
BUT FOR TARZAN THERE WAS NO REST. ONE DAY A STRANGE MESSENGER CAME FROM ISHTAK, A CHIEF OF THE FAR SOUTH.
"EVIL WHITE MEN COME TO KILL US AND STEAL OUR LAND," HE SAID; "AND WE ASK THE AID OF MIGHTY TARZAN."
THE APE-MAN ANSWERED QUIETLY: "WHERE TARZAN IS NEEDED, TARZAN GOES." AND HE FOLLOWED THE COURIER SOUTHWARD---
HOGARTH—
---TOWARD THE AFRICAN VELDT. BUT HE MIGHT HAVE PAUSED HAD HE SEEN THE SLY SMILE OF TRIUMPH ON THE MESSENGER'S EVIL FACE!
NEXT WEEK: SINISTER ALLIES

Tarzan
A MISTER BLUES

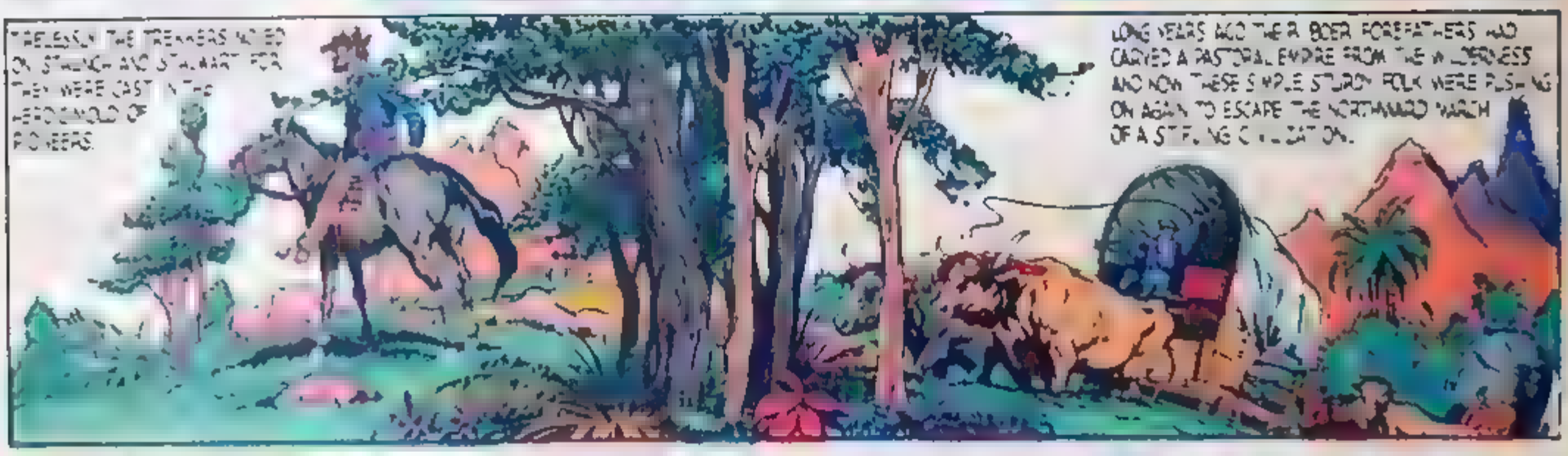
PEORIA JOURNAL-TRANSCRIPT

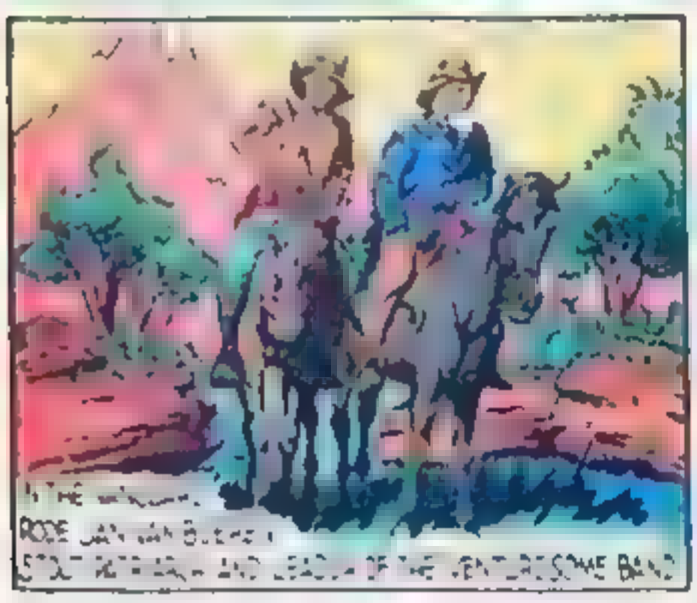
SUNDAY NOVEMBER 28 1937

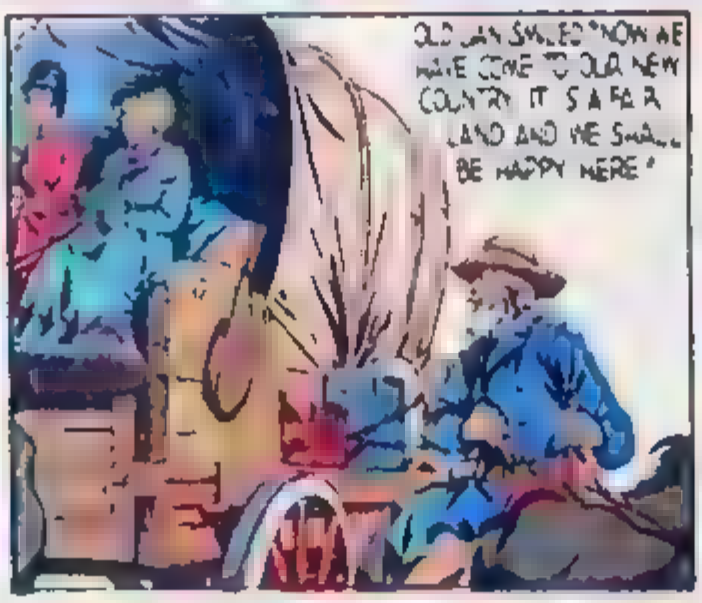
Tarzan

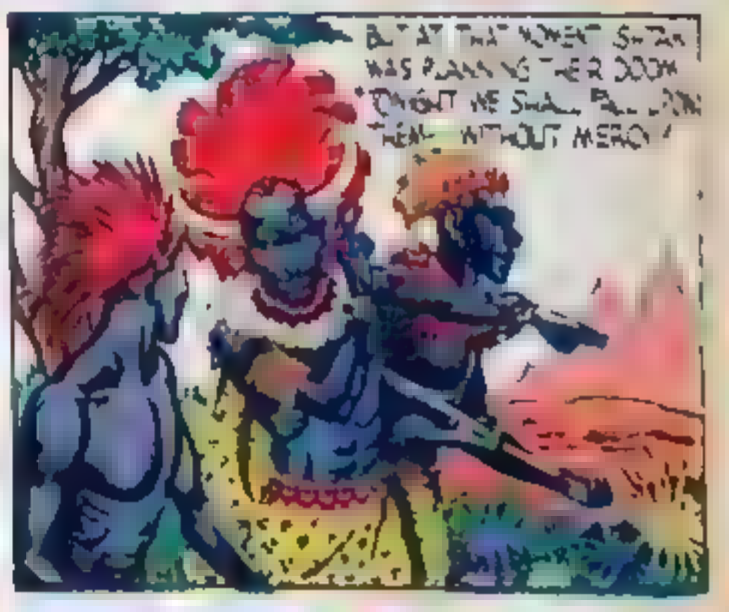
by EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

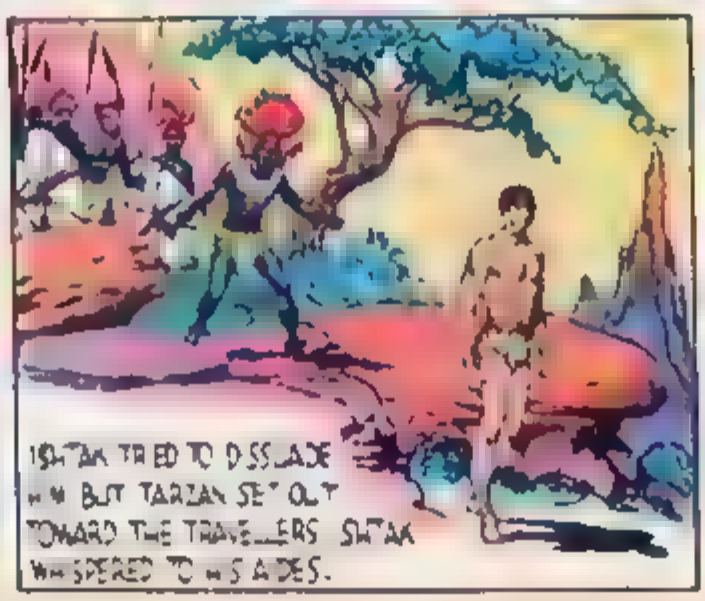
TREACHERY











NEXT WEEK: *BETWEEN TWO FIRES*

352-12-5

Tarzan

by EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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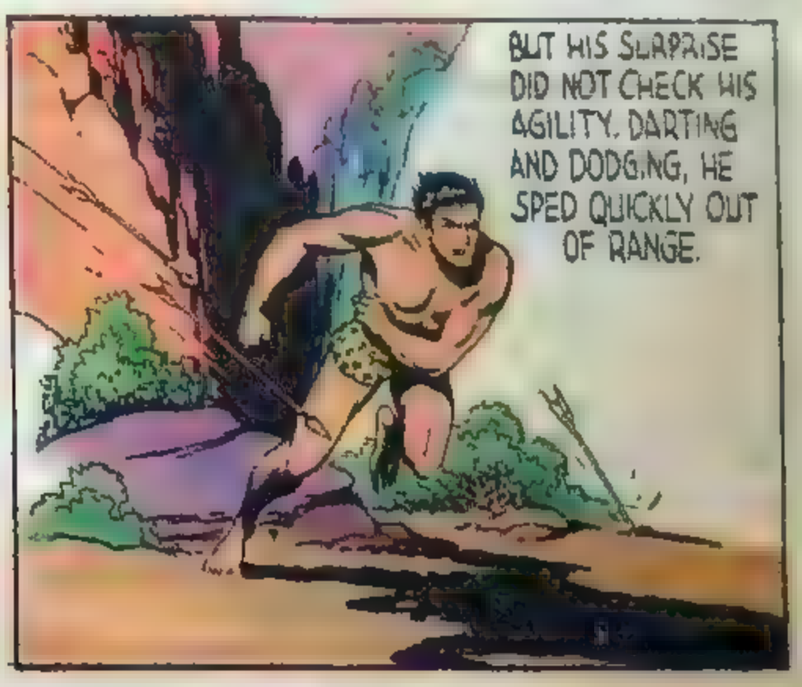
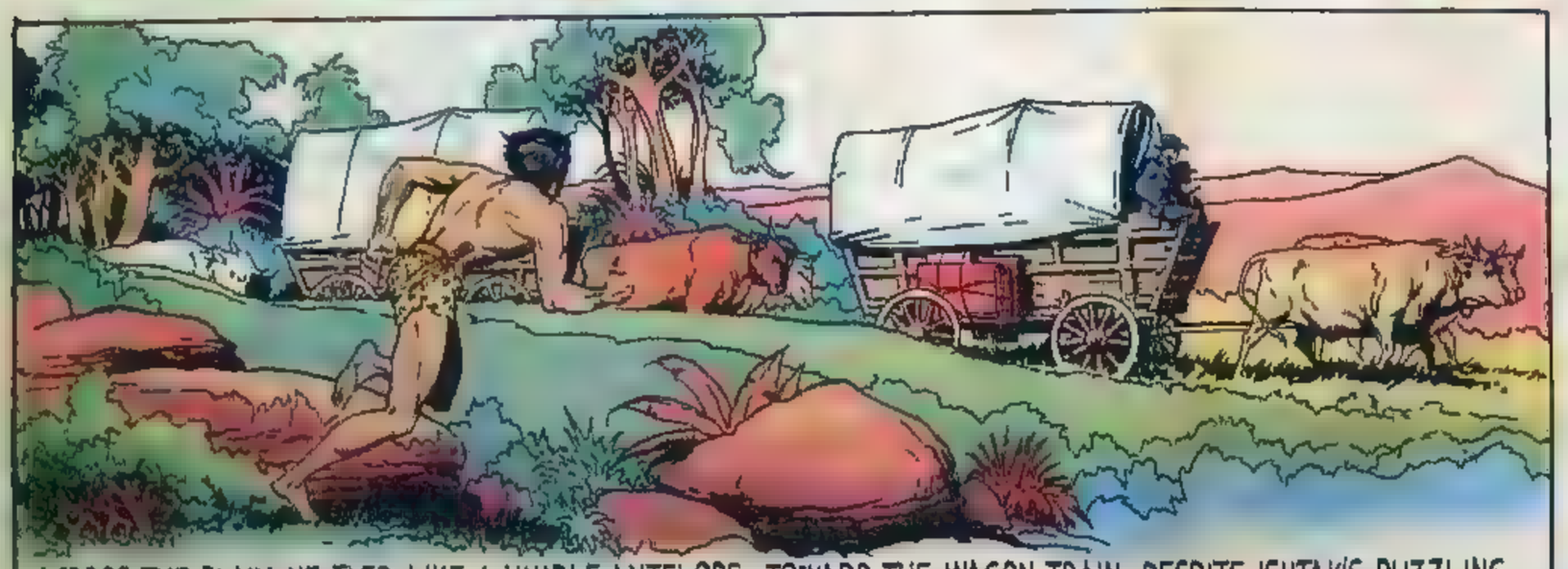
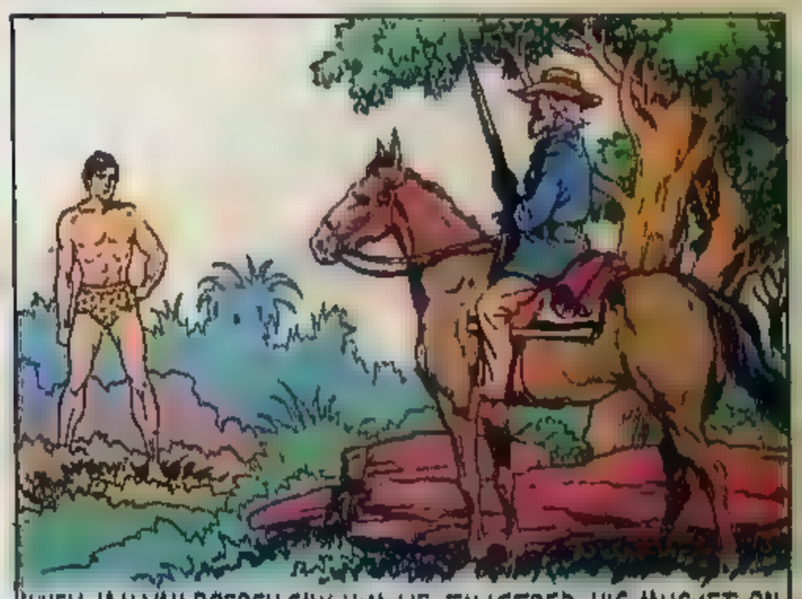
BETWEEN TWO FIRES

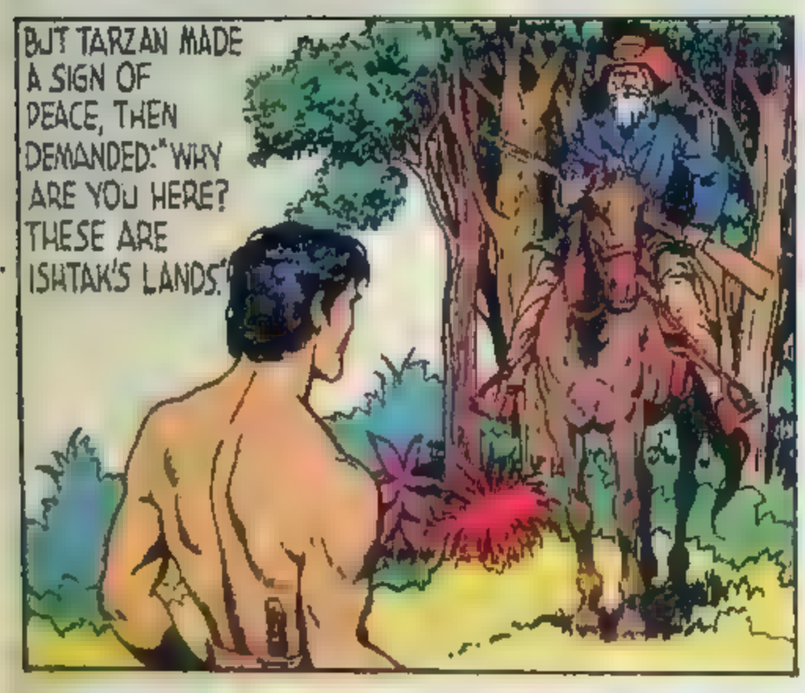


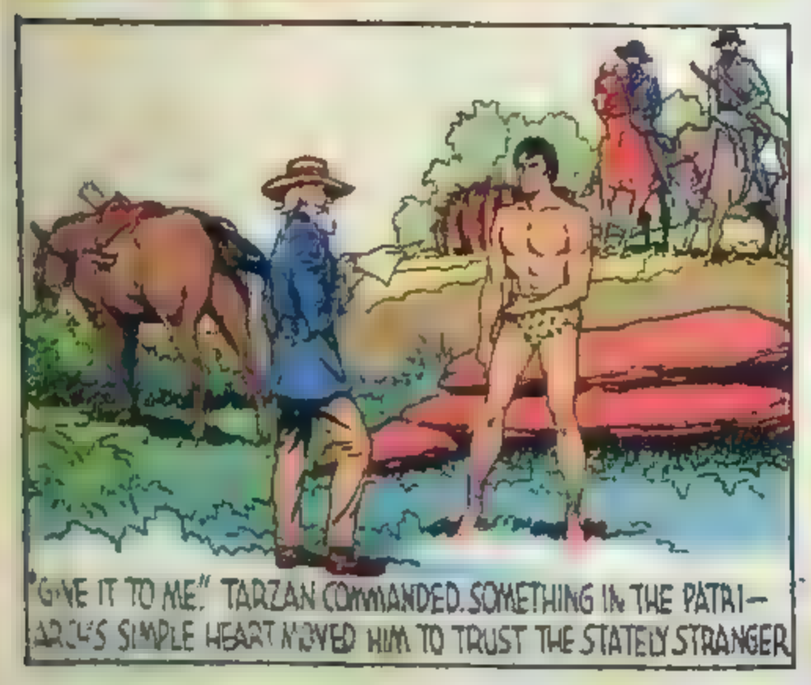


ACROSS THE PLAIN HE FLED, LIKE A NIMBLE ANTELOPE, TOWARD THE WAGON TRAIN. DESPITE ISHTAK'S PUZZLING TREACHERY, HE WAS RESOLVED TO PREVENT THE THEFT OF THE BLACK CHIEF'S LANDS, IF THEFT IT TRULY WAS.

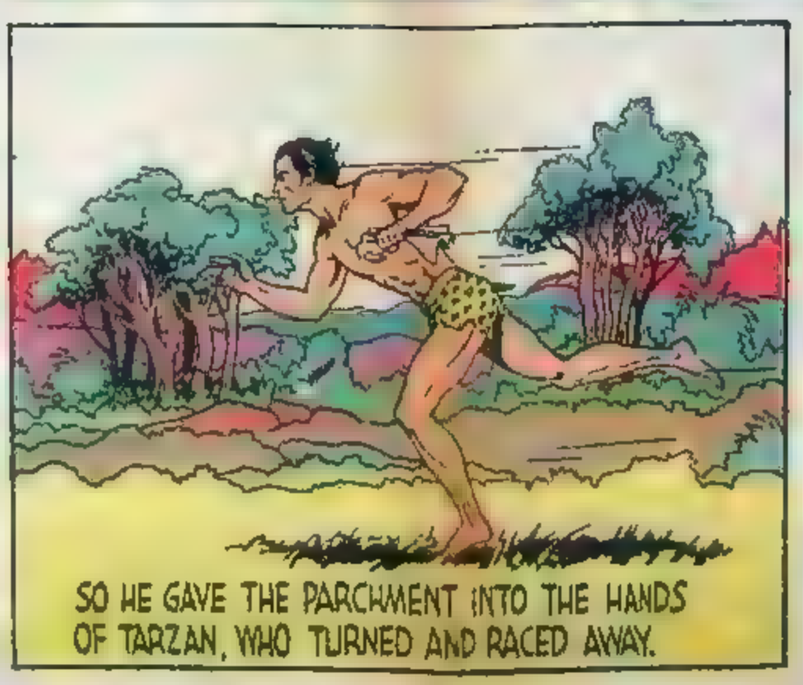


WHEN JAN VAN BOEREN SAW HIM, HE FINGERED HIS MUSKET. ON THE WILD FRONTIER IT WAS WELL TO HAVE THE DROP ON A STRANGER.





"GIVE IT TO ME." TARZAN COMMANDED. SOMETHING IN THE PATRIARCH'S SIMPLE HEART MOVED HIM TO TRUST THE STATELY STRANGER.



SO HE GAVE THE PARCHMENT INTO THE HANDS OF TARZAN, WHO TURNED AND RACED AWAY.

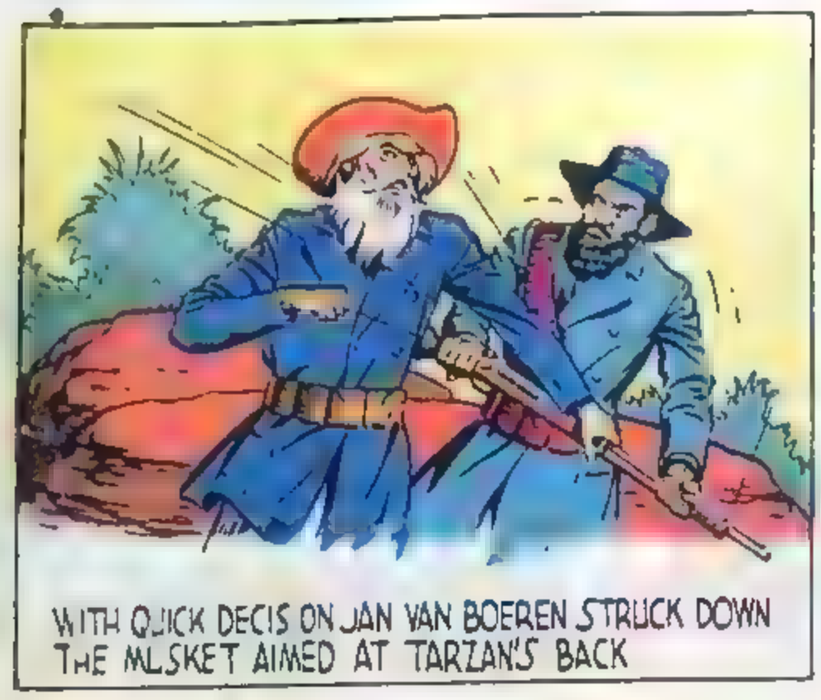
"YOU FOOL! IT'S A TRICK!" CRIED PIET DE VILLIERS AND RAISED HIS MUSKET TO BRING DOWN THE SPEEDING APE-MAN.

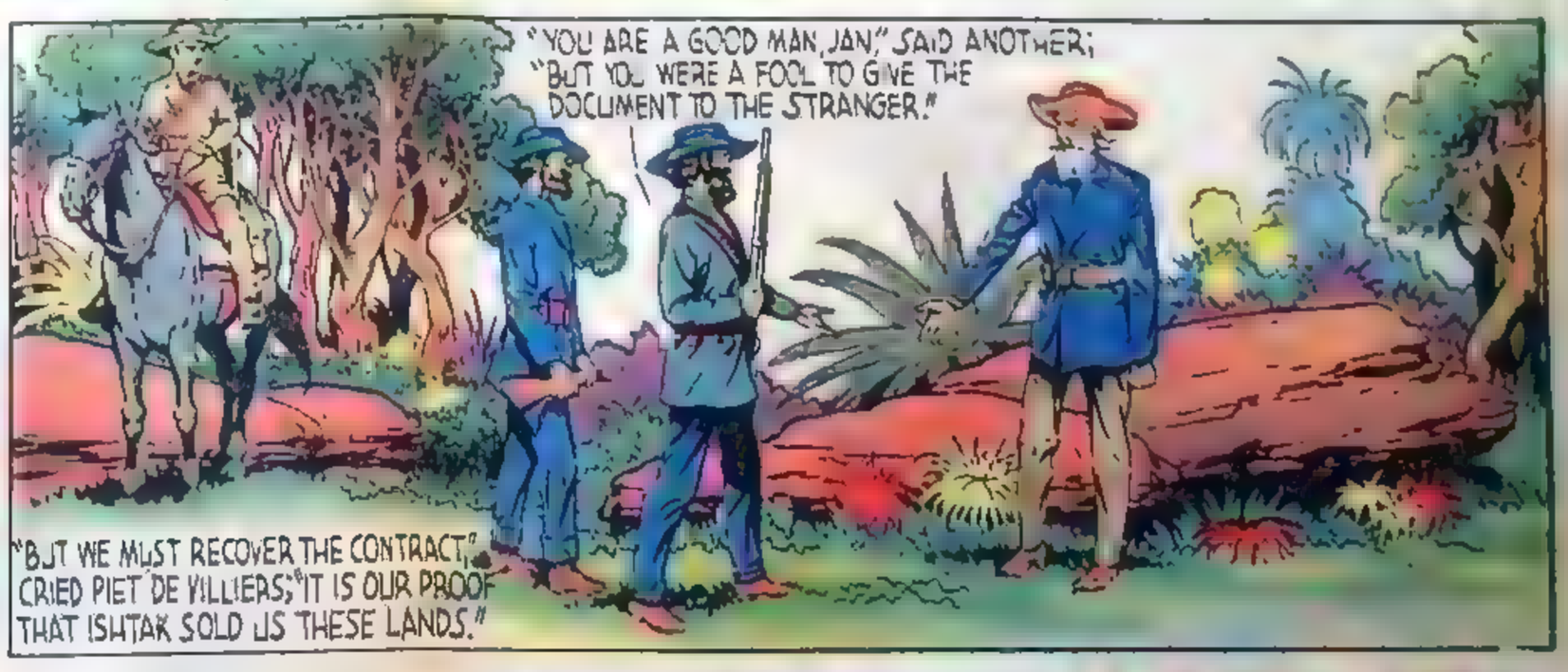
NEXT WEEK: **TARZAN'S HAZARD**

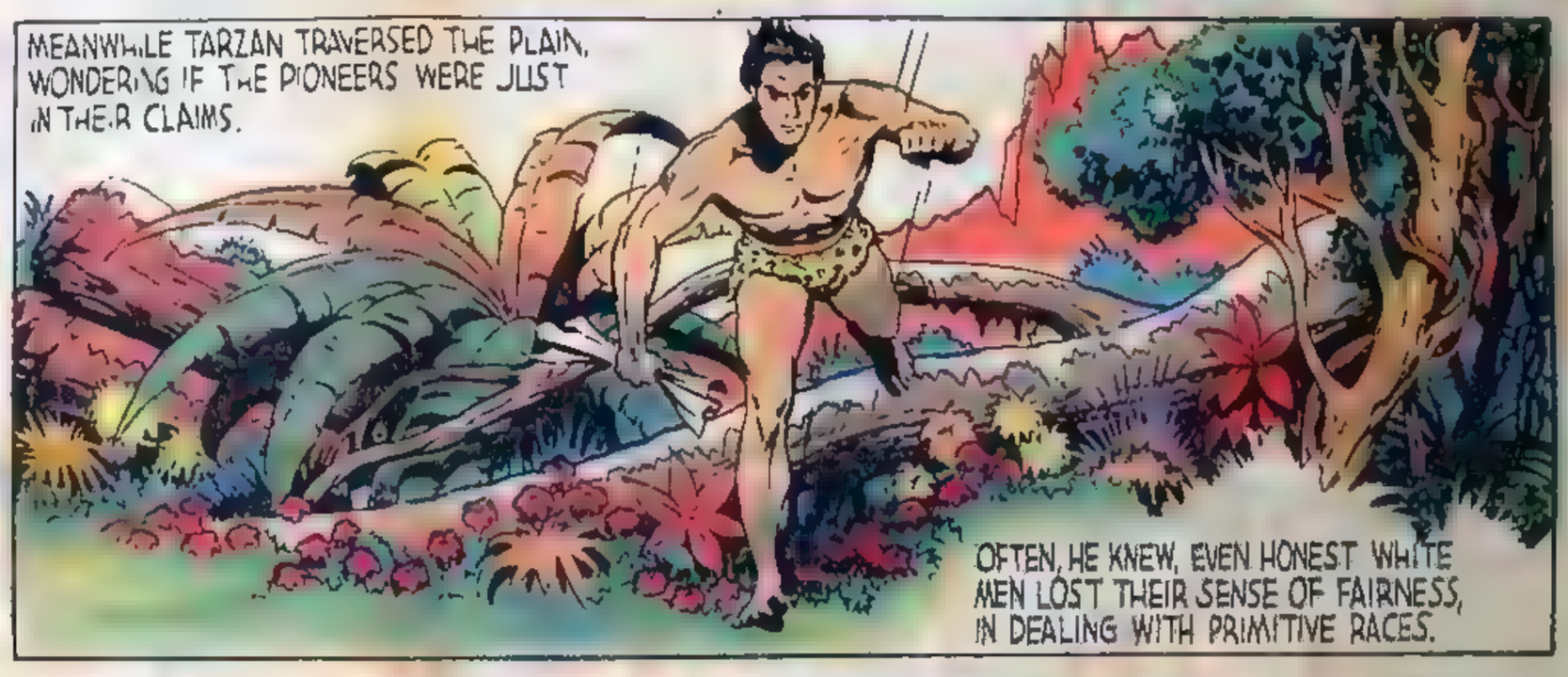
Tarzan

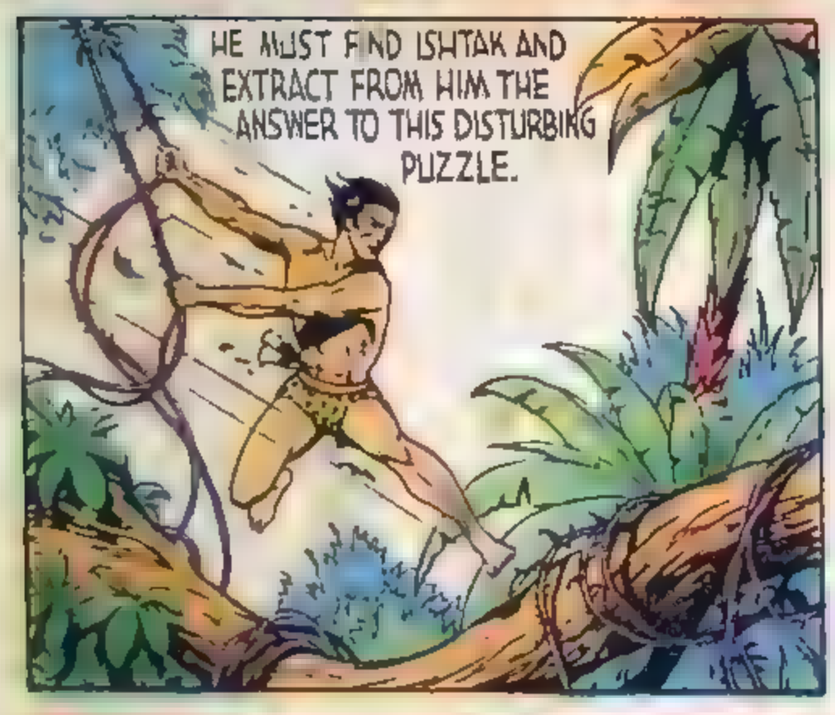
by EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

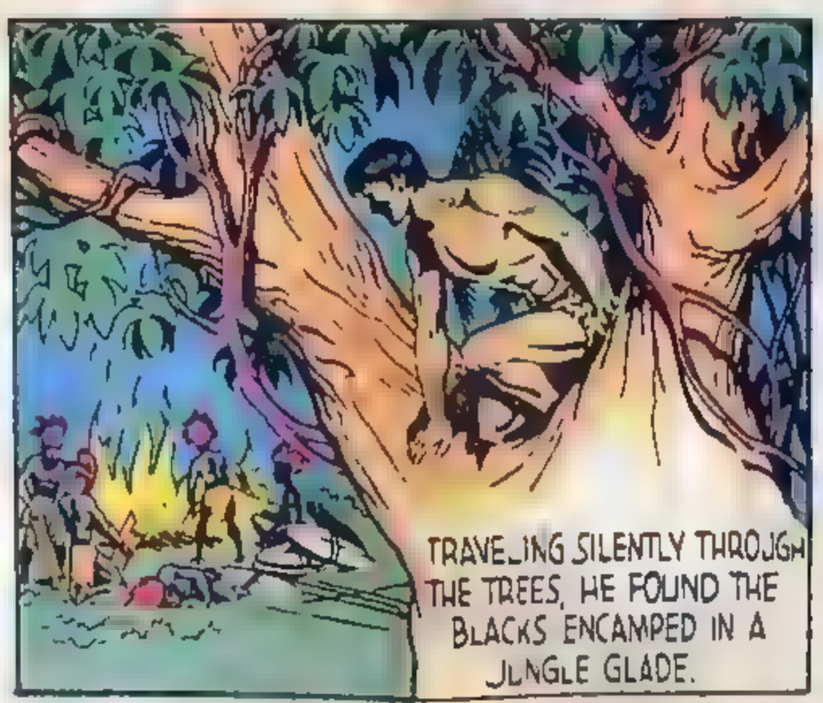
TARZAN'S HAZARD

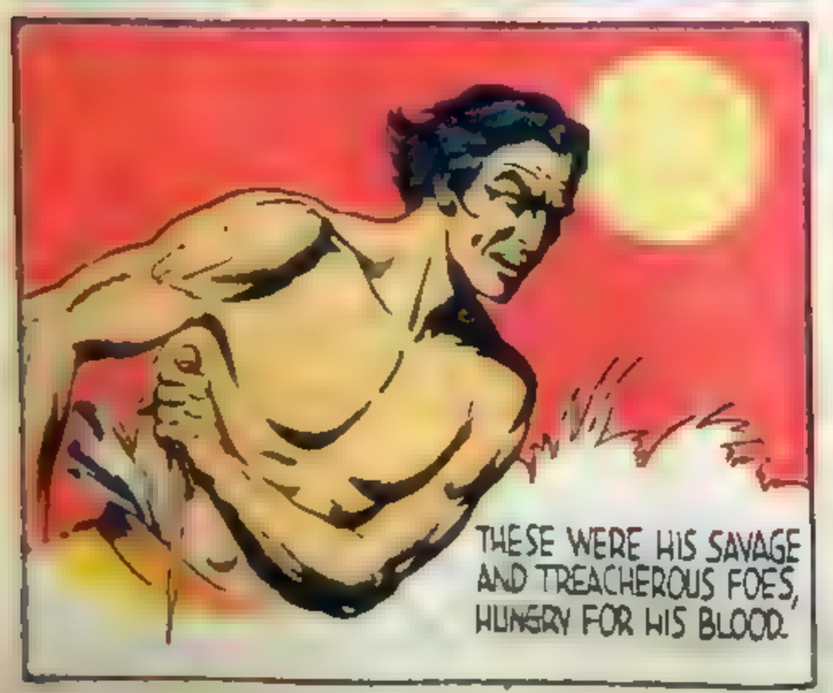


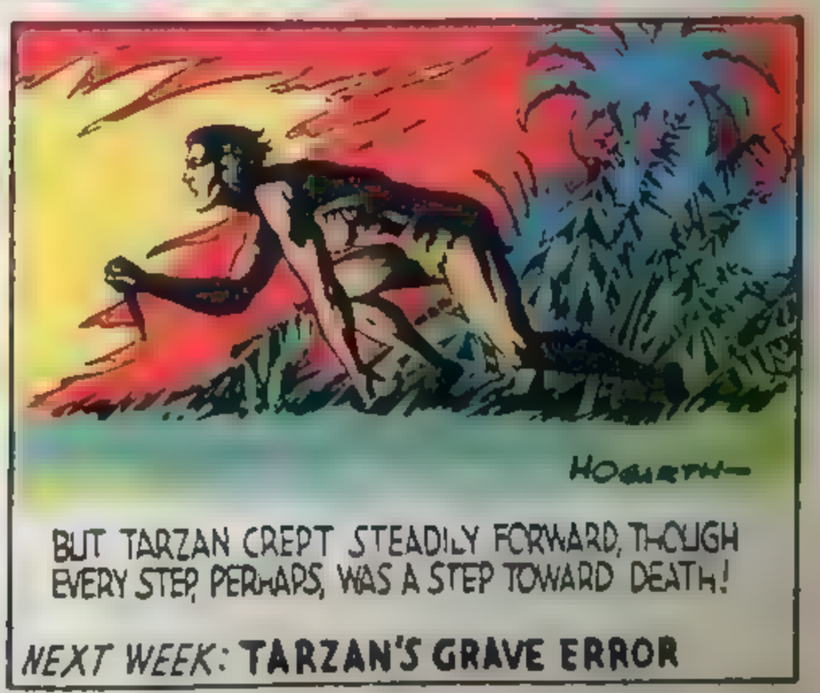






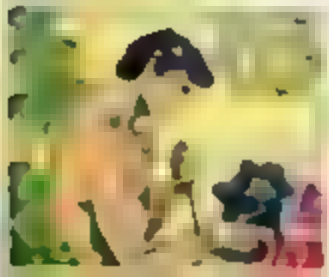


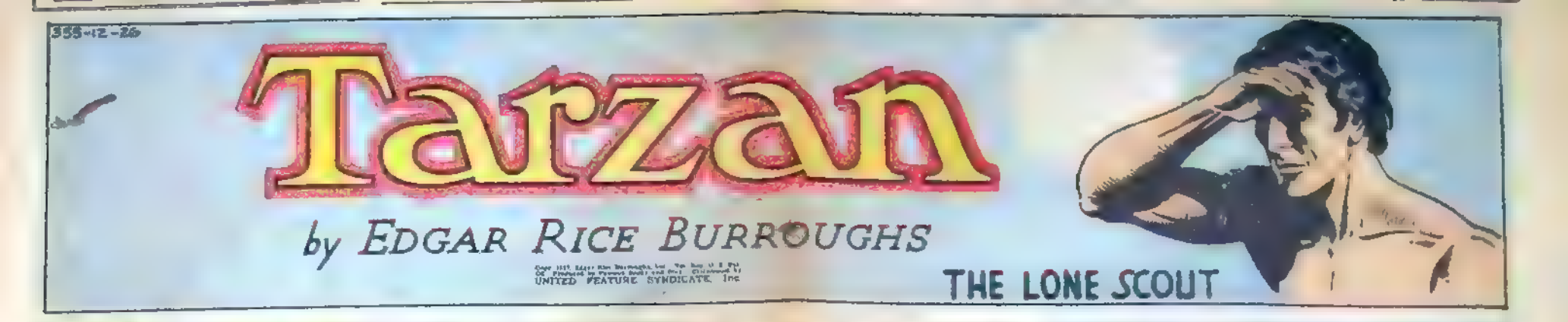




NEXT WEEK: **TARZAN'S GRAVE ERROR**

Tarzan

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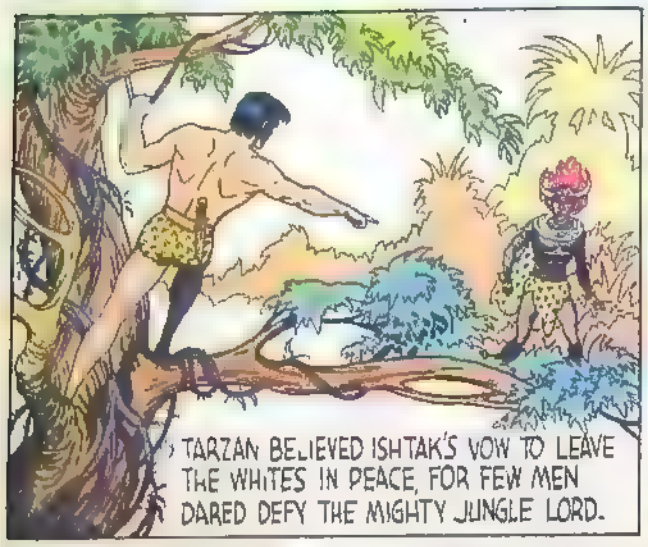
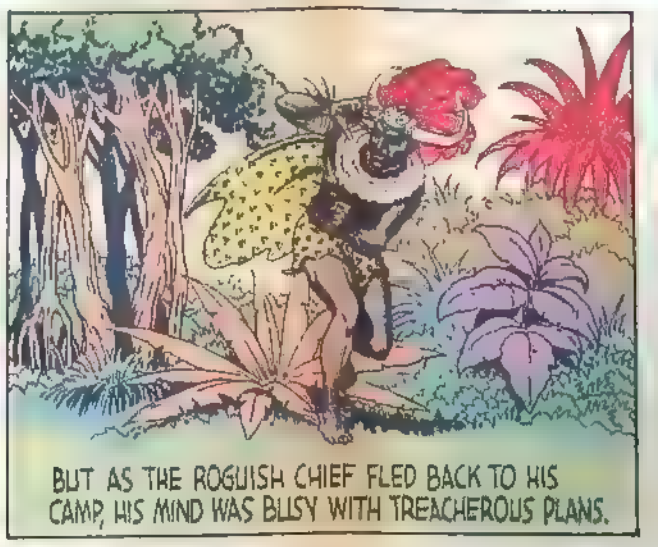
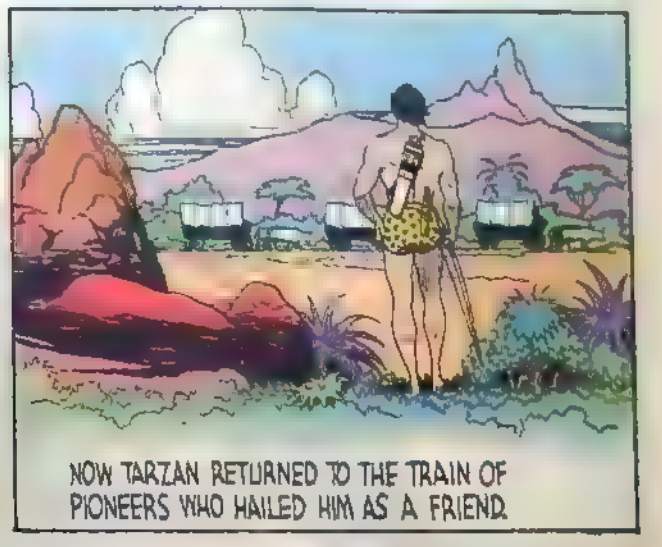
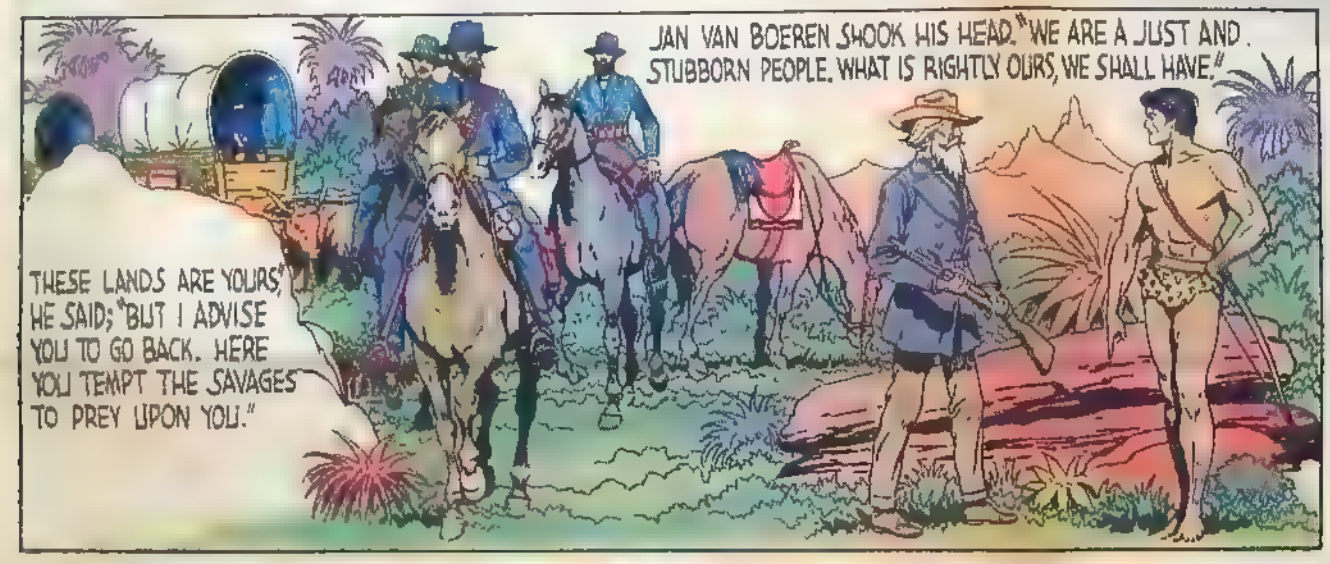
Tarzan
by EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS
UNITED FEATURE SYNDICATE, Inc.
THE LONE SCOUT

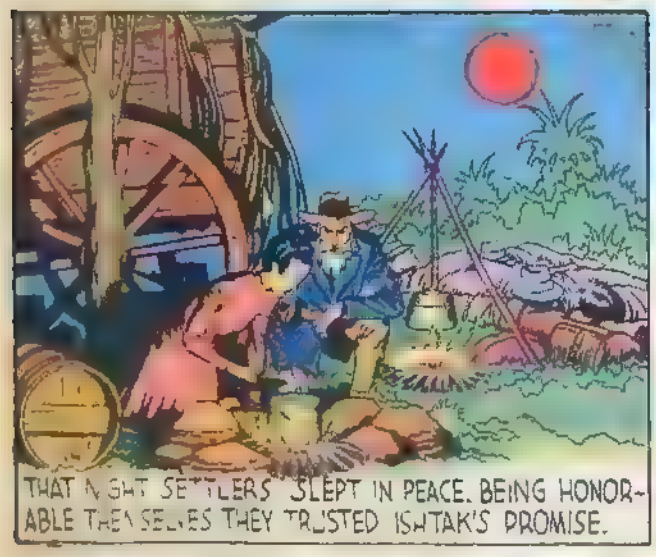

TARZAN BELIEVED ISHTAK'S VOW TO LEAVE THE WHITES IN PEACE, FOR FEW MEN DARED DEFY THE MIGHTY JUNGLE LORD.

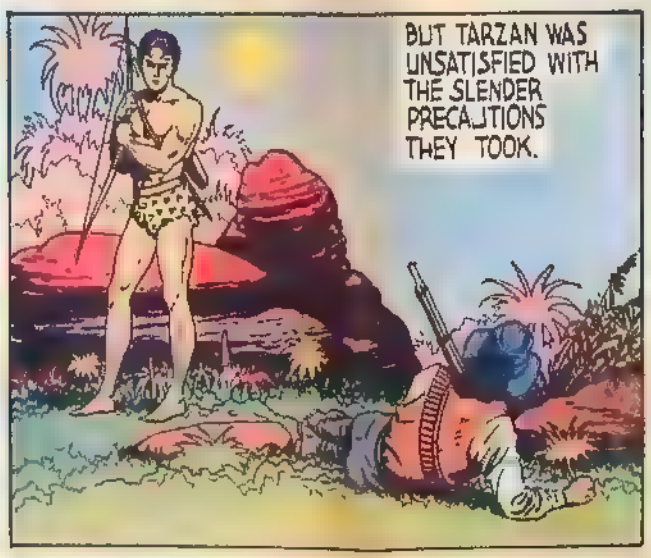

BUT AS THE ROGUISH CHIEF FLED BACK TO HIS CAMP, HIS MIND WAS BUSY WITH TREACHEROUS PLANS.


NOW TARZAN RETURNED TO THE TRAIN OF PIONEERS WHO HAILED HIM AS A FRIEND.


JAN VAN BOEREN SHOOK HIS HEAD. "WE ARE A JUST AND STUBBORN PEOPLE. WHAT IS RIGHTLY OURS, WE SHALL HAVE."
THESE LANDS ARE YOURS," HE SAID; "BUT I ADVISE YOU TO GO BACK. HERE YOU TEMPT THE SAVAGES TO PREY UPON YOU."

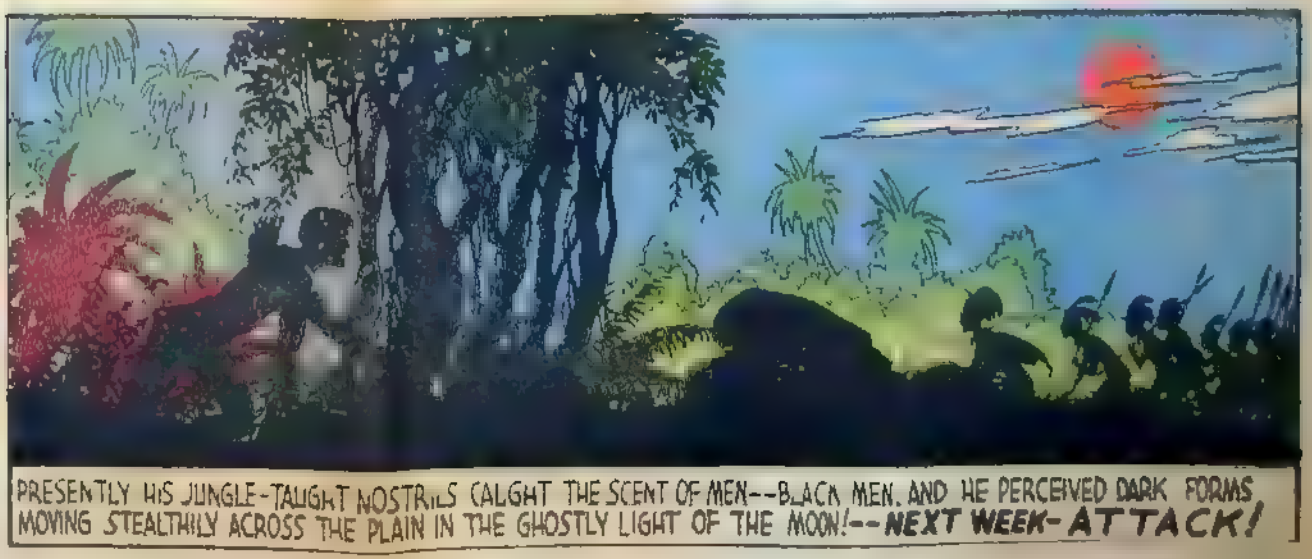
TARZAN ADMIRED THIS HIGH RESOLUTION. "THEN YOU MAY COUNT ON MY AID," HE SAID SIMPLY.


THAT NIGHT SETTLERS SLEPT IN PEACE. BEING HONORABLE THEMSELVES THEY TRUSTED ISHTAK'S PROMISE.


BUT TARZAN WAS UNSATISFIED WITH THE SLENDER PRECAUTIONS THEY TOOK.

IN THIS WILD COUNTRY, HE KNEW, NOTHING WAS CERTAIN; INFINITE VIGILANCE WAS THE PRICE OF SAFETY.

HOGARTH
SO, ALONE HE ROAMED THE VELDT, SCOUTING FOR DANGER, SNIFFING THE AIR, LISTENING INTENTLY.


PRESENTLY HIS JUNGLE-TAUGHT NOSTRILS CAUGHT THE SCENT OF MEN--BLACK MEN. AND HE PERCEIVED DARK FORMS MOVING STEALTHILY ACROSS THE PLAIN IN THE GHOSTLY LIGHT OF THE MOON!--NEXT WEEK-ATTACK!

TARZAN THE MAGNIFICENT

Through the dark, mysterious jungle of Africa, a long safari wound its way like a great, sluggish serpent. The travelers believed they were far from the eyes and haunts of men; but through the trees above them glided a silent human figure, watching alertly.

"Now in country of Tarzan of the Apes," the native guide declared proudly. "Huh! Looking for Tarzan in his endless wilderness is worse than hunting a needle in a haystack," Stanley Wood remarked wearily to his sole white companion, Robert van Eyk.

Suddenly, as if there were some magic in his words to conjure up the object of his search, the figure of a bronzed white man dashed before his eyes, plummeting from the trees directly into the trail. "I am Tarzan," the figure announced; "what do you want?"

The black carriers stood gazing with awe at the Jungle Lord, who was the subject of a thousand heroic tales. Even Stanley Wood was too startled to make an immediate reply. "What do you want of me?" Tarzan repeated. "Perhaps your life!" Wood answered slowly.

There was something in the manner of the ape-man that demanded a quick, straightforward explanation, without useless palaver. "We are going in search of Lord and Lady Mountford," Stanley Wood declared gravely; "have you heard of them?" Tarzan nodded.

Almost as long as he could remember it seemed, the strange disappearance of the titled English couple had been one of the sensational mysteries of Africa. Twenty years ago they had gone into the far north, and the wilderness had swallowed them utterly.

"I've been studying the case for two years," Wood said earnestly, "and I believe they're still alive. Anyway, I'm going to find out." "You know, of course," Tarzan reminded him, "that many expeditions have gone before you—and not one has returned."

"We're willing to risk it," Wood declared; "will you go with us? I'm warning you that you might not come back—none of us might. The devilish thing that got the others may get us. There's danger—" The Jungle Lord cut him short. "I'll go," he said simply.

TARZAN THE MAGNIFICENT

Whether Lord and Lady Mountford were alive or not meant little to Tarzan. But he was intrigued by the mystery of their disappearance. What strange thing had reached out of the jungle to clutch them? That, indeed, was something he would like to discover.

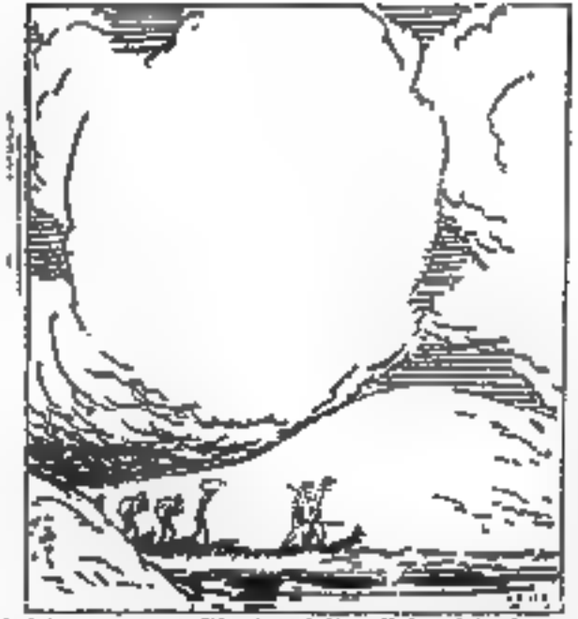
"I guess you'll want a couple of days to get ready," Wood said. The ape-man shook his head. "I'm ready now." For him the elaborate equipage that burdens civilized men is unnecessary. Except for his weapons he traveled unhampered, like a jungle beast.

Elated at having the aid of the mighty Jungle Lord, Stanley Wood commanded his safari to press on with new vigor. Day after day they pushed deeper into the wilderness, and at last they halted. Van Eyk put his finger on the map he had carefully prepared.

"This is our pos ion. Lord and Lady Mountford were last reported here by friendly natives. After that—fadeout!" Wood nodded solemnly. "This is the end—and the beginning of our trail." Tarzan of the Apes added grimly: "The frontier of the Unknown!"

Tarzan gazed out over the weird landscape. Straight ahead lay a plain, fringed by jungle. To the right, a river wound down from a distant mountain range. Somewhere, perhaps within the compass of his eye, lay the mysterious land for which they searched.

"There's no need for all of us to scout in the same direction," he said: "you follow the river. I'll go into the far jungle. In a few days I shall join you upstream. Then we can compare notes." Without awaiting approval or dissent, the apeman was gone.



Had he remained, Wood and Van Eyk might have escaped the terrors and perils which were soon to assail them, but how was Tarzan to know? Never had his experience or imagination extended to the incredible forces which had their residence in those far mountains.

The safari moved on peacefully. Next day it picked up two white hunters, called Spike and Trull, who agreed to join the party. Three hours later, things began to happen. The first warning was the sudden appearance of a horde of tribesmen racing toward them.

The travelers recognized that the onrushing tribesmen were excited rather than hostile. As soon as they were within earshot they began to yell, and their excitement was communicated to the safari blacks, who dropped their packs and stood quaking with fear.

"What's up?" Wood demanded. "Say must not go on," the interpreter replied: "evil things there—m, very things. Demons in form of women! They kill—we no can kill them! Big magic!" "Tommyrot!" Wood exclaimed: "Let's go!" But the porters refused to move.

Wood seemed helpless. "Wait, I'll show you how to handle these black devils." Spike snarled as he picked up a stick and struck the nearest porter. "Get going!" he yelled. Sullenly, the carriers took up their burdens and moved, mumbling bitterly.

Two hours later they made camp. The four whites ate a simple meal and lay down to sleep. At midnight Wood came suddenly awake, conscious that something was wrong. He looked about him. Something was wrong. The porters had fled. But that was not all.

Wood was dismayed by the desertion of the porters, but there was something else that disturbed him more. He had a haunting sense of being watched by invisible eyes. He heard noises, neither human nor animal, that made his flesh creep and his scalp tingle.

He had a vague consciousness of some mysterious force, some intangible power hovering near. Was it his own fear, engendered by the warning of the tribesmen, or was there some sinister presence in the camp? Hastily Stanley Wood wakened his three companions.

Their immediate concern was the desertion of the porters. Then Wood told them of his strange feeling. They laughed; but presently they too confessed they felt that unseen power. "Guess the best thing is to go back," Troi suggested. The others agreed.

At dawn they shouldered their packs for the return journey and started out, but they went upstream. Against their will something was pulling them onward, into the land of mystery! They tried to resist, but the thing that lured them was stronger than they!

Wood was amazed and dismayed when he found himself heading up the river instead of down, as he had intended to go. He exerted the full power of his will to turn his steps in the opposite direction, but he was drawn forward by some irresistible magnetism.

He glanced back and saw that his companions, too, were in the grip of that overwhelming force. When Wood tried to analyze it, he recalled the warning of the friendly natives: "That power will pull you on into the land of mystery. You cannot escape."

Was the warning [illegible] to their minds that they believed it and were [illegible] by it? Was this, after all, some phenomenon of mental suggestion? Or was there [illegible] some supernatural power that controlled them? [illegible] it was, it was wholly effective.

In silence the four travelers trudged on for hours. Then, suddenly, they detected a rustle in the underbrush, and in a flash they were encircled by a band of warriors. To their astonishment, these warriors were women—white women, fierce and menacing!

Wood had no desire to kill, but he wanted to fire a warning shot. As he cried to lift his gun he recalled the legend of the friendly blacks that no hostile hand could be raised against the mystery people. And, in truth, his arm became like lead—immovable.

"The power of Mafka is with us; you cannot kill us," one of the Amazons said, laughing scornfully. That unbelievable power must have affected Wood' companions, too, for all four were disarmed withou an attempt to resist. And now sharp spears herde them forward.

As the party climbed higher into the mountains, the women seemed gay and very well pleased with their captives, whom they disrobed as if they were prize cattle or work horses. The prisoners listened, for they were familiar with the dialect spoked.

More and more, as they approached their goal, Wood felt that vague power of evil pressing in upon him. Finally he blurted out: "What do you intend to do with us?" The leader of the Amazons shrieked with devilish laughter. "Soon enough you will know!"

The prisoners and their captors came finally to a great walled town on a high plateau. In the streets Atmeen warriors strutted and hurled taunts at the captives. The men of the town were working industriously. It was obvious that the women were masters here.

Still in a daze, the captives were led to a mammoth castle, led through vaulted corridors to a vast room. A warrior struck the floor with a spear and called out: "We bring captives to Gontala, our Queen, and to Mutha, caller of the powers of darkness!"

Wood gasped, for now a vision swam before his eyes, the vision of a girl enthroned—the most beautiful creature he had ever seen, fair of face and perfect in every detail of her delicate features. But her brooding eyes were clouded with a cruel hardness.

His gaze was drawn then to the man who sat beside her, a wizened, leprous creature as hideous as the girl was beautiful. A sarcastic laugh rattled from his thin lips as he said: "Speak, Gontala, my daughter. The prisoners are impatient to know their fate."

The hideous old man stretched out his hand and lifted a cloth from a small table. The eyes of the captives went wide for before them was exposed a gigantic diamond, such a diamond as they never believed existed. It must have weighed fully 5000 karats.

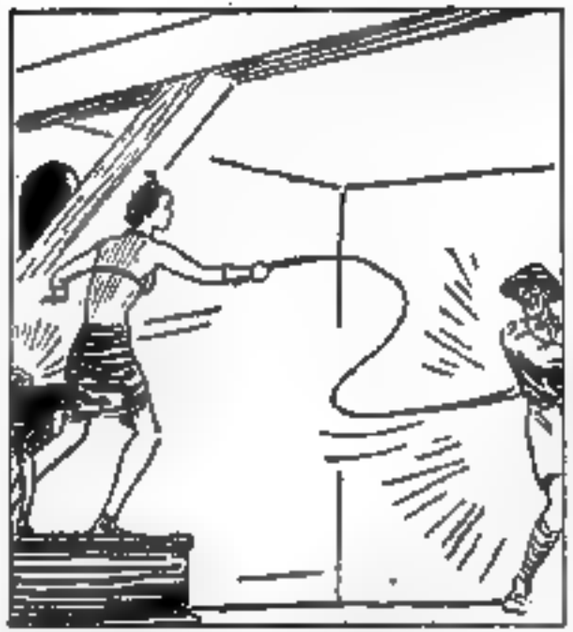
An aura of personal rays danced about the giant stone, and warriors and courtiers dropped to their knees in reverence. Stalka placed his right hand on the diamond and repeated: "Speak Gonfala." Slowly now the girl began to speak in a faraway voice.

"Know you, strangers, that you are now in the land of the Ka-I. Here the women are fierce warriors and brave hunters, the men are slaves, performing the mean drudgery of the household and tilling the fields until their bodies are broken by torturous labors."

She smiled bitterly. "You shall become husband slaves to my warriors. Only death can bring relief from the torments they will inflict. For that, you may not have long to wait, for soon one of you may be chosen for the sacrifice to Gonfal, the mystic gem."

The Queen commanded Van Eyk to step forward, and she designed him as husband-slave to one of his captors, Then Spike and Trail. Throughout the procedure, Wood's eyes were fixed on the Queen. Though her cruelty repelled him, he was bewitched by her beauty.

Now, for the first time, her eyes rested on him appraisingly. Her lips quivered, and for a moment she seemed to emerge from the trance that enveloped her. Then she said slowly: "Though a husband is denied to me, that one shall become my slave."



Now a courtier brought her a long whip made from the skin of a great serpent. Four times the cruel Queen swung it over her head and four times snapped the lash against the skin of the captives, as a sign of their base enslavement. Then the evil Marka spoke:

"You shall never again see the hand of the Kaji Gonfol, the great diamond, confers upon me many mystic powers. When I command, all men obey. Should you seek to escape, my mighty powers will reach out over vast distances and drag you down, and kill you."

TARZAN THE MAGNIFICENT

The prisoners stood bewildered before the twin thrones of Gonfala, the Queen, and Nafka, the sinister wizard. Each of the four was occupied by his own racing thoughts. Spike glanced furtively at the scowling Amazon to whom he had been assigned as husband-slave.

"Gee," he signed under his breath, "I come to Afr to get away from my old woman, and here I tied up to a dame twice as worse." Troll, who once worked in the famous Kimberly diamond fie had eyes only for the stupendous gem that Ma fingered.

Van Fyk's interest as a scientist was centered on the puzzle of a savage white tribe in the heart of Africa. He concluded they must be decadent descendants of Portuguese bands who centuries ago adventured in the dark continent as traders and explorers.

Stanley Wood alone was struck with full force by the horror of their plight, doomed as they were to spend their days in tortured slavery. If only Tarzan were here! But what could Tarzan do against this army of fierce Amazons and Nafka's mystic powers?

Gonfala rose from her throne. She beckoned imperiously to Wood, and he followed her through a maze of vaulted corridors to her apartment. There the other slaves of her retinue bowed low in trembling reverence, then resumed their bustling duties.

Wearily the Queen flung herself on a couch. "It is hot; fan me!" she commanded. Wood grasped the giant feather fan that stood against a wall. To his surprise, the shaft was of solid metal. He began to fan. "Faster! Faster!" the Queen cried petulantly.

Soon his muscles began to ache tormentingly; sweat streamed from his brow. "Faster!" urged the Queen. Wood's blood boiled with anger; his agony fired him with desperation. "Why is this shaft made of heavy metal?" he demanded defiantly. Gonfala smiled tauntingly.

"We did not invite you to the land of the Ka-a. You came of your own accord. Now you must suffer for trying to pry on us. Such is the will of Slafka, my father; and such is my will. But if you find your torments too great, slave, I can have you killed now!"

"If you do not serve me well, I shall have you killed," Gonfala threatened. Under ordinary circumstances Wood might have welcomed death as an escape from the tortures of his slavery to the cruel Queen; but now he realized suddenly that he did not wish to escape.

The thought struck him like a bombshell. He was falling in love with his divinely beautiful she-devil. With his mind he hated her, but there was some quality in her that held him bewitched. Was this too, a part of the evil magic of this mysterious land?

Queen Gonfala regarded her new slave with more than common interest, and now in his eyes she saw something she had never seen in the eyes of any man. Slowly the look of imperious cruelty faded from her face, giving way to an expression of tender gentleness.

For a moment it seemed that a subtle bond was established between them; but it snapped quickly and once more Gonfala reverted to her malicious demeanor. Stanley Wood sighed, for now the torments of the heart were added to the physical tortures of his slavery.

In the days that followed, Gonfala was a creature of violent contradictions. One moment she was all womanly compassion and sweetness, the next she was a she-devil. And more and more Stanley Wood became enmeshed in the tightening net of her fascination.

If only he could escape with her, carry her away to the outer world, away from the influence of the malign Mafia and this cruel tribe, she might develop into a normal woman. If only the mighty Tarzan were here to help him, escape might be possible.

By now the Jungle Lord had completed his fruitless survey and was hastening to join Wood, of whose fate he was ignorant. Overhead he noted a giant vulture wheeling in the sky. Wise in the ways of the jungle, Tarzan knew that near by some creature was dying.

As he surmounted a hillock, he perceived the figure of a man, fallen face downward on the ground. Near by a big lion watched cautiously. The man stirred. He raised his head and saw the lion. Weakly, he struggled to rise. The carnivore trotted toward him.

The lion voiced a low growl. It was warning, in which there was no immediate menace. Tarzan recognized it as such. He knew that the beast had been attracted by curiosity and not hunger. But the man did not know. He thought surely the end had come.

Then he heard another low growl from behind him. He turned and saw not a bear but a bronzed, almost naked white man coming toward him. The lion paused, shook his head and snarled. But the apeman did not pause; heavily he continued his course.

The Lord of the Jungle knew well the art of bluff and its value. Suddenly he raised his head and gave vent to the hideous warning cry of the bull ape. The lion with a parting growl, turned and stalked away. Then Tarzan dropped down beside the stricken man.

Here, indeed, was mystery. The man had no wounds. He did not appear ill. Nor was he suffering from hunger or thirst. Yet, obviously, he was dying. In his eyes was a haunting fear, and words trembled on his lips. "Malka! The mighty power of Malka has got me!"

The stranger looked at Tarzan through delirious, fear-stricken eyes. "Go back!" he panted weakly, "go back! They'll get you as they got me—twenty years ago. And you can't get away—you can't escape. After all those years I thought I saw my chance."

An expression of hopeless resignation came into the man's eyes as he continued. "But you see what happened. They've got me. I'm dying. Mafka's power! He sends it after you! He's a devil—perhaps THE Devil! And he's touching her his hellish powers!"

"Who are you?" Tarzan asked. "Lord Mountford," came the impatient answer: "that's not important, but this is. Go back. Get a big force of men. Invade the land of the Kaji. The great diamond will be your reward. But most of all, kill Mafka! Save her—"

Then Lord Mountford died. The puzzled Tarzan shook his head. Great indeed was Mafka, whose power to kill could flash through space. Perhaps Wood and Van Eyk were already in the hands of this monster. He must go to their aid, regardless of his own peril!

As best he could Tarzan hollowed out a shallow grave and buried the mortal remains of Lord Mountford, who had at last found relief from the tortures he had suffered in the land of the Kaji. Over the grave the ape-man heaped stones to protect it from the beasts.

And now instead of heeding Lord Mountford's warning to go back, he turned his footsteps toward the forbidden land. He feared his friends were already in the hands of the mysterious Mafka. He must try to reach them before some horrible fate overtook them.

Soon, as had Wood and Van Eyk before him, he encountered the tribe of friendly blacks. "You saw white men go this way?" Tarzan asked. "White men go that way," the chief answered; "they not come back. They never come back. You go, you never come back."

Twice Tarzan had been warned of the inscrutable mysteries of the Kaji. But no warning could deter the valiant ape-man. More than ever he was eager to pit his strength against the terrible Mafka. There was a foe worthy of his mettle. The mighty Tarzan advanced!

Tarzan's determination, even eagerness, to venture into the land of the Kaji did not blind him to the hazards of his journey. He moved warily. But could his caution preserve him from Nafka's unaccountable powers, which struck unseen and without warning?

Meanwhile, in the castle which was the heart of the Kaji kingdom, Stanley Wood fell more and more under the enchantment of the cruel, beautiful Queen. Finally he could contain himself no longer. Ignoring the risks of his recklessness, he declared his love.

For a long time she gazed at him impassively. Then she spoke, in a small low voice. "Love? So that's what it is." In that moment she was a woman, like any other, listening to the melody of love. But quickly she became again the Queen of the awful Kaji.

Drawing herself up in all her regal majesty, she cried: "How dare you, wretched slave—how dare you aspire to the love of Gentala! I am a goddess as well as a Queen. For your crime there can be only one punishment—death!" She turned to summon the guard!

TARZAN THE MAGNIFICENT

As Queen Gonfala turned to summon the guard to take him to his execution, Stanley Wood declared: "You may have me killed, but I shall love you until the last breath leaves my body. I can no more help loving you than—than you can help loving me!"

Gonfala gave a little gasp of astonishment. Wood had voiced a suspicion that had long been in his mind. For days he had noted her gentler mood toward him. Sometimes he had seen her struggling to conquer the cruelty that somehow seemed a part of her.

True, Gonfala was in love with him. She hadn't realized it until now, for always she had been taught that she was a goddess as well as a Queen—that she was the personification of the pure, bright light of the great diamond Gonfal—that love was not for her.

Now a new expression came into her eyes; not anger, but fear. "Malka must not know," she whispered through trembling lips; "yet I'm afraid he will know. Through his magic powers he seems to know everything. He will kill us both—kill us horribly!"

Tears trickled from the eyes of the Queen who had once been so haughty, so proud, so pitless. "Mafka would kill us both if he knew of our love," she whispered. "Then let us go away together," Wood urged; "let us escape forever from this damnable land."

Gonfala shook her head sadly. "While Mafka lives, I cannot go. He holds me in the web of his magic powers." She shuddered as if to shake off those invisible shackles. Then she cried eagerly: "But you, Stanley, you must go, you must escape. I will help you."

At first he refused to go without her; then he agreed eagerly, for he planned in his mind how he would return with a large force of fighting men, kill Mafka, if necessary, and take her away. And now breathlessly, she outlined the perilous path of escape.

In long, tender embrace they said farewell, and Stanley Wood hastened away. When he had gone, Gonfala was seized with haunting fear. Could Mafka's eyes penetrate the darkness? Would he flash his occult powers through the night and drag the fugitive down?

Wood slipped swiftly through the night, his mind occupied with following the directions Gonfala had given for his escape. But as soon as he was safely out of the city, he began to feel a vague uneasiness. He had a haunting sense of being watched by unseen eyes.

His feet seemed to grow heavier with each step. He wanted to stop, to turn around. Was this the power of Mafka, drawing him back? Stanley Wood clenched his fists and ground his teeth. He was determined to go on. Could he win against the mighty magician?

At this moment there were others who were thinking of escape from the dreadful land of the Kaji. In the dead of night, Van Eyk, Spike and Troll met in secret conclave with three others who had been captured long years ago by the ruthless Annan warriors.

"I think we ought to watch our chance and make a break for it," Van Eyk advised. One of the old-timers shook his head sadly. "It's no use. There's been many a man to try it, but there's never been one to succeed. This devil, Mafka gets them all."

"Nonsense!" Van Eyk exclaimed; "I think this business of Mafka's power is exaggerated. After all, he's human." One of the elders shook his head. "I'm not so sure he isn't something more than human. We've seen some mighty strange things around here."

"There's only one chance," another suggested; "and that's a raid by the Zuli. That would keep Mafka busy for a while, and we might get away." "Who are the Zuli?" Spike asked. "Enemies of the Kaji," an old captive explained; "once they were the same tribe."

"Why are they enemies now?" "Well, Mafka has a twin brother. They have a big diamond and a big emerald which they claimed as the source of their powers. Jealousy arose. There was a scrap. The Anatona took sides. The other fellow stole the emerald."

"And then?" "Then he established his followers further up in the mountains. They've been fighting ever since." "We'll wait for the next battle," Van Eyk agreed. "Yes, but in the next raid we might be captured by the Zuli. They're as bad as the Kaji."

"Just how we do it doesn't matter but I'm racing to get out of here before next month. Tro. exclaimed: "that's when they draw lots for the human sacrifice to that big diamond they worship. And after the sacrifice—well, one of us will just be missing."

The plotting captives would have been dismayed had they known what was happening even at this moment. One who sought freedom from the land of the Kas Stanley Wood was struggling fighting heroically to keep himself advancing toward the outer world

No physical handicaps impede him but there was in his mind that terrific urge to turn back. Was it the enchantment of the beautiful Queen? Or was it the mystic powers of Mafka operating on him like a powerful magnet? At any rate, his footsteps grew slower

He summoned the [illegible] force of his will to counteract the malign influence. But finally he dropped as though dragged down by an invisible weight. He crawled on inch by inch fighting desperately Then, with a gasp, he fell full length—and lay still

Stanley Wood lay prone, unable to move, but his mind was still active. He knew now that the inexplicable powers of Malka had followed him and dragged him down. But how had Malka known of his flight? Could the magician see what was invisible to other men?

Then another thought came to him—a shocking heart-stabbing thought. Had Gondala told Malka? Had her mood of loving gentleness toward him passed into one of her unspeakable rages of fiendishness? Had the woman he loved proved treacherous?

It was thus that Tarzan found him. In a half-conscious delirium. The confident, fearless manner of the Jungle lord gave Wood new strength. The vague sense of Malka's power retreated to the recesses of his mind. Now he was able to tell his amazing story.

"We'll go and get her!" [illegible] arm and kill Malka. [illegible] turned to his eyes. "No, [illegible] sighed. Malka controls us. [illegible] What is it? We'll do [illegible] you, too—for now you're in [illegible] range of his power!"

Wood shivered. "Don't you feel an invisible presence near us? Haven't you sensed unseen eyes upon us? Don't you hear those strange sounds? They are the manifestations of Mafka." The shadow of an unaccustomed smile flickered on the Jungle Lord's lips.

"I have seen and heard and sensed many things" he said: "but my eyes and ears and nose have blended them all. There is nothing to fear." Tarzan admitted to himself, however, that this Mafka did wield some uncanny power. He had seen striking evidence of it.

First he had seen Lord Mountford die without apparent cause, then Wood had been struck down. But Tarzan was not disturbed. Many times he had been the object of the malign magic of poison witch doctors. Like the beasts of the jungle, he was immune

Perhaps it was because his psychology was more that of a beast than a man. Perhaps it was because he had no fear, and hence his mind was free from hypnotic suggestion. Oddly, it was this very fearlessness which was to draw him later into Mafka's evil orbit

"We'll go now." Tarzan announced simply and set out along the trail. Wood seemed in better condition now and he followed in silence. Then, once more, thought of Mafka began to drum in his mind. Suddenly he stopped and called helplessly to Tarzan.

"I've got to go back. Mafka is calling. You go on if you can." The ape-man turned. "You really want to go with me?" he demanded. "I want to, but can't." Without a word Tarzan stooped and flung him across a broad shoulder and resumed his easy stride.

Soon night fell, the jungle was hotter and he was then lay down to sleep. Beforehand, however, at Wood's suggestion, Tarzan tied his rope around the man's ankle, then to his own wrist. That Wood could not obey the urge to return to the land of the Kaja.

But most of all, Tarzan depended on the remarkable keenness of his senses, which must have been almost as active when he slept as when he was awake. So, when he awoke at dawn, he experienced one of the few shocks of his adventurous career. Stanley Wood was gone!

With the discovery that the American had disappeared, there came to Tarzan a fuller realization of the potency of Mafka's magic. The ape-man conceded admiration to the cunning and power that had stolen Stanley Wood from him. Never had such a thing happened before.

Here was a direct challenge to his own prowess, a challenge he could not ignore. He had only one ambition now—to do battle with Mafka! So, he struck out toward the Kaji city, not directly, but by a roundabout way through deep gorges and up lofty cliffs.

No other human could have accomplished that hazardous journey, but the ape-man believed it worth while because the Kaji would expect no enemy to arrive from that direction. Three days later he reached a point a full day's march to the east of the city.

He paused on a towering ridge and surveyed the forbidding panorama. A west wind blew gently from the lower country, bringing to his nostrils the evidence of things unseen. But he was unaware of the eastward menace—the fierce eyes that watched him from behind.

Tarzan stood at the headwaters of the stream that divided the countries of the Kagi and Zaal. And from the summit of the ridge behind him, a band of warriors watched him through squinting eyes—eyes that disappeared when he turned in their direction.

The spearman went down and the river gorge to slake his thirst. Then he stretched wearily. For three days he had scaled cliffs and crags, descended to Alpaan, climbed to lofty summits. And last night he had not had been broken by hunting leopards.

Though the sun was still high in the heavens, he lay down behind a tree to sleep. The strange warriors spoke in low whispers which could not carry against the wind to Tarzan's ears. One whose companions called him Lord spoke most often. He was the leader.

Cautiously, they crept toward. Ordinarily Tarzan would have heard them in the faint rustle they made even though he slept. Now, fatigue dulled his senses. Presently the warriors formed a close circle about him and raised their spears above his unprotected back.

Tarzan awoke suddenly and found himself encircled by spears. He looked up into those fierce, unfriendly faces, but he did not speak. He saw that he was outnumbered, and a captive. Under the circumstances nothing he could say would serve any purpose.

His captors were taken aback by his silence and composure. They had expected him to show fear and excitement. But the apeman merely appraised them through steady, gray eyes. "Well, Kajt," Lord said at last, "we've got you. What have you got to say?"

"Nothing," said Tarzan calmly "but what makes you think I'm a Kajt?" "For the same reason that you know we are Zoli," Lord answered: "because there are no other people in these mountains." He turned to his fellows. "Take his weapons and tie his hands."

As darkness descended they led Tarzan down the other side of the divide. "Woora will be pleased with us," Lord grinned to his companions. "What do you think Woora will do with him?" another asked. Lord chuckled ominously. "There is only one end for a Kajt!"

Tarzan was led finally to the stockade of a village Lord halloed. The gates were opened by white Amazons, garbed and armed like Tarzan's captors. Many women warriors lounged about the doors of stone huts. When they saw Tarzan, they evinced eager interest.

"Ah, ha," they yelled: "you will soon be dead." "It is too bad he is a Kaji," one shouted: "he would make a fine husband." "Perhaps Woora will give him to you," bantered another "when he gets through with him." "Ooh, she'll be fit only for food meat then."

"I hope Woora feeds him to the lions alive," a huge Zuli Amazon chuckled: "we've had no good sport since before the last raid." Tarzan moved undisturbed through his barrage of ominous comment. He was not afraid. On the contrary he was enjoying his adventure.

Woora, he knew from Wood's story was Mafka's brother, a counterpart of the mighty magician of the Kaji. He was anxious to see that mysterious personage—even though the price of satisfying his curiosity might be the risk of death at Woora's hands.

Presently the party came to a sombre two-storied building. There they were joined by a guard of fierce Zuli Amazons and ushered into a large room hung with weapons, hideous carvings—and the mummified heads of Woora's enemies, chiefly women warriors of Kaja.

Tarzan's eyes took in the horrible decorations with a sweeping glance, then turned toward the far end of the room where a lone figure sat on a huge stone chair—a hideously repulsive figure with eyes that smouldered and burned as twin pits of hell.

The Jungle Lord knew that he was in the presence of Woora. The old man stroked out the bony fingers of his right hand and rested them on a magnificent emerald that sparkled on a table before him. Then Woora fixed his blazing eyes confidently on the prisoner.

Calmly Tarzan glared back. Woora crouched in concentration, seeking to bring the stranger under the influence of that terror which the sinister magician always inspired in everyone. But when he failed, he was seized with murderous hatred of the captive.

For the first time Woora had met a man who did not tremble in his presence. Woora was perplexed for his reputed powers depended largely on the fear he inspired. But he dared not reveal his confusion to his people, who believed him master of man and demons.

Masking his dilemma with a confident grin, Woora demanded: "How is my brother Mafka—that thief that ingrate, that murderer that prince of liars?" "I do not know him," Tarzan answered. "What!" cried Woora; "you a Kaji and you do not know Mafka?"

"I am no Kaji and did not come through her land. I come by way of the mountains and the gorges." "You lie," shrieked Woora "no man living could cross these mountains, and there is no other access to our land except through the country of

Woora tightened his hand on the great emerald as if he were in the throes of inspiration. "No, I see it all!" he shrieked: "you are no Kaji, but you are in the service of my brother. He sent you here to kill me. But it is you, stranger, who will die;

TARZAN THE MAGNIFICENT

Mocking laughter cracked from the lips of Woora as he glared triumphantly at Tarzan. "I shall devise some horrible way of death for you. Mafka probably promised to protect you by his great powers; but we shall see who is more powerful, Mafka or I!"

The Jungle Lord said nothing. Woora had mistaken him for Mafka's henchman. Why deny it? Even if he convinced Woora of his innocence, the old devil would find some other reason for killing him. Woora feared him. That was reason enough for his hatred.

Now the evil magician turned to the man who was called Lord. "You are a fool to have believed this man was a Ka-li and I have no wish to have more fools among the Zull—there are enough already. So you, too, will be destroyed. Guards! Away with them! To prison!"

With a swift maneuver the fierce women warriors formed a square around the prisoners. Lord looked up at Tarzan. Their mutual plight gave him a sense of companionship with the bronzed giant. "Looks like it's all up with us now," he sighed hopelessly.

Tarzan and Lord were thrust into a dismal cell. The guard wheeled and was gone. Tarzan admitted to himself that they stood now in the shadow of doom, for he knew the wily Woora would surround him with all manner of devilish devices to block their escape . . .

. . . Meanwhile, Stanley Wood, after he had eluded his friend, Tarzan, trudged back toward the evil land of the Kaji. He was afraid, yet he was drawn on and on up the mountain trail by that impelling urge which, he believed, had its source in the mind of Mafka.

He sat down to rest. With heavy heart he gazed back at the low country from which he had come. Then suddenly he found himself surrounded by Kaji women warriors. "Aiyal" they cried: "the slave of the Queen sought to escape! To the castle with him."

Into the walled city they led him, helpless and homeless. From the window Queen Gonfala beheld that awful procession. A gasp of horror parted her lips, and she began to sob. "They have caught him. Now Mafka, my father, will kill him—kill the man I love!"

When the fugitive Wood was brought back Mafka hastily summoned the Queen. It was her duty, according to custom, to pronounce official sentence. Mafka had no doubt of the verdict. He had trained Gondala well. Her lips always spoke as he willed.

Gondala took the throne. She knew why she was there. Sam Wood was led in. Their eyes met, and spoke of the love and fear that burned their hearts. Then the thin high voice of Mafka crackled through the silent hall. "What is the wish of Gondala the Queen?"

The girl clenched her hands as she summoned her will to speak what was in her heart. "It is my wish that this man go free——" But she could not pronounce the word "free." She felt the terrible eyes of Mafka boring through her. She saw his hand on the mystic diamond.

Suddenly she relaxed and sank into a dreamy trance. Mafka smiled. Slowly an expression of terrible cruelty spread over Gondala's beautiful face. Her eyes stabbed Stanley Wood with hatred. Then she spoke: "It is Gondala's wish that this man go to his death!"

Stanley Wood shivered—not from fear, but from the shock of Queen Gonfala's words. A few moments ago her eyes had spoken to him of love, and now she had condemned him to death. A wave of hatred surged up in his mind—but in his heart he still loved her.

A mocking laugh rolled from the lips of Malka. "Captive, you sought to escape; but my power brought you back—the supreme power conferred upon me by the mystic diamond. In seven days you shall die!" Gonfala, staring blankly, gave no sign of sorrow . . .

Wood's plight seemed hopeless, but no less so than the plight of Tarzan, who was imprisoned with the man called Lord in the land of the Zuli. Tarzan walked to the window and tested the bars; then he looked into the courtyard and saw a weird, slinking shadow.

"It's no use thinking about getting away," Lord advised; "it just can't be done. Woola's a wise old owl, and he can think of more devilish tricks than the Devil himself. We're finished—you and I. I'll be thrown to the Bone, you'll be tortured to death!"

"Why should Woora want to torture me to death instead of throwing me to the lions?" Tarzan asked. "He doesn't want to have you devoured," Lord replied; "he thinks you're smart, so he wants your brain to eat. He believes that it will add to his own cleverness."

Tarzan nodded calmly, then said: "You are an Ape Human. What are you doing here?" "The Kaji captured me years ago. Then the Zuli took me in raid. The Zuli are a little better. The women are the bosses, but at least they allow us to be warriors and hunters."

Lord sighed. "Some of us captives and even a few Zuli have been plotting to escape. We were going to kill Woora and seize the big emerald. With that we could bribe Varka to let us pass through the Kaji country. That's the only way to reach the outer world."

The man shrugged and turned away hopelessly. "That that dream is over, so far as I'm concerned. I'm finished." "Don't give up yet," Tarzan encouraged. "There's a bare chance we might be able to escape. The odds are against us, but I shall take the chance."

Tarzan walked to the window and examined the thick wooden bars and the casing in which they were set. "Whoever designed this was stupid. Look!" The mighty ape-man seized two of the bars near to the sill and surged backward with all his strength.

There was a rending of wood as the entire window frame was torn from its seat. Lord whistled. "Man! You're as strong as a bear." He was elated at seeing the prince bars ripped away, but his joy soon faded when he recalled the most serious obstacle to escape.

"That won't do us much good," he said ruefully. "There's a leopard down in the courtyard. He's kept there to pounce on any prisoner that might happen to get out." "I know," Tarzan replied. "He's a savage beast, a male. I caught his scent when we came in."

Now the ape-man demanded: "Where can I find a weapon?" He must do so. "In apartment across the court," Lord explained, "but it won't do you any good to know. You can never get past that leopard." As if in confirmation, the beast below emitted a deep growl.

Tarzan's plan was clear in his mind. He would kill Woora. It was only just that the brutal magician should die, in retribution for the many deaths he had caused. Besides, Tarzan judged that with Woora gone, he might persuade the Xuli to help him against Malka.

From the window frame the mighty Jungle Lord tore one of the stout wooden bars. This was his only weapon for his daring adventure. He stepped to the window. The guardian leopard had quieted down. "He sleeps," the ape-man said; then he threw a leg over the sill.

"You're not going down there?" Lord exclaimed. "Why not? It's the only avenue to Woora, and the leopard sleeps." "Yes, but he will not be asleep long." "I do not expect him to be. I only ask him to stay asleep until I am squarely on my feet below."

"It's suicide!" Lord pleaded. "Perhaps," Tarzan answered coolly; "but let's wait and see." He threw his other leg over the sill, then turned on his belly. Cautiously, silently, he slipped down until he hung from the sill by one hand. Lord watched fearfully.

Lord's breath came and went in short, excited gulps as he watched Tarzan's fingers slip from their hold on the silk, then disappear. He looked down. The man had alighted erect, and then turned like lightning to face the leopard. But the carnivore was motionless.

Silent as the shadow of the wind, Tarzan crept toward the sleeping beast. He had covered half the distance when the leopard awoke. Before it could gather its wits, the ape-man dashed at it, his stone club raised to strike. Then the leopard charged madly.

Of all the cat creatures of the wilderness, none bears so evil a reputation as the leopard. Its ferocity is proverbial, its wildness uncanny, the fury and force of its attack demoniacal. But all these things the Jungle Lord knew, and he was prepared.

Tarzan believed he could win. Soon the judgment would be concluded, or he would be dead! Lord looked down anxiously. But he was not the only witness. From another window two glowing eyes watched above snarling lips—watched from the room that was Woora's!

The huge, angry beast charged with all the fury of its kind, and it charged in deathly silence. Tarzan did not give an inch. Instead he took a firm stance. He clutched the hardwood rod and swung it in a great circle that started low at his right side.

He timed the blow to the fraction of a second so that it met the leopard with its full momentum backed by the strength of the ape-man's mighty thews. Full upon the beast's flat skull it fell, before the extended talons or bared fangs could claim the victim.

There was a sound of splintering wood and bone, the thud of the heavy body on the hard ground, then silence. Lord gasped, hardly able to believe what he had seen. And the eyes at Woor's window were filled with a sudden fear—with fear, and anticipation.

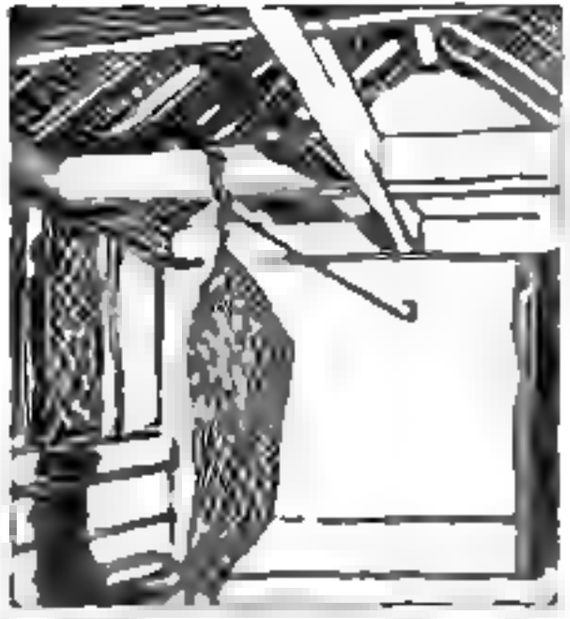
Now the ape-man moved cautiously in the direction of the window that opened into the room of Woor. Quickly the watching figure receded into the darkness. And the wily brain above those sinister eyes was busy with schemes to trap this bold intruder.

Warily Tarzan scaled the wall to Wanda's apartments. At the window he paused while his ears and nostrils searched the dark chamber. His ears heard the scuffing sound of sandaled feet and the faint closing of a door. His nostrils clearly caught the scent of Wanda.

The ape-man poised himself a moment into the room, crouching his [illegible] ready to [illegible] the sound of breathing which [illegible] have detected had there been anyone else in the room.

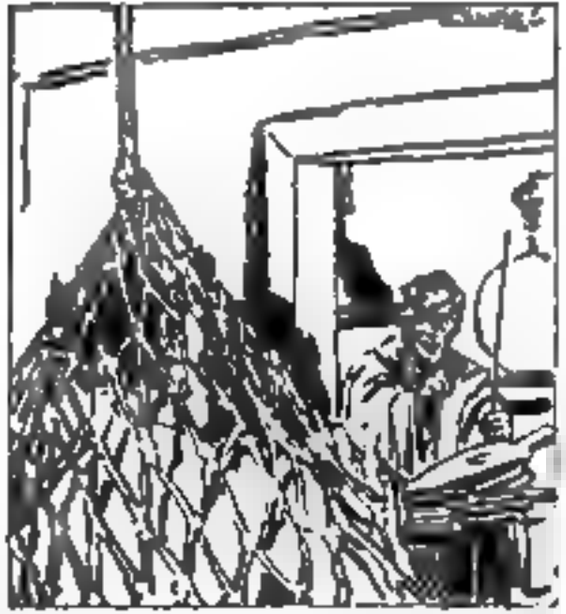
He concluded the Wanda was not even but that those first footprints had been caused by the magician's [illegible] depart. Now he must be double on his guard. There were three rooms in the suite, besides the [illegible] room. To which had Wanda fled?

Tarzan came to a [illegible] door. [illegible] against it. Under [illegible] Suddenly he felt something [illegible] his feet—[illegible] upon the floor. Instantly he was [illegible]—the snap-crack of a wild animal [illegible] a trap.

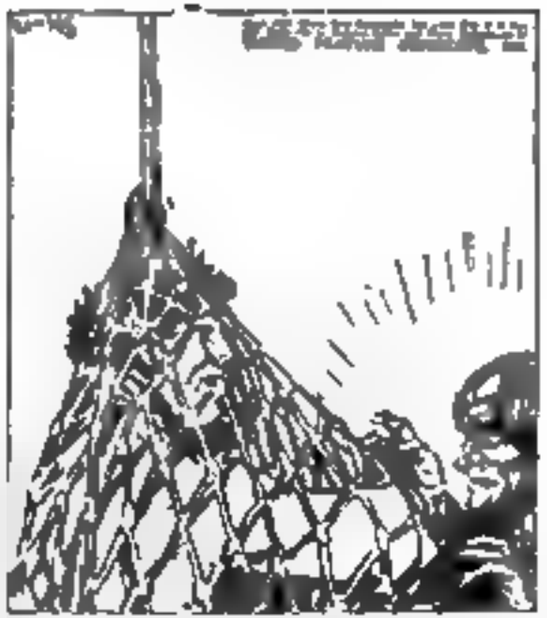


Weeks gated [illegible] Tarzan. You [illegible] the [illegible] creature I really [illegible] me, or steal the great emerald— perhaps both. For these things you shall die [illegible] many

[illegible] hideous old [illegible] chuckled. "You are [illegible] ordinary people [illegible] I shall do you the honor of [illegible] some [illegible] and [illegible] method of killing [illegible] He [illegible] them into the adjoining room where he busied himself with lighting the charcoal in a brazier



Then he fetched a long metal rod with a sharpened point and wooden handle. He inserted the point among the hot coals. [illegible] once more to the [illegible] I shall show you that Waziri can be kind even to an enemy. I shall have pity."



A [illegible] face. It would be most depressing and [illegible] you to which the unpleasant preparations [illegible] must make for your torture and death. Therefore I shall spare you that unnecessary suffering by—burning out your eyes!"

Tarzan fixed his level gaze upon the repulsive figure of the old magician and the vessel serving in which he wrought his "games"—all bathed in the unholy green light of the crystal emerald. His jungle trained brain was exploring all avenues of escape

With all the power of his mighty muscles he tested the strength of the enveloping sawhide net. It gave, but it did not break. Woosa saw him and laughed. "You might as well spare yourself the effort. A bull elephant could not escape from that mesh. Woosa is wise."

With his grotesque head cocked to one side, he stared intently at his victim. The laugh died on his lips, giving place to a snarl. He was angry because his strange prisoner showed no fear. Bitterly he turned to inspect the oven, muttering and mumbling to himself

The devilish instrument had grown hot the point glowed. "Take a last look, my guest," Woosa cackled, "for after a moment you will never see again! I am ready to burn out your eyes!" From the coals he drew the red-hot iron, and stepped toward the captive!

The strands of the net confined the ape-man closely. He could move his arms a little, but neither quickly nor far. He would have difficulty in defending himself against the glowing point of the iron rod. Sooner or later Woora would accomplish his purpose.

The malign magician came close and raised the red-hot iron to the level of Tarzan's eyes, then he jabbed suddenly at one of them. The victim wrenched off the searing point from its intended target. Only his hand was burned. But again and again Woora jabbed.

Each time, Tarzan succeeded in saving his eyes, but at the expense of his hands and forearms. Woora became convulsed with rage. He screamed and cursed and danced about, foaming at the mouth. The iron was cooling now and he took it back to the glowing brazier.

Then he stepped to another part of the room and reappeared a moment later with a rope. His rage gave way to cold confidence. "Now I shall truss you up so that you can't move," he chuckled: "the iron will go straight to its goal; and this time it will be forever!"

Tittering with fiendish delight Waara pounds the rope around the net and Tarzan made a step nearer and drew it tight. Then he walked a quick step around the apeman binding his hands and his arms with many coils until Tarzan was rendered powerless to move

The magician returned to the brazier and withdrew the iron rod, which glowed triangle red in the weird green light of the chamber. Waara contemplated it with satisfaction then crept slowly toward his victim seeking thus to prolong the agony of suspense

The Jungle Lord was helpless. The strength of his powerful muscles was useless. The cunning of his mind was of no avail. He was hopelessly trapped. This was the end! But valiant Tarzan gave no sign of fear; he bowed to the inevitable with stoic indifference

Suddenly Waara was seized by another spasm of fury. "You pretend that you are not afraid," he screamed, "but I'll make you shriek for mercy yet! First the right eye!" And he came forward again, holding the red-pointed iron on a level with the apeman's face

Woora pointed the glowing iron forward, pointing it at the eyes of the helpless ape-man. Suddenly Tarzan heard the door open behind him. He saw Woora shrink back, then a man leaped past him, clutching a stout wooden bar in his hand. It was Lord.

Woora turned to flee into the next room, but Lord overtook him, striking him a glancing blow on the head with the club. The magician wheeled and sought to defend himself with the hot iron. He screamed for mercy, but there was no mercy in Lord's attack.

Wielding the club in both hands, the Englishman struck the iron from Woora's hand. Again and again the club descended upon the hapless magician. Then Lord swung furiously, crashing full on the grotesque skull. With a gasping cry Woora sank to the floor, lying still.

"I got worried, and followed you," Lord said. "It's a good thing I did." "I shall never forget it," Tarzan answered simply. The Englishman found a knife and slashed the net that held the ape-man. "We'd better hurry. The guard might have heard Woora's cry."

It was Lord's idea that he and Tarzan should steal the emerald and divide the fabulous proceeds. But while he gazed at the giant stone with greedy eyes the apeman picked it up and wrapped it in a cloth. Lord bristled. "What are you going to do with it?"

"I may need it in dealing with Mafka. If necessary I'll give it to him if he will release my friends and allow you and your friends to pass through his land to the outer world." Lord was suspicious. He believed it was Tarzan's purpose to steal it for himself.

"I'll go with you," he announced. "No," the apeman replied. "I can work better alone. You wait here a day, then follow with your friends and all the Zuli who wish to go into the outer world. Meanwhile, I shall try to dispose of Mafka in one way or another."

The Englishman was convinced now that Tarzan was trying to trick him. In his right hand he clutched the knife with which he had freed Tarzan from the net; in the left he held the cloth, which had slain Woora. "Give me that emerald," he snarled, "or I'll kill you."

As he faced the angry man, Tarzan said calmly: "Remember what I did to the panther!" Picturing the ape-man's remarkable victory over the ferocious beast, the Englishman shrank back, though he was armed with knife and club, while the Jungle Lord was unarmed.

"Now give me the knife. I may need it," Tarzan commanded. Accustomed for years to obey the voice of authority, Lord gave up the blade. Tarzan tied two cords around the wrapped emerald and fastened it to his loincloth. Then he strode to the window.

The Englishman watched him sullenly. He knew Tarzan's prowess as a fighter, and he was helpless to prevent him from taking the emerald, which he craved for his own. Now the ape-man descended the wall to the courtyard, and soon disappeared in the shadows.

Lord opened the door leading to the throne hall, then hastened at a run to the guardroom. He'd scotch this wily marauder! If he couldn't have the big emerald for himself, at least the stranger wouldn't get away with it. He had a plan to block Tarzan's flight.

As the excited Lord burst into the guardroom, the women warriors leaped to arms. "The great emerald," the Englishman cried. "The prisoner has killed Woora and stolen the great emerald." "Killed Woora!" exclaimed the Amazons in chorus. It was unbelievable.

Some of them rushed into the village to spread the happy tidings. All of them had hated Woora and feared him. Now they were released from his awful rule. Meanwhile, Lord was trying to arouse their interest in the missing emerald; and at last he succeeded.

For years the captives had been telling the Zulu alluring stories of the outside world, and the Amazons had longed for Woora's death, so they might go down into civilized lands, to live in magnificent style on the money derived from the sale of the emerald.

Out in the night, a short distance from the village Tarzan heard the commotion, followed by the hoarse notes of a primitive trumpet. He recognized the call to arms, to which was added the throbbing of war drums. He knew the warriors were organizing a pursuit.

The ape-man increased his speed, for he was in a serious disadvantage. He had been over this treacherous trail only once—at night—and though the moon shone bright, the light afforded small aid in those sections which dipped into deep dark canyons.

Behind him came the whole tribe of Amazons and men warriors, stirred to bloodthirsty anger. They made no effort to conceal their pursuit, because they felt certain of success. If they overtook him, Tarzan knew he could expect neither victory nor mercy.

Nearer and nearer grew the excited cries of the warriors. The hard-pressed ape-man judged that he could not hope to outdistance his pursuers on this unfamiliar trail. He was encouraged however, when he came suddenly to a wide plateau. He sprinted ahead.

But now he began to hear the shrill shouts of warriors to the right, to the left—then straight ahead! They had taken short-cut trails unknown to him to head him off, to surround him. Rapidly they were closing in. He was entirely exposed—trapped!

Tarzan halted. There was no use now to attempt escape, for the fierce howls of the warriors informed him that he was completely surrounded. And presently they appeared, dashing toward him from all directions out of the brush that fringed the open plateau.

"The kafi! There he is!" screamed the Amazons, and the hoarse voices of the men echoed their shrill shouts. "The thief! Get the emerald—Wenta's great emerald!" And above the chorus rose the booming voice of Lord. "We'll kill him! Ready with spears!"

Lord knew the cunning and power of the ape-man. He wanted to take no chances. The fellow must die at once. The mob surged onward, still out of effective spear range. But it was only a question of seconds before Lord would give the final order to his cohorts.

Tarzan stood silent and still. His knife was his only weapon. What good was that against a hundred spears? Now Lord called a halt. The lancers ranged themselves around their helpless victim and raised the shafts at Lord's command: "Ready Aim . . ."

As the warriors drew back their spears, ready to volley them into his body, Tarzan's mind flashed with sudden inspiration. He grasped the mystic emerald that hung at his side and ripped away the cloth in which it was wrapped. Then he held the stone aloft.

Its polished surface, reflecting the moonlight, gave forth rays that enveloped the apeman in a weird, unearthly glow. Then he spoke: "You cannot kill me. The power of the emerald protects me. Through it, the mighty powers which were Waora's are now mine!"

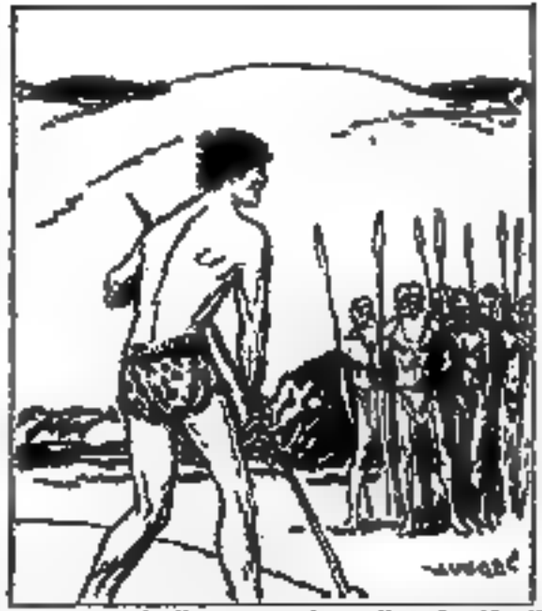
The warriors stood paralyzed with fear and awe, their eyes fixed in fascination upon the eerie brilliance. For years they had been taught that Waora's magic was derived from some quality of the great green gem. They believed therefore, for them it was true!

Now Tarzan spoke again in a deep, ominous voice: "Lower your spears! Obey me, or the ghost of Waora will claim a terrible vengeance!" Lord frowned. He couldn't let this fellow get away with the precious emerald. Suddenly he cried: "The man lies! Kill him!"

When Lord gave his second order to slay Tarzan, not one of the warriors moved. "Cowards!" he shrieked; "I'll show you!" He raised his spear. Tarzan gazed grimly through the shimmering green rays of the emerald. "Drop your spear!" he said quietly.

Some subconscious fear made Lord obey. He had been too long under the influence of Woota. He dared not defy the powers of the jewel. Thus did Tarzan bring all the warriors under control. "Women, turn back," he commanded; "men, follow me. Battles lie ahead!"

Tarzan judged that with a small, easily directed force, he might be able to invade the land of the Kaji and save his friends from the evil Mafka. So, as dawn broke, he led his docile army along the trail. All day they marched, until dusk, then halted to rest.



Tarzan drew a line across the trail, and said: "You may sleep four hours; but my power forbids you to cross this line." He walked away and lay down to sleep, one hand resting on the awe-inspiring emerald. The exhausted warriors slept, too—all except Lord!

Lord remained awake, his lynx-like eyes fixed on the sleeping Tarzan, whose hand lay across the emerald. His mind conjured up all the luxuries and pleasures of civilization which the mammoth gem would buy. He must have it! The jewel was worth almost any risk!

Dusk passed, and night came. Lord watched the hand resting upon the emerald—watched and waited. Tarzan, sunk in the sleep of exhaustion, moved his hand slightly. Slowly it slipped from the emerald.

This was the precious moment for which Lord had been waiting so patiently, so eagerly. For many long years he had watched Woora, and he knew that the magician had always placed his hand on the mystic jewel when he sought to draw upon its wonderful powers.

Now, Lord believed, Tarzan enjoyed no longer the supernatural protection of the stone. But he must be careful, for Tarzan's natural strength was as the strength of ten. Lord rose and crept forward. Soon he stood over the sleeping man, his spear ready in hand!

Lord abandoned his plan to kill the sleeping Tarzan. For fear an outcry would arouse the others, and he wanted the fabulous emerald for himself alone. Now he stooped over and picked up the gem. Then he crept stealthily away, and soon disappeared into the night.

The ape-man awoke with a start. He sensed that something was amiss. He felt for the emerald; he looked for it. It was gone! Tarzan leaped to his feet and approached the sleeping warriors. A quick glance confirmed his first suspicion—Lord was gone!

He turned and circled the camp until he picked up the scent-spoor of the thief. He did not know how much start Lord had. But that did not matter. No man could escape the lightning-swift Tarzan. After an hour he discerned a greenish light ahead. The emerald!

Tarzan saw that Lord was swinging to the left. By cutting straight ahead the pursuer could gain considerable distance. Tarzan spurted forward. He was gaining rapidly when suddenly the ground gave way beneath his feet and he was precipitated into a black hole!

Like a trapdoor the ground gave way beneath Tarzan's feet. He felt himself dropping through space, then his plunge was brought to an abrupt halt by a cushion of loose earth and mouth of the pit above him—out of reach.

Tarzan knew that he was now in the Kaji country, and he guessed that this was a pit used by them to capture leopards. And he realized the purpose of the loose earth and branches—they gave no firm footing from which a leopard could spring to freedom.

Neither could he escape from the pit. He could only wait. Tomorrow the Kaji hunting party would come along; then he would be killed or captured. But that was an event to be faced when it arrived. The night wore on, and he took advantage of it to add to his sleep.

Tarzan's nerves, uncontaminated by civilized, unnatural living, were not even slightly disturbed by his plight. He slept soundly. The sun was already high in the heavens when he was awakened by the faint sound of footsteps. The Kaji were coming!

The voices came closer—the voices of women. Tarzan heard them cry out with satisfaction when they saw that the covering of the trap was broken through. Presently they stood at the pit's edge, staring down at him, their faces filled with astonishment.

Then they began to babble. "A man!" exclaimed one. "A fine specimen, too. I hope Queen Gonfala will give him to me for a slave-husband," said another. "Maybe none of us will have him. Maybe Mafka and Gonfala will want to kill him!" "Well, let's get him up."

They threw down a rope. "Catch it and tie it under your arms," one cried. "Hold it," answered the ape-man, "and I'll climb up." He swarmed up with the agility of a monkey, and found himself facing several spear points. The amazons took away his knife.

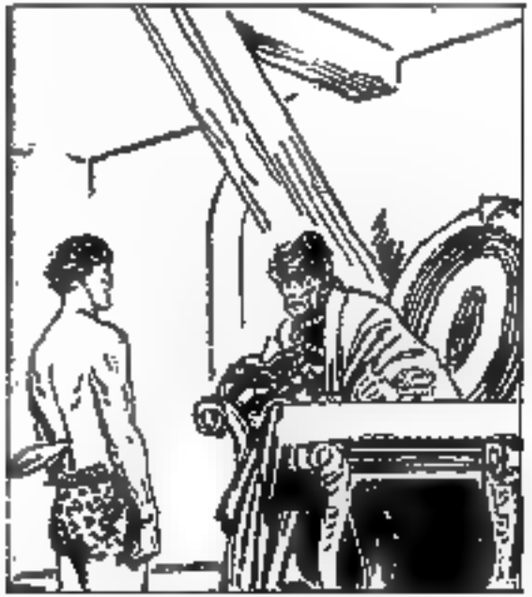
Tarzan might have made a break for freedom; his swiftness promised success. But the mighty Tarzan did not wish to escape! Loyalty to Wood and Van Eyk required him to go to the Kaji city, to face the terrible Mafka. He would save them—or share their fate!

"March!" the warrior women commanded, prodding Tarzan with spears. The ape-man obeyed, walking beside the men who were slave-husbands of the amazons. Tarzan spoke to them in English. Only one answered. He was Troll, captured with Wood and Van Eyk.

Tarzan inquired about Wood. "He's in a jam," Troll replied; "he was fool enough to get a crush on that she-devil Queen, and she sentenced him to death for trying to escape. It's an awful mess. But it won't last long. Wood'll be executed in a couple of days."

In two hours they reached the Kaji city. There Tarzan immediately excited the most eager attention. Scores of women warriors crowded about him, appraising his robust figure, each secretly planning how she might induce Gonfala to give him to her as a slave-husband.

Soon captives and captors entered the throne hall of the somber castle. Across the room a figure crouched on a throne. At sight of him, Tarzan was surprised almost into a show of emotion. The man was Woora! But how was it possible? He had seen Woora killed!



Tarzan blinked. He could not believe his eyes. Woora was dead—yet here was Woora! What devilish magic was this? Then Tarzan smiled to himself. He recalled what Wood had told him—that Woora and Malka were identical twins. So this was the great Malka!

He glanced then at the beautiful girl sitting silent and sullen beside Malka. This he assumed was Gonfala, the strange creature who was part angel, part devil. She was the symbol of power, but Tarzan knew that the real power lay in the wizened, hideous old man.

Malka dropped his hand on the great diamond of the Rajii, which was reputed to endow its possessor with the same mysterious powers that were inherent in the great emerald of the Zaii. "Now you are under my away," he said ominously "all men kneel before Malka."

But Tarzan stood calm and unafraid. Malka frowned. As his brother Woora had discovered, this man was not as other men. No power could bend his iron will. And now the magician grew afraid. This new prisoner might well prove a menace. He must be destroyed!

Mafka dared not question the strange prisoner before the people of the city. He did not wish to betray the fact that he had no power over Tarzan. "Take him away," he commanded. He would observe this unusual creature for a while, then dispose of him at his leisure.

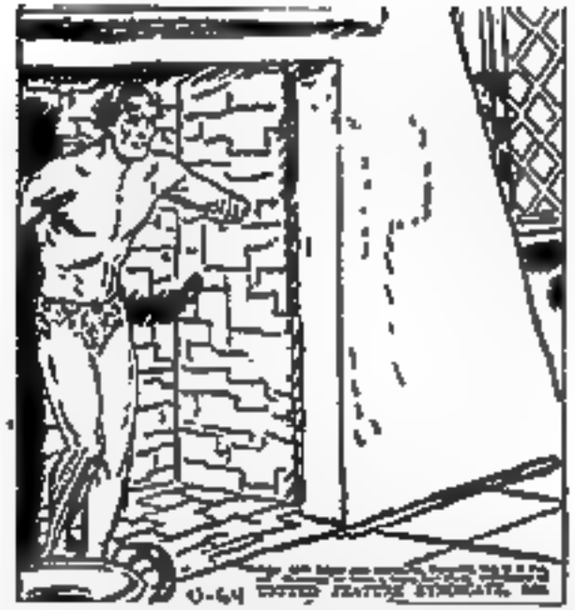
The guard took the apeman to a large chamber on the upper floor, bolted the door, and left him. The room was bare except for two benches. In the opposite wall was an enormous fireplace in which, apparently, no fire had ever burned. The apeman was alright!

The jungle had taught him to note the unusual. Why the fireplace if it were never used? He stepped into it to investigate. The flue might provide an avenue of escape. But there was no flue! He reached up into the darkness. His finger tips felt a ledge.

Raising himself on his toes he gripped the ledge and drew himself up. His hands groped out and he determined that he was in a corridor. Where did it lead? He moved forward in pitch blackness. Was this Mafka's devilish trick to lure his captives to a pit?

Tarzan moved stealthily through the dark, mysterious passage, feeling forward with each foot before he threw his weight on it. After a while he saw a faint light ahead, coming from the floor of the corridor. When he reached the brink of the opening, he looked down.

Some seven feet below he saw stone flagging—the floor of a fireplace. Evidently this secret passage led from one stone fireplace to another. Ever cautious, Tarzan listened intently, for he had the jungle beast's aversion to entering an unfamiliar enclosure.



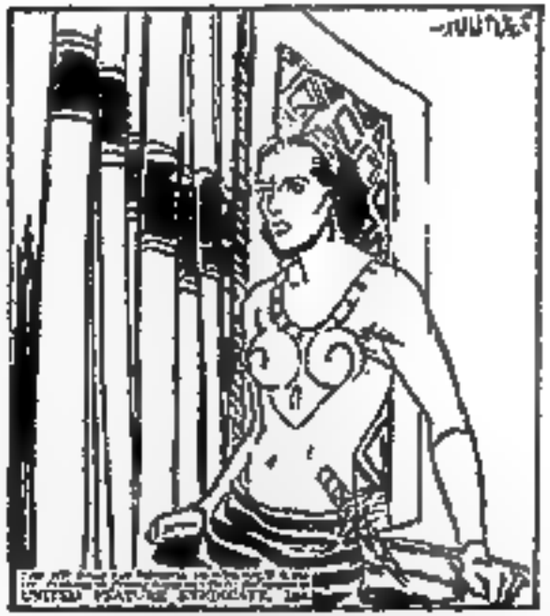
He caught a sound so faint that it barely registered on his sensitive ears—the sound of soft breathing. Then his nostrils detected the faint aroma of a woman. For a moment Tarzan hesitated, then he dropped without a sound to the floor of the fireplace.

Before him lay a chamber of barbarous luxury. A window in the opposite wall, looking down on the city of the Kojt, stood a girl, lithe and trim, her back toward the fireplace. Tarzan did not have to see her face to know that this was Gonfalo, the Queen.

Noiselessly Tarzan stepped into the chamber and moved toward the door at the end of the room. He sought to reach it before Gonfala discovered him. A heavy wooden bolt fastened the door from the inside, and now he laid a hand upon it and slipped it open.

He would rather she did not know how he gained entrance to the chamber. And now he moved toward the window where the girl still stood, absorbed in her day dream. He could see her profile. She was no longer sullen, as he had seen her before, but inefffably sad.

The Jungle Lord was quite close to her before Queen Gonfala became aware of his presence. She had not heard him. She was just conscious, suddenly, that there was someone else in the room. Now she turned slowly from the window and faced the bold intruder.



Only a slight widening of the eyes and a short intake of breath revealed her surprise. She did not scream; she did not exclaim. "Don't be afraid," Tarzan assured her. "I am not here to harm you." "I am not afraid," she replied; "I have many warriors within call!"

Gonfala refrained from calling the guard, because she found the intruder intriguing. "How did you get in?" she inquired. Then she glanced at the door and saw that the bolt was not shot. "I must have forgotten to bolt it, but how did you get by the guard?"

Tarzan ignored the question. "I am Stanley Wood's friend," he said; "will you help me save him?" The ape-man marveled at the sudden change in Gonfala. She was no longer the Queen, but a girl, soft and sweet and appealing, concerned for the man she loved.

Gonfala shook her head sadly. "It is too late. He is destined to die. And it was I who pronounced the sentence of death." "It is not too late, if you will tell me where I can find Malka—alone . . . ." At the mention of that dread name, Gonfala trembled

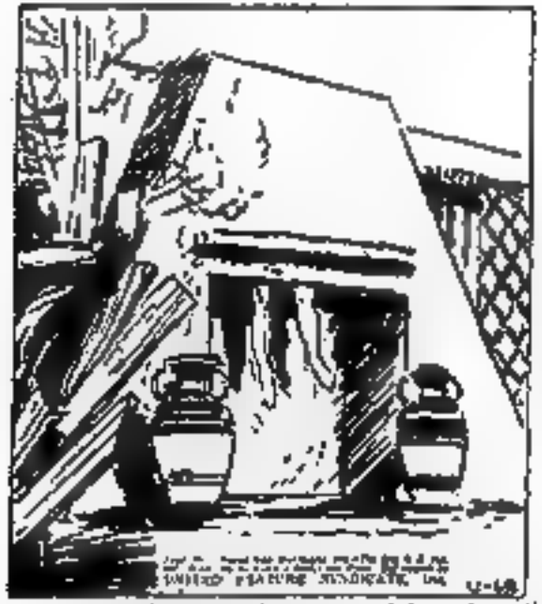
Suddenly her expression changed; her body stiffened. Her eyes became hard and cold—cruel. Her mouth sagged into the sullen expression it had worn when he first saw her at Malka's side. Now she was the she-devil. "The guard! Help!" Gonfala screamed.

When Tarzan asked where he might find Malka, alone, Gonfala yelled for the guard. Evidently she wished to protect the magician, either because she feared him, or because he was, after all, her father. As she screamed, Tarzan sprang to the door and shot the bolt.

The girl whipped a dagger from her girdle and leaped at him. Before she could strike, the ape-man seized her wrist and wrenched the weapon from her. At the same moment the warrior guards began to pound frantically on the door, clamoring for admittance.

The ape-man grasped Gonfala's arm. "Tell them you are all right, tell them to go away," he commanded. Instead, the girl struggled like a tigress and tried to bite his hand. Tarzan gripped her tightly and dragged her to a door at the opposite side of the room.

He thrust her into the chamber, which apparently was the first of a series of connecting rooms. Then he slipped the bolt. The warrior guards were pounding now in earnest, trying to batter down the door. In a few moments, the fierce Amazons would be upon him.



Tarzan crossed to the fireplace and leaped to the mouth of the secret passage just as the door crashed down and the warriors burst in. Quickly they released the screaming Gonfala from the adjoining room. "Where is he? Have you got him?" she demanded hotly.

"Who? There is no one here," replied a member of the guard. The Queen was mystified. "He was here a moment ago—the new captive. Some of you notify Mafka, others must go quickly to his room and discover how he got out. Don't stand there like idiots! Run!"

The ape-man waited to hear no more, but retraced his steps through the dark passage to the prison chamber. There, to their surprise, the warriors found him. They questioned the strange captive, but Tarzan's non-committal answers left them as puzzled as ever.

Soon another guard burst into the room with orders from Mafka, and the ape-man was conducted to the private apartment of the cruel, powerful magician. As he entered the room, Tarzan's nostrils dilated. He sniffed the foul air. He smelled blood. Whose blood?

TARZAN THE MAGNIFICENT

—By Edgar Rice Burroughs

Malka fixed Tarzan with penetrating gaze, seeking to cast a hypnotic spell upon him. But the ape-man maintained a passive resistance. He knew the magician could not control him. Suddenly, Malka screeched: "How did you get into the apartment of Queen Gonfola?"

A faint smile played around Tarzan's lips as he answered: "If I were in the apartment of the Queen, who should know how I got there better than the mighty Malka, who probes the minds of men and sways their actions? Cannot Malka's magic solve his puzzle?"

The ape-man expected a flare of anger as a result of this taunt; instead Malka grinned. "It is true that Malka knows many things. For example, Malka knows that you and your accomplice slew my brother Woorn, and took from him the great emerald of the Zuli."

Tarzan had difficulty restraining a show of surprise. Apparently this old devil did have some extraordinary powers of clairvoyance. How else could he have known of his adventures with Lord in the land of the Zuli? Tarzan realized that he must watch his step.

Mafka jerked a cloth from a table and revealed—the great emerald of the Zuli, which Lord had stolen! Tarzan blinked as he saw splotches of blood on the green stone. Now he knew how Mafka had become aware of the death of Woora and the theft of the jewel.

Lord had been captured and killed. Probably he had gone to his death in a neighboring room. This accounted for the odor of blood which had assailed Tarzan's nostrils. Mafka cackled. "So die the enemies of Mafka, and so, stranger, shall you die tomorrow."

The magician placed his right hand on the great diamond of the Kaj, and his left one on the emerald of the Zuli. "You came to kill me, but it is you who shall die—along with the other troublemakers who have brought intrigue and discontent to Kaj. Such is my will."

Mafka commanded the guard: "Gather them all in the south chamber where this one was imprisoned." As Tarzan stepped out into the corridor, he noted the location of Mafka's apartment. That knowledge would be valuable to him—if he lived to make use of it.

Tarzan had been in his prison room only a few minutes when the guard opened the door and thrust in four men—Wood, Van Eyk, Spike and Troll. Wood greeted Tarzan with a dejected shrug. "Matka's got us now. We don't have a chance. This is the end!"

"Yeah, and we wouldn't have been in this mess," growled Spike, "if it hadn't been for Wood. Old Matka's sore at us all because Wood got a crush on that she-devil Queen. Why, the dame is absolutely insane." "Shut your trap," cried Wood, and rushed toward Spike.

Wood swung his fist, but Van Eyk leaped in. "We've got enough grief," he reminded, "without fighting among ourselves." "You're right," admitted Spike, "and I apologize." Wood hung his head. "I guess it's my fault. I never should have fallen for Goo-fala."

He looked up defiantly. "She sentenced me to death, but still I love her." Tarzan interrupted. "The important thing now is to get away. I think I'll pay a visit to Matka." "You can't do that; the guard will kill you," declared Van Eyk. Tarzan smiled.

Tarzan's announcement that he planned to pay a surprise visit to Malka brought gasps of unbelieving astonishment from his companions, but the ape-man would say nothing of his plans. He waited until midnight, then stepped into the fireplace and vanished.

Tarzan was convinced that no resident of the ancient castle was familiar with the network of passages through which he now made his way. In his mind he carried an accurate map of the relation of Malka's apartment to the prison room which he had just left.

Groping his way carefully, he came at last to the opening which he believed would give access to Malka's suite. His judgment was confirmed when he perceived a faint greenish glow on the flagging below. This was the light of the great emerald of the Zuli.

The ape-man listened. He heard the snores of a heavy sleeper. Was the sleeper alone, or were there others in the apartment, wide awake, guarding the evil magician, ready to slay any intruder? Tarzan determined to take a chance. He dropped down into the room.

TARZAN THE MAGNIFICENT

—By Edgar Rice Burroughs

Across the room, on a cot, lay the evil Mafka, asleep. Evidently he slept in fear, because many weapons lay close to his hand. And on a table near him rested the mystic jewels—the great diamond of the Kaji, and the emerald of the Zuli. Tarzan crept closer.

First he removed the weapons; next he carried the two jewels to the fireplace and hid them on the ledge of the secret corridor. Then, [illegible] as a ghost, he returned to the cot and laid a hand on the magician's shoulder. Mafka awoke with a start.

"Keep still and you will not be harmed." Tarzan's voice was low, but it was the voice of authority. "Do not kill me," Mafka pleaded. "I do not kill old men—unless they force me to," the ape-man replied; "so do not raise an alarm."

Quickly, with strips torn from the bedding, Tarzan bound and gagged the terrified magician. Then he returned to the secret passage. His next business was with Gontala, the Queen who was both angel and fiend. It was in her power to promote or wreck his delicate plan.

Through the secret passage, Tarzan groped his way to Gontala's apartment. As he pushed open the door of her bedchamber, she sat up. "I'm glad you came back," she whispered. She was as sweet and gentle now as she had been venomous during his last visit to her.

"Wood and the rest of our party are to be killed tomorrow," Tarzan declared; "but you can help us escape. Will you?" Gontala gazed up at him sadly. "It would do no good. The powers of Mafka would drag all of you back, to die more horribly than you ever dreamed."

But Tarzan pressed the point. "If Mafka did not interfere, would the women obey you?" "Yes." "And if you had the opportunity, would you like to escape from Kajit?" Gontala nodded eager assent. "Get ready then," Tarzan said firmly; "and we shall take you with us."

The ape-man turned to go. "We'll be back for you in a little while. You must be ready to help; you will have to give the orders to the warriors to let us pass." Gontala was seized with a fit of trembling. "I'll do as you say, but it will mean death for us all!"

In a few moments, the Jungle Lord was in the prison chamber "Follow me," he directed, and led his four companions into the secret corridor. At the end of the passage they came upon the great diamond and the mammoth emerald where the apeman had hidden them.

Troll drew in his breath, and exclaimed: "Wow! There's both of them! They're worth millions!" His greedy mind began to toy with the idea of how he might steal them; but now Tarzan commanded the four to follow him down over the ledge into Mafka's apartment.

Wood and his companions were astonished to see the mighty magician sitting bound and helpless. "What're we going to do with the old devil?" Van Eyk inquired. Troll seized one of the murderous cutlasses that lay near by. "I'll show you what to do with him!"

He leaned over the bound magician, believing that with Mafka dead he might find it easier to steal the two fabulous jewels. Tarzan stepped toward him. "Not so fast! You're taking orders from me!" "Who said so?" snarled Troll, and lunged viciously at the apeman.

As the angry Troll lunged at him with the cutlass, the apeman dodged and grasped his wrist. Then he wrenched the weapon away and slapped the villain across the face with his open palm. The blow sent Troll reeling across the room to fall in a heap against the wall.

He staggered to his feet, growling furiously: "I'll get you for this!" "Quiet!" "Do as you're told," Tarzan's voice was calm, but it was a voice that commanded obedience. He turned to Wood. "You and Van Eck get the gems. Spike and Troll will carry Mafka."

Tarzan knew well the plan of this section of the castle, and now he led his party through with great quiet, for Kaji fighting women patrolled the corridors, ready to investigate any suspicious sound.

They found Gonfain clothed in leopard skin robe and heavy sandals, ready for a journey. But when she saw Mafka, she shrank back in terror. Her erratic eyes filled with hesitation. If she withdrew her aid now, Tarzan's only plan for escape would collapse!

Just at the psychological moment, when Gontala was wavering in her decision to aid the fugitives and escape with them from the land of the Kaji, Stanley Wood rushed to her and folded her in his arms. In the ecstasy of love, hesitation vanished quickly from her eyes.

"I'll go—anywhere—with you!" she whispered. But terror gripped her once more as her gaze fell again upon Malka. "Him! What are you going to do with him? No matter where we go, he'll drag us back and kill us, as he kills all who try to escape."

Spike and Troll spat venomously. "We ought to kill him, that's what. It's his life or ours." Tarzan shook his head. "To the Kaji women, he is a sort of deity. If we kill him, they might take a terrible vengeance upon us. He would be more valuable to us as a hostage."

Wood and Van Eyk nodded assent. Troll was on the point of offering more objections when the discussion was interrupted by a great commotion in the hall. A band of Amazon warriors pounded furiously on the door. "Malka, Malka!" they cried; "we must see Malka!"

All except Tarzan were seized with fear when the warriors pounded on the door demanding Mafka. The apeman turned to Gonfala. "Call one of the warriors and see what it's about. We'll wait in the next room." Then he led the others into an adjoining chamber.

Gonfala struck thrice upon a drum to summon the captain of the warriors, then drew the bolt on the corridor door. An Athasan entered and bowed low. "What is all this?" Gonfala demanded; "why do you seek Mafka at this hour?" The warrior replied in trembling voice.

"The Zuli are coming, O Queen, coming to make war upon us. They sent a slave to demand the return of their great emerald. We want Mafka to bless us with his mighty power so that we may drive them away. We must make haste, for the Zuli are at the gates!"

Tarzan frowned when he overheard the fateful announcement. Now, indeed, the situation was fraught with overwhelming peril. How could they elude the insistent Kaji warriors? Even if they did succeed, how could they pass the fierce Zuli at the gates of the city?

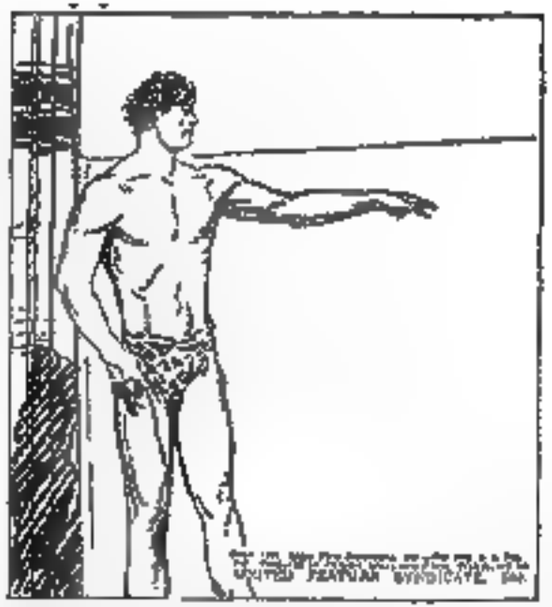
Gonfala faced a dangerous crisis. The Amazon warriors wanted to see Mafka, to have him bless them with his mysterious powers for their battle against the Zuli. If they discovered he was a prisoner, they would surely vent their murderous wrath upon his captors.

Hiding her nervousness, the frightened girl assumed a regal pose. "Tell the warriors that I Gonfala the Queen, command them to venture forth and defend the city. Go! Quickly! Do as I bid!" The Amazon was motionless. "Let us see Mafka," she insisted sullenly.

Gonfala perceived that she must take some desperate measure. She reached a quick decision. "Very well. See that my orders for the defense of the city are obeyed; then come to the throne room, and you shall see Mafka. Bring with you the captains of our army."

The Amazon hurried away. Immediately Tarzan stepped into the room. "I overheard," he said quietly; "what is your plan?" Gonfala's hands fluttered in despair. "I have no plan. I was merely trying to gain time. But I'm afraid it's useless. We're doomed!"

Tarzan's eyes narrowed thoughtfully. "Then you do not intend to fulfill your promise of showing Nafka to the warriors in the throne room?" "No: that would be fatal," Gonfala replied. "If they saw him a prisoner, they'd kill us. If we freed him, he'd kill us."



"Nevertheless," Tarzan smiled. "I think it's a good plan. We'll do it." "You're mad!" Gonfala exclaimed. "Perhaps; but if we try to leave now, we can't get away without a fight. I don't relish fighting women. And I'm not sure we wouldn't suffer defeat."

Gonfala began to raise objections. "You will do as I say," Tarzan commanded. The girl drew herself up proudly. "You forget that I am Queen." Tarzan smiled. "I know only that you are a woman who wishes to escape from the land of Kaji with the man she loves."

A few minutes later, in the throne room, the stage was quickly set for the reckless plan. The actors waited silently. All except Tarzan were tense and nervous. Soon they heard approaching footsteps. Then the door swung open and the Kaji captains filed in.

The Kaji warriors entered with heads bent in reverence for their Queen and the mighty powers of their magician. When they looked up they beheld the tableau on the dais. They saw Mafka, bound and helpless, and cries of astonishment and anger burst from their lips.

Their eyes darted to the strangers, who had lately been prisoners and who seemed now to occupy places of honor. Then their glances centered on the Queen. One of them stepped forward and demanded in menacing tone: "What is the meaning of this, Gonfaia?"

It was Tarzan who answered. "It means that the power of Mafka is gone. All your lives he has held you in the hollow of his hand. He has made you fight for him. He has taken the best fruits of your conquests. But now at last his days of tyranny are over."

"He gave us power," the warriors declared: "and if that power is gone, we're lost." "Kill the strangers! They've tricked us," another of the Amazons screamed. Many throats took up the cry. "Kill them!" Then the Amazon warriors charged savagely.

As the savage Amazons pressed on to kill Tarzan and his friends the ape-man placed a hand on the mystic diamond and shouted: "Stop! Through possession of the diamond, the powers that were Malka's have fallen to me. I command you halt and kneel to your Queen."

Instantly the warriors obeyed, because all their lives their minds had been impressed with the infallible powers of the mammoth gem. It had never occurred to them to question the force of the magic. Whatever was commanded in the name of the great jewel, they did.

But there was one among the warrior band who refused to remain under Tarzan's sway. Perhaps it was some attachment for Malka, perhaps it was some unaccountable fanaticism, but no matter what the cause that one was impelled to hurl mad defiance at Tarzan.

"Usurper!" she cried, "kill him! We must regain the diamond for Malka." Then she dashed toward Tarzan. He saw the danger. If he could not restrain her, the whole pack would know that he had no power over them, and in their frenzy would rip him to pieces!

Fortunately for the Jungle Lord, the fierce Amazons did not answer the war cry, but waited to see what would happen to the rebel who dared defy the possessor of the magic diamond. Tarzan walked from the dais and calmly awaited the assault of the frenzied Kaji.

Just as she reached him the ape-man's hands shot out. In a moment he had raised her, kicking, struggling, squirming, high above his head. Then, without apparent effort, he tossed her into the ranks of her comrades, as if she had been a light parcel.

The Amazons gasped. Such strength was indeed more than human. Surely the stranger possessed the supernatural powers conferred by the diamond. And now Tarzan said: "If there be any other to question me, step forth. Next time I shall not be so merciful."

The captains of the Kaji fighting-women bowed low as a sign of obedience. Then Gon-Jala whispered to Tarzan: "You have won the first victory but the greatest obstacle of all is yet to come—the fiendish Zull who will block our passage at the gates!"

"Follow me," Tarzan commanded, and led his companions and the Kaji captains from the castle to the gates of the city where raged a bloody battle between the warriors of Kaji and Zuli. With a phenomenal leap, the ape-man mounted the high stone ramparts.

Then he held aloft the two sacred gems—the diamond and the emerald—and shouted in a voice of authority "Mine is the power of the mighty jewels. I command you, cease fighting!" Hardly were the words out of his mouth when the din of battle died.

"There are many of you who wish to go into the outer world," the ape-man resumed. "You may follow us. And you, people of Kaji, you may send with us three warriors. When we are safely out of your land, we shall give them the great diamond to return to you."

"Gee," whispered Spike to Troll; "did you hear that? He's going to give the big rock back to those devils!" "No he won't," snarled Troll: "We'll be set to grab it. Besides, I've got a score to settle with that bossy guy, and it'll take his blood to do it!"

Now Tarzan ordered that Mafka, the captive tyrant, be given into the hands of the Kaj. warriors, to do with him as they pleased. An expression of dismay and infinite pity filled Gonfala's eyes. She grasped Tarzan's arms and whispered: "They must not kill him!"

Though she had felt that cruelty of Mafka's ruthless hand, he was nevertheless her father. She could not stand by and see him slain by the Amazons. Tarzan understood, and told the warriors: "There is no need to kill him. Without the diamond he is powerless."

Tarzan raised a hand majestically: "Let the Kaji and the Zuli be united in peace. And if some day you leave your mountain fastnesses and come down into the outer world, you must all share the proceeds of the great diamond, which will be returned to you."

The ape-man turned then and led the exodus of captives toward the frontier of the land of Kaji. Stanley Wood and Queen Gonfala walked behind him, deliriously happy in their new-found freedom, little dreaming of the shadow of tragedy that hovered above them.

When [illegible] the [illegible] reached the border [illegible] he would go on [illegible] in a few days I shall [illegible] that [illegible] of you who has done [illegible] the granted [illegible] quite [illegible] spite and [illegible]

Tarzan gave the great diamond to Van Zyt, to be handed to the Raja [illegible] next day. And to Stanley Wood he gave the great emerald in [illegible] for Corisia. Then after he had directed the party in making camp, he vanished into the thick jungle night.

The exhausted fugitives refused to run from there [illegible] and so gather strength for the next day's journey. [illegible] who did not sleep. Wood, for example, was thinking of Corisia, and his thoughts were [illegible]

He was [illegible] when he recalled that for the past [illegible] hours the lad been so sweet, so gay to him, at any time he knew she might have [illegible] one of her [illegible] rages. Stanley Wood sighed. By marrying her, he would be [illegible] a life of torment.

A hundred thoughts crowded Gondala's distraught mind as she fled through the night. Of course Spike and Trent had been right. Stanley Wood would never marry her. Why should he? She admitted to herself that at times she was a raging, brutal she-devil.

And the worst of it was that she did not believe she could ever overcome have spells of fiend-ishness. After all, was she not the daughter of the cruel Malka? Was her blood not tainted by the same strain that drove Malka to a thousand evil deeds?

In the camp, Tarzan awoke early. Hardly had he opened his eyes when he ruffled his hands through the grasses near his mistress's bed. His eyes widened with alarm then he called to Wood. "Stan, Stan! The diamond's gone. It was right here last night."

In the early dawn, the Stanley Wood groped around his own bed. First he made a hurried search, then another more carefully. When he spoke he seemed stunned, shocked. "It's not only the diamond—the big emerald, Gondala's emerald, is gone, too!"

In the full light which had succeeded the brief equatorial dawn, Wood and Van Eyk searched the camp in vain for the missing jewels, but they did discover that Spike and Troll were missing. "They're the thieves," Van Eyk declared; "there's no doubt about it."

"We'll have to follow them," Wood said firmly "but that's not what's worrying me—it's telling Gondala. She was counting a lot on the sale of the emerald." "She has to be told," Van Eyk nodded; "and you might as well do it now so we can get going."

Wood walked to Gondala's shelter and called her. No response. He called louder. Still no answer. He entered. She was not there! Stanley Wood came out, white and shaken. "Those devils must have taken her with them, Bob." Robert Van Eyk shook his head sadly.

"They couldn't have taken her without disturbing us—that is, if she wanted to arouse us." "What do you mean?" Wood frowned. His friend shrugged. "If they had taken her by force, she would have cried out, so, either she didn't go with them, or she went willingly!"

Stanley Wood refused to believe Van Eyk's surmise that Gontala had run away alone, or that she had voluntarily accompanied Spike and Troll in their flight after the theft of the fabulous jewels. He still felt that the robbers had forced her to go with them.

"I've got it," he cried suddenly, "they used the power of the great diamond and the emerald to make her go with them. There's no denying the fact that the gems have some mysterious power. We've both seen it with our own eyes. And I've experienced it."

Wood was so pleased with his explanation that he forgot the terrible implications of this theory. Van Eyk looked uncomfortable. "If that's true, it's worse than ever! Spike and Troll are low, vicious characters. Gontala would certainly not be safe with them."

Wood gasped as the full force of his friend's words sank into his mind. "You're right! We've got to find her—we've got to hurry," he cried in a panic of dismay. Two of the blacks in the party picked up the trail of the thieves; and the man hunt was on!

Swiftly through the Jungle Wood and Van Eyk pursued the two scoundrels who apparently had stolen the priceless jewels and kidnapped Gentala. But on the great plain the native trackers lost the trail. There was little hope now of ever finding the thieves . . .

. . . A few days later Tarzan was trotting along a game trail when a light wind brought to his jungle-trained nostrils the acrid scent of a lion. He gave it little thought until the same wind brought him another scent—the scent of a woman, a white woman!

These two scents in conjunction spelled tragedy, he knew. Tarzan took to the trees, for through the trees he could move in a direct line with incredible swiftness. They had been his natural element since infancy, when he had been adopted by Kala, the she-ape . . .

. . . The woman, haggard, starving, exhausted, moved painfully and hopelessly along the trail. Her senses were dulled by suffering. She heard nothing, yet some inner sense prompted her to turn around. Then she saw the lion, moving softly and slowly toward her.

When the lion saw that he was discovered, he bared his fangs and growled. The woman stopped and faced him. She had not the strength to climb a tree to safety. Flight she knew was useless. She just stood there, white-eyed and hopeless, waiting for the end.

She did not care. She had nothing to live for. She only prayed that death might come with merciful swiftness. Now the lion stopped, too, and stood glaring at her, his yellow-green eyes ablaze. Suddenly the creature started toward her at a trot.

A few steps nearer and he would charge—that swift, merciless charge of the king of beasts—the culmination of ferocity. He seemed to crouch lower, almost flattening himself against the ground. Then a horrid roar burst from his throat, and he sprang.

The woman's eyes went wide, first in horror, then in surprise: for as the lion charged, an almost naked white man dropped from an overhanging branch full upon the back of the beast. She heard the roars and growls of the man mingling with those of the lion.

The woman shuddered as she saw the man, growling and roaring, drop down upon the back of the beast. She saw a knife flash in the air, once, twice, again. Then, with a final hideous roar, the lion slumped to the ground, dead. The man leaped to his feet.

When she recognized him, a feeling of relief possessed her. But it lasted only a moment, to be shattered by the terrible victory cry of the bull ape as Tarzan placed a foot upon the carcass and voiced the weird scream that had echoed so often in the jungle.

Then his eyes drooped to the woman. "Gontala! What has happened? What are you doing here alone?" She told her story punctuated by heartbroken sobs—how she had run away because she felt that she would bring unhappiness into the life of the man she loved.

She had hoped to find some friendly tribe to take her in, some isolated village where Wood could not find her, there to live out her life in lonely sorrow. "Why, oh why did you save me!" she lamented. "It would have been better had you let me die."

Tarzan took hold of the girl's arm and started back along the trail. "Where are you taking me?" she demanded. "To Stanley Wood," the ape-man answered firmly. "No, no," Gonfala objected; "that would only mean unhappiness for us both. Let me go!"

Tarzan maintained his insistent grip. "Now that you are away from Matka, I am sure his influence will no longer trouble you." Gonfala shook her head. "You forget that I am the goddess of the great diamond. Its mystic sinister power is a vital part of me."

"I have seen many strange things in Africa," Tarzan declared; "but I do not believe the diamond has any mystic power. Matka might be something of a hypnotist, nothing more. The power which he exercised over all of you was probably mental suggestion."

Gonfala's eyes lighted with hope, then faded again into melancholy. "There is something more——" she began, but Tarzan had no wish to pursue this useless exchange of words. With a sweeping swing he tossed her to a shoulder and set out along the trail.

The exhausted girl lay quiet across Tarzan's shoulder. After all, it was a relief to have the burden of decision taken from her own hands. Thus Tarzan bore her unerringly to the camp of the fugitives from Kaji; but Wood was deep in the jungle searching for her.

Though she vowed to erase Stanley Wood from her life, Gemlah was panic-stricken when she realized that some harm might befall him in the forest. But the more her love asserted itself the more determined she became not to wreck his life by marrying him.

She was elated when Tarzan set out to search for him. Far to the south the apeman came upon Wood and An Eyk. When he reported that Gemlah was safe, Woor shouted with joy and sped back toward the camp, while Tarzan took up the search for Sorke and Troll.

He followed their trail to a torrential river. There they seemed to have vanished without a trace in the swirling waters, and with them the great diamond and emerald. So the apeman returned to the camp to see how fared the contending lovers.

Tarzan found Gonfala declaring firmly: "I will not marry you, Stanley, and make your life miserable. The evil blood of Malka, my father, runs in my veins. Who knows what madness it might bring to me?" "I love you," Stanley Wood pleaded; "nothing else matters."

Then Tarzan spoke: "You, Gonfala, are not Malka's daughter! Your eyes are the eyes of a man I saw dying on the border of Kaji." "This letter might be a clew," the girl cried excited. "It was given me by a kind man who was long a captive in the land of Kaji."

Tarzan ripped the envelope and read aloud: "This is to identify my daughter, whom the Kaji call Queen Gonfala. Malka killed her mother and threatened to kill her if I ever told her that he was not her father. Heaven protect her. Signed: Lord Mountford."

Beginning MONDAY—

"TARZAN UNDER FIRE"

A startling new Tarzan story wherein the mighty hunter of the jungle, for his befriending the natives, falls victim to a strange revenge and is himself hunted as a maniac criminal. For thrills, for action, for surprises, see "Tarzan Under Fire," starting Monday.

For a moment the little group stood stunned. Then Gonfala's eyes lighted with the brilliant flame of love. A small, ecstatic cry escaped her lips, only to be smothered by the ardent kisses of the man she loved.

THE END

TARZAN UNDER FIRE No. 1 By Edgar Rice Burroughs

Dick and Doc, the Tarzan twins, awoke simultaneously and looked at each other with happy grins. In their minds was the same thrilling thought. At last, after an adventurous journey from England, they were actually in the African home of Tarzan, Dick's distant cousin.

No wonder they were aglow with excitement. What boy would not rejoice to spend a season with Tarzan of the Apes, mighty hero of the jungle? "Let's look around before breakfast," Dick suggested, picking up a bow and some arrows Tarzan had made for each of them.

"What's that for?" Doc chided. "Tarzan's compound is as safe as Hyde Park." But Dick clung cautiously to his weapons as, clad in Tarzanesque loincloths, they ventured into the open. "Looks interesting over there, behind that clump of bushes," Doc suggested.

"Might meet a lion," Dick objected. "Aw, who's afraid of the big bad lion?" boasted Doc, convinced that no beast was near. But while the boys advanced, the peace of the morning was suddenly shattered by a frightful roar—indeed the full-throated roar of a lion!

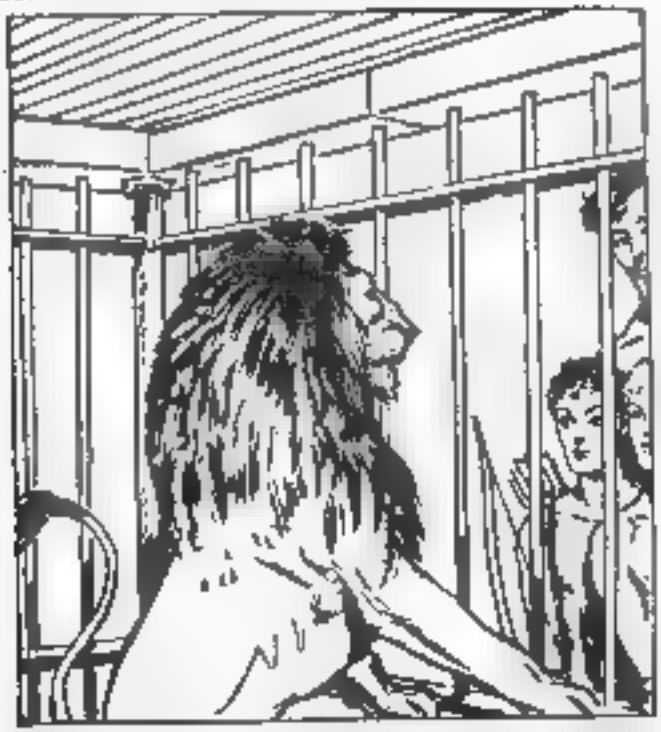
TARZAN UNDER FIRE **No. 2** **By Edgar Rice Burroughs**

Dick was the first to recover from the paralysis of fright that gripped the boys when the roar of a lion burst upon their ears. His recovery was quickly merged into flight, speedy flight, toward the nearest tree. And not far behind was the boastful Doc.

Reaching the tree they looked back, but no lion appeared. "Why were you running?" Dick taunted. "I thought you weren't afraid of lions." "I wouldn't have been if I'd had the bow and arrows, but you got scared and ran away with them, so I just had to follow."

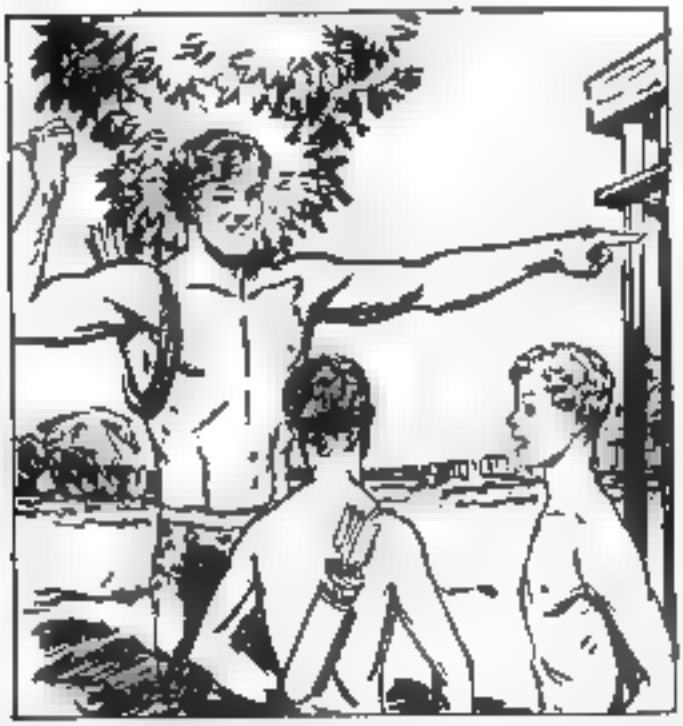
At that moment they were startled by a human chuckle in the tree above. They looked aloft, into the amused face of Tarzan. "There's a lion out there," cried Dick! "let's you and I go kill it, Doc's afraid of lions!" Still smiling, Tarzan descended.

Assuring them of safety, the ape-man led the Tarzan twins to the bushes whence the roar had come. There, indeed, was a lion, but a caged lion. Dick and Doc gazed in awe, never dearming of the role this great golden-maned beast was to play in their coming adventures.



"That," said Tarzan, pointing to the caged beast, "is Jad-bal-ja." "The Golden Lion!" Dick cried in delight. "You mean the one you raised from a cub and trained to obey you like a dog?" inquired Doc in awe-struck tones. The jungle lord nodded pleasantly.

"Often I keep him in a cage at night," he said, "because some of my people have an instinctive fear of lions. They remember what I sometimes forget—that, after all, a lion is always a lion. One never knows when he may revert to his wild instincts."



The ape man turned to his young proteges. "Well, boys, what would you like to do? All Africa is your playground—the mysterious jungle or the vast open plain. I'll show you whatever you like." "I'd like to see the Ituru pygmies," Dick cried eagerly.

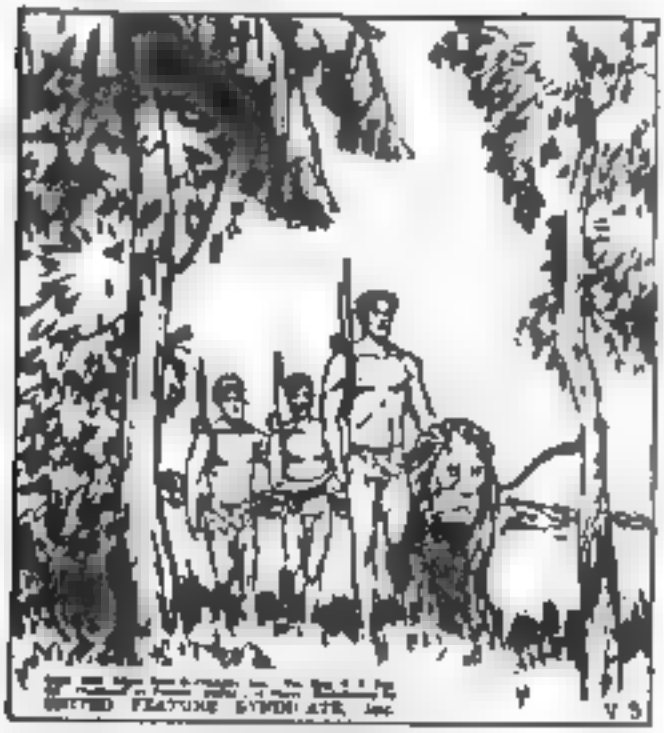
"Huh! Pygmies! Just about your speed," grunted Doc; "I want to see the good country." "We might do both," Tarzan offered cheerfully. But he would never have undertaken the journey so lightly if he could have foreseen its harrowing, perilous course.

"Jad-bal-ja will go with us," Tarzan said as he swung the cage door wide. "Won't he bite us?" Dick quavered. "Not unless I tell him to," the ape-man laughed. But the boys stepped back in fear as the great golden beast strode majestically from his cage.

The yellow terrifying eyes surveyed them, and Tarzan spoke in a language the boys did not understand as Jad-bal-ja advanced, sniffing them inquiringly. "I am telling him you are my friends and that he must not harm you," Tarzan of the Apes explained.

"I hope he gets it straight," Dick said seriously. "I-er—that is, I wouldn't like to have any misunderstanding about it." Tarzan smiled and signaled the boys to follow him. "Don't we need supplies for our expedition?" Doc asked. Tarzan shook his head.

"The jungle gives food and shelter to those who know how to claim it." The boys grinned delightedly. It was good to be under the protection of the mighty ape-man, to learn from him the secrets of the wilderness, which beckoned them alluringly to high adventure.



In high spirits the little party crossed the veldt and entered the dark corridors of the forest. Dick and Doc followed Tarzan closely, drinking in every word of jungle lore that fell from his lips. Pretty soon, they thought, they would be real junior Tarzans.

The mighty jungle lord taught them how to stalk game, and instructed them in the fine points of archery. Both were apt pupils, and on the fifth day of their journey it was Dick who provided a fine dinner by bringing down a quick young antelope at a water hole.

On the 5th day of their leisurely travels, the dim trail they followed widened suddenly and flowed into a clearing, where stood a small palisaded village. Tarzan, as usual, was intrigued. "We shall see what kind of people live here," he said quietly.

"They might be hostile—that is, I mean, they might be rather unfriendly," Dick faltered. "Of course I'm not afraid, or anything." Doc put in, "but maybe they're cannibals, and I was thinking . . ." "We shall see," Tarzan said confidently. "Come."

Though they trembled inwardly Dick and Doc made a display of outward calm as they followed Tarzan into the strange village. To their surprise they found there, not hostile cannibals but a simple, gentle jungle folk who received them warmly.

Of more interest to the ape-man was an affair in the center of the village where an oily Arab trader was exchanging cheap trinkets and shoddy trade goods for precious ivory. Tarzan strode forward and spoke to the childish blacks. "This man is cheating you!"

Abdul Kebi, the trader, snarled angrily. "What business is it of yours?" "Whatever is unjust is my business," the jungle lord declared calmly, "and I punish those who deal unfairly with the people of the forest. If you would avoid that punishment, go!"

The Arab feared this strange white savage who spoke with such menacing authority. Quickly he packed up his goods and departed. But in his angry heart burned a desire for revenge, and his crafty mind was already busy with plans to achieve his evil purpose.

The black heart of Abdul Keb was filled with hatred of the strange white man who had interfered with his dishonest ivory trade. He swore revenge and Abdul Keb was the sort of man who would pursue his purpose to the bitter end. He was a crafty, dangerous foe.

He traveled swiftly toward a definite goal, but on the way he stopped at several jungle villages and warned the people against the giant savage. "He is an evil creature," said Abdul Keb, "and it would be wise to kill him if he shows himself among you."

Finally he arrived at the forest-circled town which was an army post, and there he reported to the commandant, Captain d'Albert. "There is a strange white man who has come into the district. He is an agitator, spreading the seeds of revolt among the people."

Capt. d'Albert frowned. "He will soon know that this is the Belgian Congo. Here law and order must prevail." The officer barked a sharp command to a lieutenant. "Assemble a strong patrol. I'll go after this fellow and get rid of him, one way or another."

With soldiery determination Capt d Albert h ove f led the raged ion against the mysterious wh te sav age who had been denounced by Abdu Kob In a his career as a g ardian o law and order in the wilderness, he had never failed to get his man.

Tarzan of course was unaware of the commotion he had a red He was ignorant of the fact hat he was a pursued man So he continued his leisurely journey in high spirits followed by his eager admiring young proteges "This is the life" Doc exulted.

Jad-bal-ja Ta zan's trained lion, had wandered off into the jungle to pursue his own devices A ong way Dick and Doc as they gained confidence, dropped behind the ape-man fascinated by the antics of chattering monkeys that swung and played in the trees.

So it was Ta zan was alone w th the ca p the sound of his chase hem He walked strai g ahead, for he had no reason to a oid them When Capt d Albert saw he w e giant, he called to his soldiers in a low tense voice "On guard! That is our man"

Tarzan was surprised when he saw the soldiers alert and menacing. Capt. d'Albert addressed him sharply: "You have been reported as an agitator who stirs discontent among the tribesmen. You must leave the district at once or I will deal harshly with you!"

The ape-man suspected that the vengeful lies of Abdul Keb were behind this unjust expulsion but he offered no denial or explanation. It was simpler merely to go on his way. At that moment to Capt. d'Albert's astonishment, Dick and Doc strolled up.

Who were these white boys, clothed and armed like savages? And who was this extraordinary man they followed? Perhaps he was some renegade white who had resorted to savagery. He might be even a dangerous criminal, preying on the simple jungle folk.

Had he kidnaped these boys and did he hold them in his power by terrorizing them? The man must be taken into custody. The officer decided upon the matter. He would be investigated. Capt. d'Albert frowned and barked suddenly: "You are under arrest."

Dick and Doc both gasped when they heard the officer command Tarzan's arrest. "Gee, this is a pretty pickle," whispered Doc, "maybe they'll put us in the jug too, though I don't know just why." He looked up skittishly at the fierce native soldiery.

The Jungle Lord stood motionless thinking. He certainly had no desire to become involved in the shackling toils of official red tape, nor did he relish the idea of a long sojourn in a hot prison cell while an investigation was taking a leisurely course.

If he revealed his identity now it would only add to his difficulties, for few white men believed in the existence of Tarzan. They considered him merely a legend and any man who said he was Tarzan would be set down immediately as a deceiver or maniac.

So, the Jungle Lord took the most direct way out of the difficulty. Flashing around he seized the astonished boys, then dashed into the thick, screening forest. Instantly without awaiting an order from their commander the askaris raised their rifles to fire.

TARZAN UNDER FIRE No. 11 By Edgar Rice Burroughs

Moving like lightning Tarzan had already vanished by the time the native soldiers raised their rifles to pour a volley into the forest Capt d'Albert stopped them, for fear of killing the boys. Then he commanded a quick maneuver to overhaul the fugitive.

It was a useless move for who could apprehend the cunning ape-man in his jungle habitat? At last the commander abandoned the search. He was certain that the mystery man, fearing arrest would leave the district So he patrol marched homeward by easy stages.

But what an awful shock greeted the captain's return! He was forewarned of tragedy when he saw a hushed crowd assembled around his bungalow Then his wife came running out to him, screaming "Yvonne—our little Yvonne—our child—she's gone"

Hysterically she sobbed out her painful story The child absorbed in play had wandered into the jungle, and disappeared A terrifying suspicion flashed into the mind of Capt d'Albert Yvonne, too, had been kidnaped by the mystery man of the forest!

Capt d Albert umped o he cone sc tua his e daugh er Yvonne had been kid aped by ne wh a savage he in ery man of he forest W h nervous sw t ess he se n motion e o ina ms h ery of the whole distric to capture the ravage suspect

To o ng army posts he spread the alarm He dispatched e sw est runners to al the native chiefs asking e ent to comb the jungle with every a lable wa r Soon the forest was alive with scores of searchers, spurred by the promise of reward.

Tarzan a d d T e ar m would have been a so r a e w d A wh e sa age makes one

Th se e s n ed easy into the hands of Abdul Keb now Tarzan s bitter enemy The Arab trader b ed m ke ering a ch n of fa se e dence o e e g p f e should be aken a ve In w e Abdul Keb would have a awf l revenge!

While soldiers and warriors eagerly hunted Tarzan as the kidnaper of little Yvonne d'Albert, Abdul Keb was engaged in certain dark purposes. First he persuaded one of the d'Albert servants to steal from the missing child's room a locket she sometimes wore.

Then Abdul Keb, skilled in the ways of evil, disappeared into the hinterland. In chosen villages he distributed bribes to those who would lend themselves to his purpose. Soon a sinister harvest bore fruit. His accomplices began to appear at the army post.

All reported excitedly that they had caught sight of the white savage bearing the [illegible] through the jungle. At last one fellow produced the locket Abdul Keb had given him and swore that he had found it while tracing the mystery man of the forest.

In her hysterical grasping for straws of hope, Madame d'Albert was positive that Yvonne had worn the locket on the day she vanished. "That clinches the case," her husband said grimly. "This white devil must be captured at all cost and put to death!"

Tarzan's escape was inevitable—simply because he did not [illegible] the day as he was [illegible] Dor a pu of [illegible] scouts commanded by a [illegible] lieutenant leaped out from ambush with rifles ready

"You got you at last!" the officer barked. "Where is the [illegible]? What [illegible]?" he ape-man demanded in as to [illegible]. "The [illegible] girl you kidnaped." Tarzan made no [illegible] but the officer scowled. "You can make your explanation to the authorities."

Tarzan might have escaped [illegible] as he had escaped [illegible] Dor [illegible] by the fierce jovan beast. But Tarzan did not want to escape.

Quietly he allowed himself to be taken into custody. [illegible] against him. [illegible] But he would have hesitated had he known of the chain of evidence which circumstances and Abou Keb had woven around him.

The ape-man faced a half-hysterical Capt. d'Albert shouting, pleading "Give me back my child!" The prisoner drew himself up majestically "I am no kidnaper! I am Tarzan of the Apes—in England a peer, in Africa, an honest creature of the wilderness."

"Tarzan. Ha!" Capt. d'Albert burst into a shrill laugh "There is no such person! Tarzan is an invention of the ignorant jungle folk, a legend!" Dick could hold his tongue no longer "He is, too, Tarzan," the youngster declared defiantly, "he's our cousin."

Capt. d'Albert considered the two wild looking lads They too, he surmised, had probably been kidnaped or had abandoned their homes to follow this ragged tramp. Under the illusion that he was really the mighty Tarzan, hero of many a thrilling adventure.

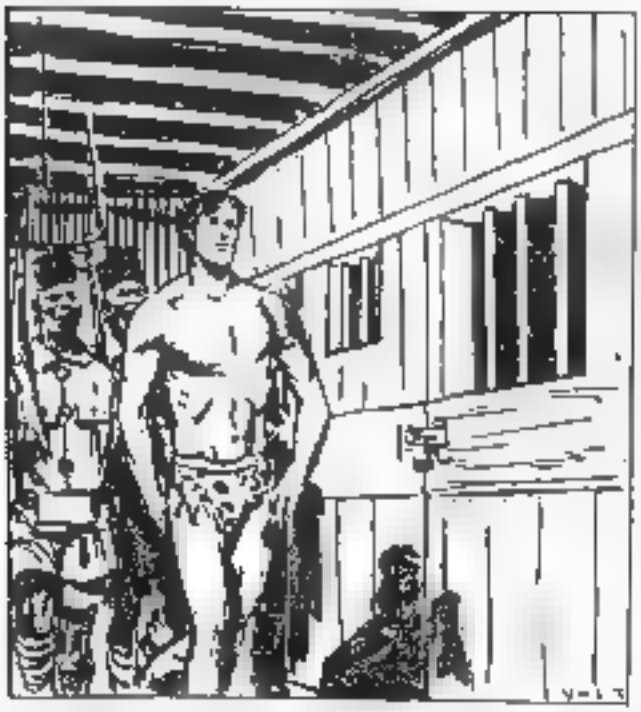
Somehow Capt. d'Albert felt he must pry the truth from this wild savage. Suddenly in a fit of grief-begotten madness he whipped out his revolver and leveled it. "Tarzan's dead!" he raged. "Tell me where is my child, or I'll put a bullet through you!"

Fearlessly Tarzan faced the [illegible] you believe I kidnaped your child [illegible] defeat your purpose by killing me," he said quiet[illegible] The officer lowered the revolver, ashamed now that his grief had driven him to a lawless threat.

"[illegible] do you believe I am guilty?" the ape-man continued. Captain Albert turned and shouted a command. Five jungle blacks filed into the room, each swearing he had seen the strange prisoner with the child. These were the hired henchmen of the Arab, Abdul Keb.

The [illegible] who said he had [illegible] Yvonne [illegible] where [illegible] met [illegible] me. Tarzan [illegible] time of [illegible] In the forest no [illegible] was also with you being seen.

"[illegible] against you," the officer roared. "You [illegible] because I ordered you from the district or you have hidden her. If she is not found in a reasonable time you will be brought to trial. The verdict is inevitable—death!"



Under heavy guard, Tarzan was led away to a stifling prison cell. Nor was he certain that he would emerge alive from his predicament. Abdul Kebb, his foe, had done well in weaving a web of false evidence to prove him the kidnaper of little Yvonne d'Albert.

Dick and Doc, utterly stunned, were quartered with a young lieutenant to await further questioning. For a long time they lingered in a mental fog. Then Doc spoke up firmly. "We've got to do something. If we don't, they'll hang Tarzan, sure as shootin'."

"What's there to do?" moaned Dick. "We've sworn up and down that we were with Tarzan every minute and he didn't have anything to do with kidnaping the girl." "It's the only way we can prove he didn't kidnap her is to find out who did!" Doc cried insistently.

"You mean we'll go and look for her—out there in the jungle where there are lions and leopards and things?" Dick stammered. Doc nodded gravely. His consternation gulped, laboriously composed his brow into a grim frown, and declared shakily. "Let's go!"

Dick and Doc [illegible] from [illegible] quarters [illegible] the [illegible] the jungle [illegible] asked Dick. [illegible] scene of the crime [illegible] Doc answered [illegible]

So skirting Capt. d'A[illegible]'s bungalow they entered the wooded area [illegible] d'Albert had vanished. [illegible] the terrain which had [illegible] been [illegible] by [illegible] "Very well, Mr. Sherlock," Dick [illegible] "any deductions?"

Doc [illegible] into the [illegible] Now we [illegible] up our deductions.

[illegible] however [illegible] raised his head and [illegible] the air [illegible] mark was followed [illegible]

Immediately after that four-throated roar, a big golden maned lion burst from the underbrush. But instead of rushing at them to devour them, the tawny beast stopped and observed them through yellow-green eyes. "It's Jad-bal-ja, Tarzan's lion!" cried Dick.

"Sure he'll protect us like Tarzan told him," Doc announced, but his words carried no conviction. "Huh," grunted Dick, "remember what Tarzan said—'a lion is always a lion!'" A low growl rumbled in the beast's throat. Was it a sign of peace or enmity?

"I think I'll climb a tree just for fun," said Doc, with a great display of nonchalance. "Fraidy-cat," taunted Dick. "Fraidy-cat nothing!" Doc retorted. "I'm not afraid. I just want to practice climbing. You never can tell when it might come in handy."

Another look at the lion convinced Dick that it might be wise to follow Doc in his "practice" climb. Together they strolled toward two nearby trees, trying to appear at ease and disguise their purpose so as not to excite the lion. But Jad-bal-ja followed!

Walking toward the [illegible] two boys heard [illegible] footsteps of [illegible] behind them. If [illegible] pened who may blame them? A [illegible] frightful [illegible] ing. True this was Tarzan's trained lion, but Tarzan was not there to control him.

With great [illegible] boys resumed their de[illegible] purpose from [illegible] As soon as they reached the tree, [illegible] upward with fear begot en speed. The lion [illegible] on his haunches and stared up.

[illegible]

[illegible] A girl [illegible] the breath [illegible] And in the [illegible] was as perilous as any beast.

The wind shrieked. The tops of the trees bent over as [illegible] and back [illegible] and then [illegible] rolled. [illegible] the rain, not in drops, but in great sheets and gusts.

Torn branches hurled through the air. Giant trees [illegible] in each [illegible] of destruction. It seemed [illegible] anything living could escape the [illegible] of the storm. The two boys crouched, expecting every moment to be their last.

By Edgar Rice Burroughs

After an hour the hurricane abated. The air [illegible] to get away from [illegible] the boy urged. Let's go back.

They [illegible] through the trees. In [illegible] they were [illegible] they were [illegible] chase [illegible] dangerous perils they were soon to face.

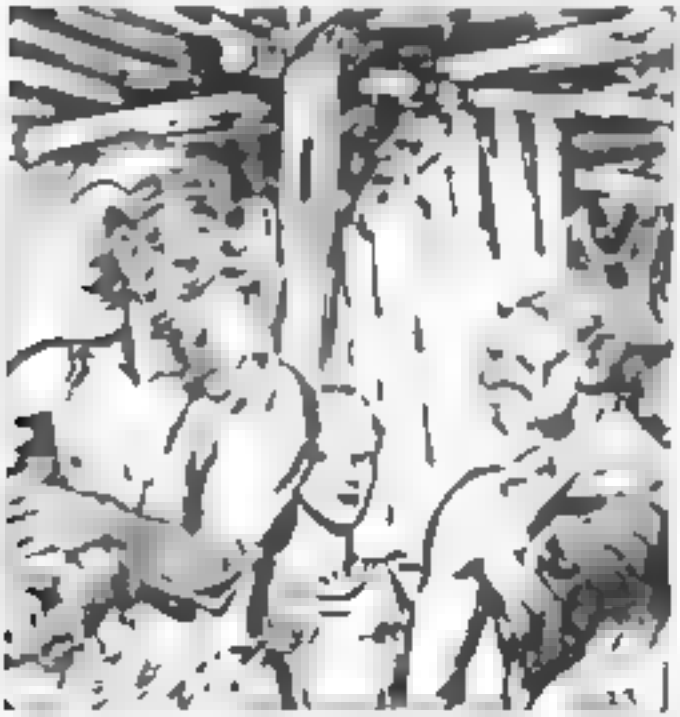
Traveling through the dripping trees it was a long time before the boys realized that they were going in the wrong direction. They changed their course but now they were more confused and they were penetrating deeper and deeper into the dense jungle.

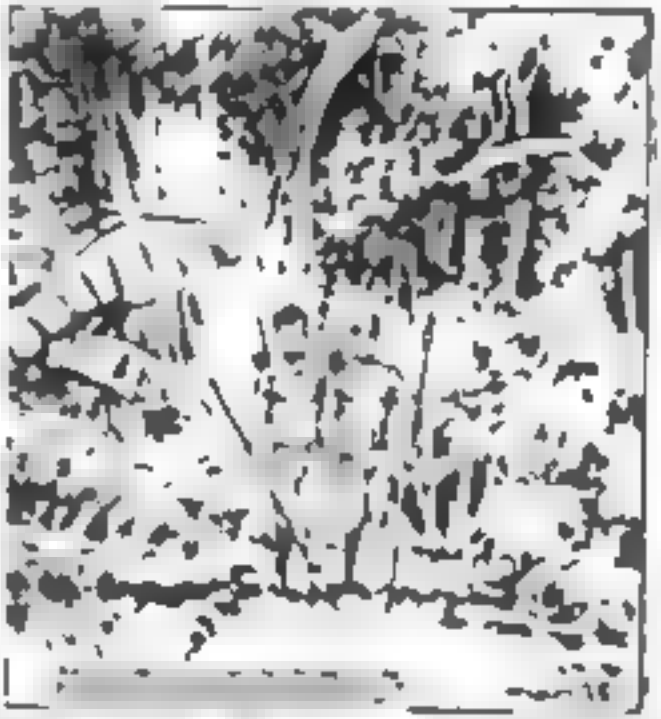
In their path a few miles away 30 frightful men cowered from the storm, huddled close together for warmth beneath a crude shelter. They were hairy, naked men with low brows and beastly faces, men evil and degraded, seemingly akin to giant gorillas.

By Edgar Rice Burroughs

The [illegible] from the Golden [illegible] were [illegible] and [illegible] were [illegible] seeking shelter where they might find a new [illegible]

In the center of the [illegible] band was one who was [illegible] and [illegible] was a dark [illegible] girl, a beautiful white girl with hair of gold.





For a while the boys walked along in silence. Then Dick stopped quickly. "I'm scared," he whispered. "I've got a queer feeling we're in danger." "Maybe we'd better take to the trees again," Doc advised. Dick signified agreement by leaping to a low bough.

They proceeded with caution, their eyes and ears alert. And the motion they imparted to the branches could not be distinguished from the stirrings of the wind. Then Dick, who was in the lead, halted suddenly, raising his finger in a gesture of warning.

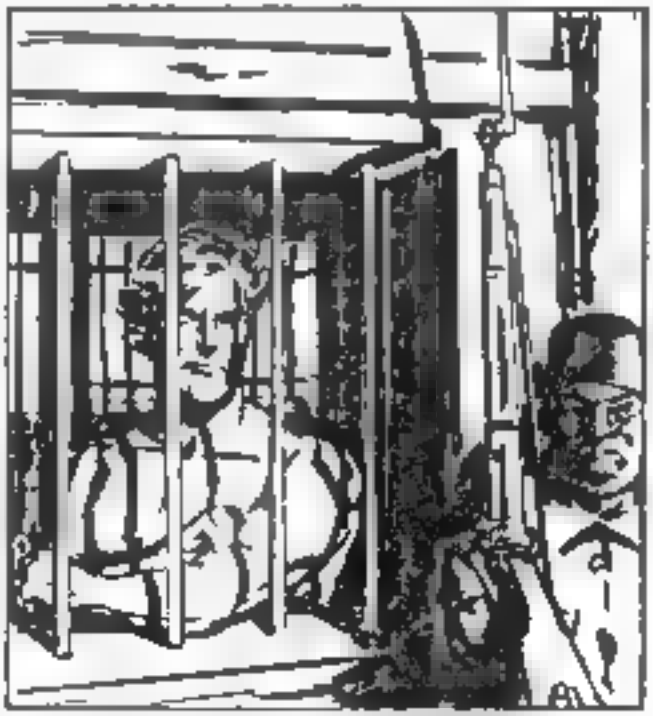
Without a word he pointed downward through the foliage. Doc saw something that moved, something black amid the greens and browns and yellows of the brush. Presently it resolved itself into a head of hair, tangled, unkempt. Then he saw another, and another.

These were heads—human, but somehow bestial. And now the boy began to see hands on both sides of the trail, hands grasping cudgels. Evidently these creatures, whatever they were, had heard the boys approaching and were waiting now to pounce upon them!

The boys were fortunate that they had not attracted the attention of the savages below, but they realized now that they were trapped because they dared not move for fear of being detected. Suppose, by chance, one of the brutish men should look up

Fears for their own safety were replaced by astonishment when they caught sight of the golden haired white girl among those hideous fighters. Instantly they realized that the beautiful girl was Yvonne d'Albert, whose kidnaping Tarzan was charged

Dick and Don looked at each other. They dared not speak or [illegible] Now instead of [illegible] these [illegible] they must stick [illegible] and some [illegible] of rescuing the girl. Tarzan's life depended on their success



Tarzan, in his cell, was not even aware that the boys were in the jungle. Could he have known their plight, he would gladly have sacrificed his own life rather than have these inexperienced youngsters subject themselves to such overwhelming hazards.

TARZAN UNDER FIRE

By Edgar Rice Burroughs

Tarzan [illegible] considered how [illegible] prove himself innocent of kidnaping [illegible] d'Albert. He sent for Captain d'Albert and proposed: "Dispatch a courier to my country to bring back witnesses who will show that I am really Tarzan [illegible] a civilian."

"That is merely a trick to gain time. Besides, how do [illegible] that these witnesses will not be members of your own criminal band?" the officer snapped. The Lord man fixed him with a firm stare. "As a man of [illegible] Captain d'Albert, you will do as I ask."

The captain shrugged assent. But Tarzan's careful plan was not [illegible]. Under the emotional stress [illegible] was not like [illegible] that [illegible] could [illegible] the curious [illegible] against him. In the end he would be executed.

Far away in the jungle, the activities of Dick and Jane in Tarzan's behalf had small prospect of success. There before their eyes was Yvonne d'Albert, the kidnaped girl. But how were these two boys to save her from a host of 20 brutish, savage men?

[illegible] and [illegible] walked among them.

After [illegible] had disappeared the astonished Dick and Doc [illegible] Thava the kidnaped girl [illegible] Dick panted "and we've got to save her. It's [illegible] only way to save Tarzan. Besides, I hate to see a pretty girl with those devils."

"They [illegible] feast!" [illegible] But [illegible]

As they moved through the trees they put behind them [illegible] we fare. [illegible] But [illegible] courted the blood of [illegible] to whom duty meant more than comfort or safety or even life.

By [illegible] Tarzan had fa[illegible]ight them. Dick and Di[illegible] through the trees. "Oh, boy, we are [illegible] Tarzan twins now." Don boasted. "wouldn't [illegible] the boys back [illegible]?" Dick grunted. He could see [illegible] in their position.

Thus [illegible] hard grueling work, not only because of the physical effort involved, but because of the nervous tension, that never relaxed for a moment. Soon the Tarzan Twins came within sight of the 20 frightful men and followed them quietly, doggedly.

Aft[illegible] worshipers ha[illegible] in a [illegible] the edge of the brook. The [illegible] was [illegible] as the [illegible] branches and leaves for a shelter. [illegible] making camp.

B[illegible] the object they aroused, the bore[illegible] chief concern was Yvonne and Albert, who sank as lessly to the ground a picture of [illegible] dejection. "We[illegible] here we are," whispered Dick. "we've sworn to rescue Yvonne from those gorilla devils, but what can we do?"

"We'd better wait until dark before we try to grab the girls," whispered Doc. They had not long to wait. Soon gloomy shadows fell across the jungle. While the boys watched, cold and miserable, the gorilla-men built a fire and cooked a barbarous meal.

Their hunger appeased, they lay down around the fire. Yvonne, who was their new young high priestess, crept forlorn and dejected into her crude shelter. Presently all slept, except Ulp, who was to tend the fire to ward off man-eating jungle beasts.

Ulp was thinking—thinking how he might thwart the plan of Crom, the high priest, to use him as a human sacrifice. Suddenly an inspiration flashed through his muddy brain. Tradition demanded that the blood of sacrifices be shed by the high priestess.

So Ulp reckoned if there were no high priestess, there could be no sacrifice. If he could get rid of the little girl without exciting suspicion to himself, his life would be saved. But how? An instant later an odd circumstance came to aid his evil design.

While Tup was thinking how he might get rid of the [illegible] high priestess, the fearful voice of a hungry lion sounded [illegible] close. An idea entered Tup's mind. How [illegible] it would be if the hungry beast should come and devour the child.

He [illegible] means of accomplishing [illegible] purpose. That an evil smile [illegible] face. Yes, the [illegible] might be [illegible] appearance [illegible]. Tup arose and [illegible] toward the shelter [illegible] Yvonne.

Though [illegible] two [illegible] toward the same goal. They were Dick and [illegible]. The two brave boys had descended from the trees on the opposite side of the camp and they were creeping now through the brush—intent upon reaching Yvonne.

[illegible] was [illegible] purpose. [illegible] they would [illegible] become [illegible] awful brutes.

As Ulp and the Tarzan Twins [illegible] each other made their way toward Yvonne [illegible] the roar of the hungry lion sounded again, much nearer now. "We're too close for comfort," said Jack. "We'd better climb a tree and wait a while." Doc was already in action.

That awesome roar was heard too by little Yvonne d'Arbe, who cowered in misery upon her bed of grasses. She was afraid, afraid of the eerie jungle night and [illegible] more—afraid of the hideous gorilla-men who had kidnaped her and held her prisoner.

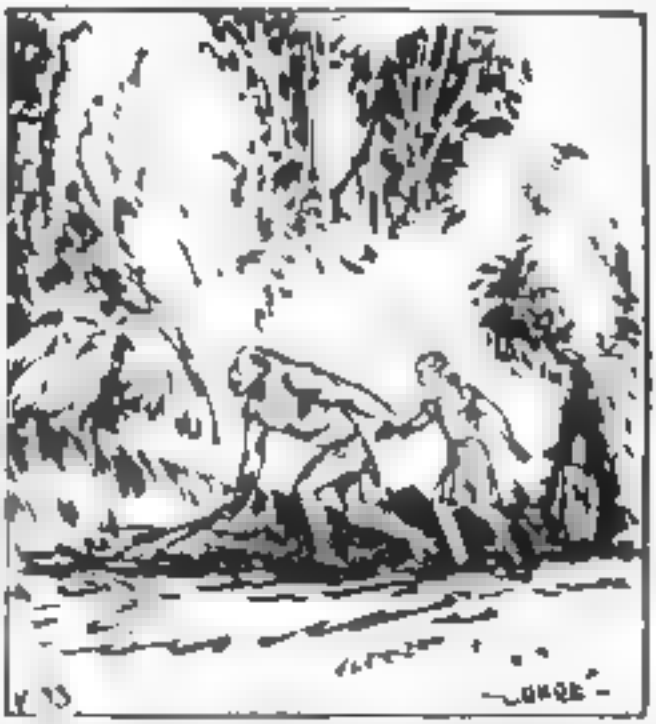
Her captors had [illegible] her with respect; they had made her an [illegible] of Kla, but they were degraded [illegible] people. How her heart cried out for her father and mother, for the home which perhaps she would never see again.

Certainly she would never see her home again. Ulp [illegible] carry out his dastardly scheme. And [illegible] far, [illegible] had happened to stop him. Stopping [illegible] he clasped [illegible] beside her girl. Yvonne sat up, a scream of [illegible] trembling on her lips.

As Yvonne suppressed the cry that trembled on her lips when Tip said calmly, "Do not be afraid. I have come to help you. You would like to escape and go back to your people?" "Yes," the girl breathed hopefully. "Then Tip will help you. Come with me."

The dirty fellow began to tear a hole in the rear of the shelter. "What are you doing?" Yvonne asked. "I shall take you away and hide you in the forest," the man replied. "Then I shall come back and tell Quim that a hungry lion broke in and carried you away."

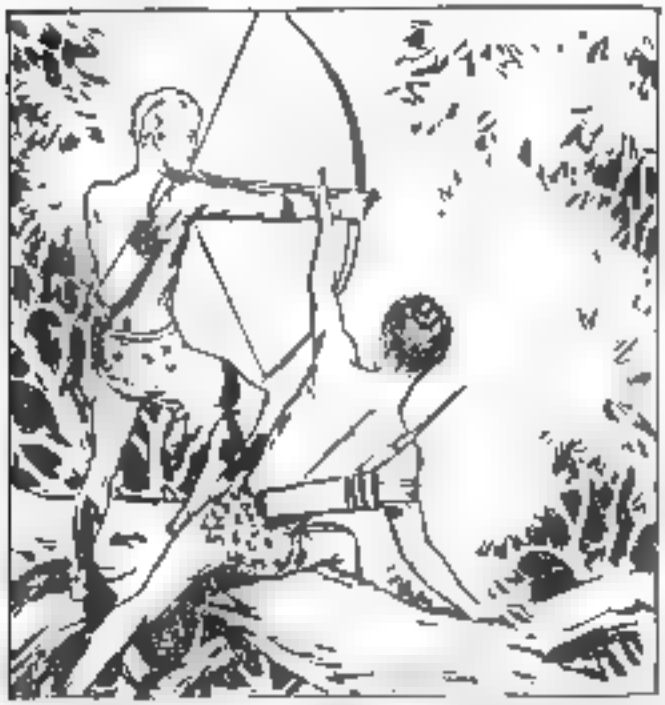
A dirty humble spread over Tip's face as he motioned Quim to be silent. "Then I shall say to him that I will go to take you away from the lion," instead I will go to take you away from the lion." "I wish to escape, too, for if I stay, Quim means to kill me."



Yvonne believed what Tip had told her and she followed him through the opening he had made in the shelter. How was this innocent child to know that it was his British crew upon a pass to lead her to the very jaws of the devouring lion?

Unstopped beneath a great tree at the edge of the [illegible] and said to Tarzan: "Was here I saw one [illegible] long. The [illegible] whimpered. I heard a lion roar." "Do not fear," the gorilla-man replied. "The lion that roars is lying upon his kill. It is not hungry."

In the tree above crouched Lick and Doc. Through the dancing, grotesque shadows cast by the fire they had seen the two figures coming toward them, and they had been astonished to discern that one was a gnarled man and the other the same captive girl.



The impetuous Doc [illegible] were [illegible] low. Presently [illegible] to see [illegible] to [illegible] the girl standing beneath the tree.

[illegible] the air of one who [illegible] of [illegible] noises from behind [illegible] man [illegible] the [illegible] of a lion. Suddenly [illegible] the edge of the golden haired child.

As Yvonne stood a one beside [illegible] the Tarzan [illegible] was [illegible] to [illegible] [illegible] that moment came again the [illegible] of [illegible] at cages [illegible] roar [illegible]

Meanwhile in the garrison town where he was [illegible] on a ridiculous charge of kidnaping Yvonne, [illegible] was receiving news that he [illegible] had [illegible] appeared. "They were last seen wandering near the edge of the jungle," Capt. d'Albert said.

The ape-man frowned and took his head gravely. "It is not [illegible] they were [illegible] by the same people who kidnaped your daughter," he said. "Release me, let me follow their trail, and I shall bring back all three—if they are still alive."

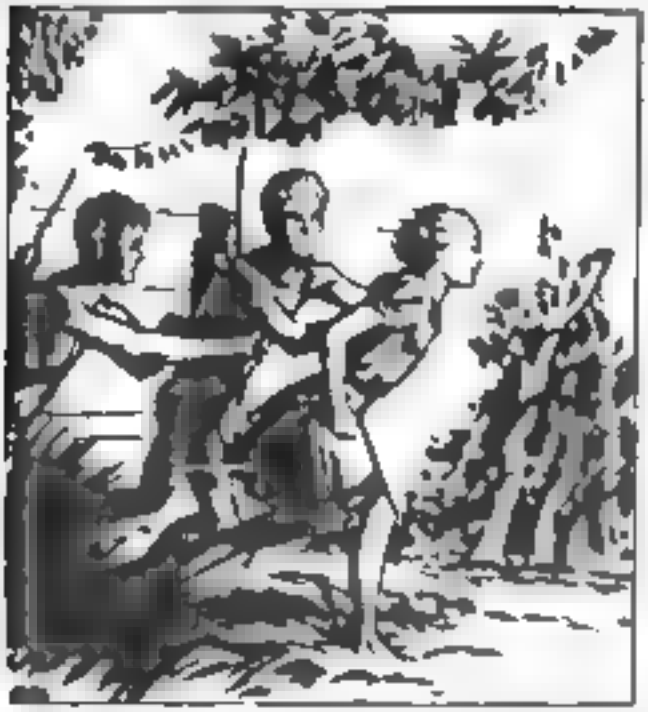
Capt. d'Albert laughed mockingly. "Trying another trick to get out of jail, eh? Well, you will stay where you belong, in this cell." Thus the three imperiled youngsters were denied an alliance with the only man who might have given them effective aid.

Filled with fears for Dirk and Doc, Tarzan paced the floor of his cell like a caged animal, thwarted in his burning desire to go in search of them. But even if he had been released he would have been too late to aid them in their immediate plight.

For now swift events were pressing in on the boys, enfolding them in a circle of peril. The hungry lion had caught the scent of Yvonne and came crashing and roaring through the brush to seize her. "We've got to get her," whispered Doc, "or the lion will!"

The white girl heard a movement in the tree above her. She gasped. Surely this was a leopard, which often sprang upon its prey from the lower branches of trees. She started to run, and in her frantic confusion she dashed out in the open, nearer the lion.

To the anxious ears of Ulp, squatting by the fire, came the thunderous roars of the carnivore mingled with the terrified screams of the white girl. Finally the human cries ceased. Ulp grinned with satisfaction, thinking, "The little high priestess is no more."



Seeing Yvonne running away and knowing in a few [illegible] minutes she would be prey to the [illegible] Dick and Doc leaped down from the tree and gave chase. The excited terrified girl was unaware of their presence until they seized her from behand.

Yvonne screamed and tried to wrench herself away, thus impeding her rescue. "Cut it out," urged Doc, [illegible] "Friend, ami, nous Sommes amis," Dick added in his best schoolboy French. The girl quieted and the boys rushed her back to the tree.

"Climb!" Doc commanded his cousin "and I'll hand her up." [illegible] for the younger lad was [illegible] through the brush [illegible] his cousin [illegible] who did not believe these two strange boys could save her.

"Quick! Quick!" pleaded Doc, whose concern was more [illegible] the girl's safety than his own. By now Dick had reached a lower branch. He stretched out on it and extended his arm downward. At that moment the beast burst from the brush, and charged.

As the hunter could not be charged from the bush Doc [illegible] grasped the [illegible] beside [illegible] catapulted through the air straight for poor Doc

The bough went too—for the bough overhead. It was a tough work for Tarzan himself but it was made possible only by a surge of strength which was [illegible] Though one of the brass cannons snapped his neck he drew himself up to safety

For a long time [illegible] Dick and boy we are [illegible]

Yes we go [illegible] we go [illegible] we are lost. In the second [illegible] we can go away from [illegible] through the trees. Who ever heard of a gorilla doing that?

Yvonne continued to sob softly. Dick patted her shoulder and tried to reassure her in his halting, schoolboy French. The girl's sobs turned into laughter. "Pardon me," she said in the precise English of an educated foreigner, "but your French is so funny."

"Oh, so you speak English," Doc sighed. "that's a great help, on account of Dick's very bum French." He added anxiously. "Think you can travel through the trees?" "Perhaps, with a little help," the girl smiled, "I am quite a—what you call it?—tomboy."

Yvonne's smile turned into a frown as she added gravely. "We must go at once. The sun worshipers are looking for a human sacrifice. If they catch us, it will be one of you—or both." Nothing more was needed to electrify the little party into instant action.

Along the arboreal terraces they made their way through the terrifying jungle. The night was dark. Progress was slow. And, instead of traveling toward Yvonne's home they were moving in a circle which would place them in the direct path of the brute-men!

After a harrowing night the rising sun warmed the hearts of Yvonne and the Tarzan Twins. Unaware that they had been traveling in a circle and believing that they were safe from the gorilla-men they descended to a broad jungle trail laughing and talking.

Meanwhile Ulp, certain that Yvonne had been devoured by the lion according to his plan, aroused Gula to report her disappearance. To make his tale more impressive, he said the Flaming God had come and borne the little high priestess away to the skies.

As evidence he showed the hole in the roof through which the Flaming God had entered and departed. Gula nodded. He was convinced. To his thick mind, the hole was proof enough of Ulp's story. But Ulp's obvious delight aroused his suspicion anew.

Next morning still puzzled by the disappearance of Kala, the high priestess, Gula ordered the march resumed. Soon the sound of clashed voices came suddenly to his ears. "To ambush! Quick!" he whispered; for one of the voices was the voice of Kala!

"Gee—wouldn't it be a surprise when we come strolling back with Yvonne?" Doc grinned. "Then they'll let Tarzan go free and everything will be swell." Doc crowed too soon, for ahead of them, on the edge of the trail, Guum and his savage cohorts lay waiting.

Tarzan did not know that the brutish sun worshippers were abroad in the land, but he did know the many jungle perils surrounding Dick and Doc. Therefore he turned his cunning mind to means of escape, so that he might rush to find them and save them.

But there was one who, above all others, did not wish Tarzan to escape. That one was Abdul Keb, who had manufactured the false evidence against him. The Arab trader did not even wish him to come to trial for fear his "frame-up" would be discovered.

To the conspirator every hour was dangerous. At any time Yvonne, the kidnaped girl, might be found—and Tarzan would be vindicated. That, Abdul Keb determined, must not happen. Tarzan must die as soon as possible. He must never leave his cell alive!

Abdu Keb conferred a secret rendezvous with Tarzan's jailer and pressed him with persuasion threats and bribes No one will ever know," the Arab insisted "It will appear that Tarzan was killed while trying to escape Simple " The jailer nodded assent.

And while the thread of fate was weaving a net of doom around the ape-man the Tarzan twins and the Yvonne were moving cheerily along the jungle trail, confident that they were homeward bound. Dick stopped and looked back at Doc, who had fallen behind

"Go ahead Doc urged I've got to fix my bow I hope I won't have to use it [illegible] you can never [illegible] And so while the [illegible] and Yvonne walked on he gathered some [illegible] tough [illegible] jungle grasses and wound them around a sp[illegible] a had appeared in his bow

We ought to have [illegible] home by [illegible] Dick declared [illegible] I hope [illegible] right Yvonne sighed As she spoke she halted abrupt and voiced a [illegible] cry of terror At the same moment [illegible] frightful men, snarling fierce [illegible] from ambush

With growls of triumph the frightful gorilla men sprang up from ambush and surrounded Dick and Yvonne. One seized the boy and disarmed him. The trembling, terrified girl, clinging frantically to her companion, but one of the hideous creatures wrenched her away.

Down the trail behind them Dick heard Yvonne's cry and the guttural voices of the sun worshipers. "Dick!" he cried anxiously. "Oh, Dick! What's happening?" He did not wait for an answer but started at full speed down the trail to give aid to his friends.

Dick thought quickly. He knew that he and Yvonne were helpless prisoners. If Dick were permitted to run into the ambush he too would be captured. "Go back, Dick," he yelled, "those gorilla devils have got us. You can help us better if they don't catch you!"

Ora'm was quick to gather the import of this incomprehensible speech. Quickly he turned excitedly to his followers. "There are more of them. Go and catch them." Instantly half a dozen of the savage creatures started down the trail to claim another captive!

As s[illegible] worn[illegible] pers[illegible] in pursuit of Doc [illegible] ed o[illegible] They're co[illegible] ing [illegible] take o[illegible] e trees. Doc never no further [illegible] already [illegible] the rand[illegible] a glimpse of his pursuers [illegible] the hard packed jungle [illegible]

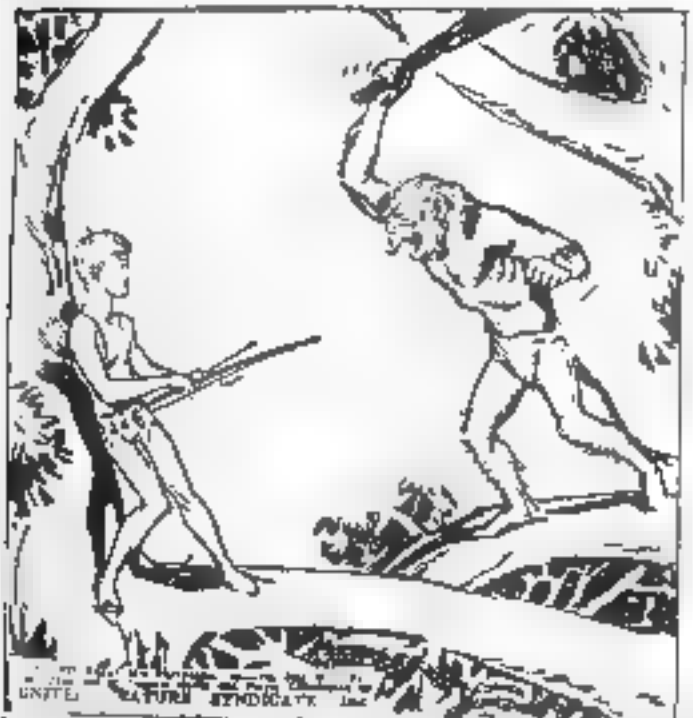
One of the brass-men, fleeter than his fellows, caught a glimpse of the boy as he leaped up and swung through the branches of a tree. Then Doc got a [illegible] discouraging surprise. With a wild cry his pursuer leaped up and followed through the trees.

The fugitive boy fled as swiftly as possible, but in the delicate art of tree traveling he was no match for this forest creature who was somehow akin to the apes. At each backward glance poor Doc realized that the powerful gorilla-man was overhauling him.

It would soon be over. In a few moments the fellow would be upon him, either to strike him down with his murderous [illegible] or to take him back a helpless prisoner. Like a cornered beast, the desperate boy turned, at bay, to make a last, hopeless stand.

Doc was at bay. He stood in the branches of a great tree, his feet firmly planted upon the rough bark of two mighty boughs, his back against the huge bole. He was a hunted creature. The [illegible] gnarled gorilla-man who dashed skilfully toward him.

The little red-rimmed close-set eyes of the pursuer were glaring through the matted hair that covered the beast's face. The trick lips were parted revealing fighting fangs only a trifle less horrible than those of a gorilla. In his throat rumbled low growls.



Doc whipped an arrow from his quiver and fitted it quickly to his bow. But with his first move never the gorilla-man sensed his intentions. He stopped short, took a firm stance on a great bough, then swiftly jerked back his cudgel to hurl at at his foe. . .

While this arrowing drama was being enacted in the depths of the jungle Tarzan [illegible] shed [illegible] In the corridor stood his [illegible] awaiting an opportunity to carry out his diabolical plot. In a few minutes his helpless prisoner would die!

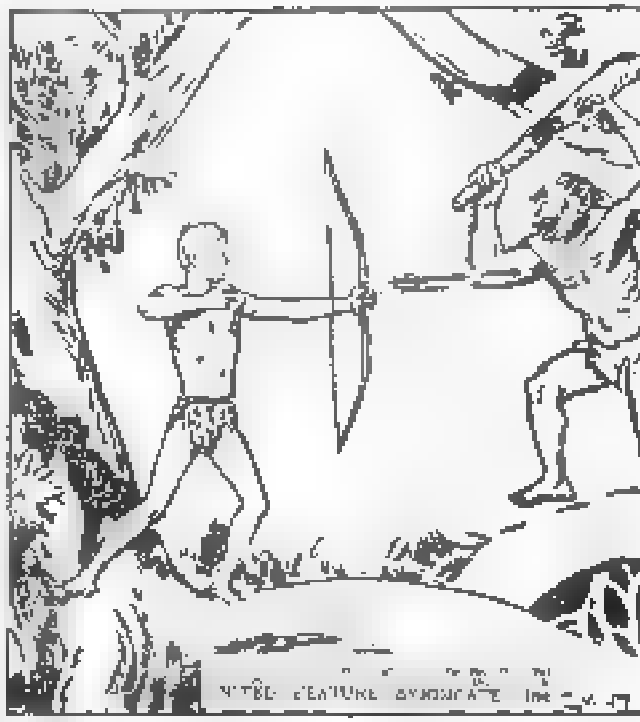
The jailer strolled casually toward Tarzan. "Your cell is so small," he said sympathetically. "It is a shame for it is easy to see that one such as you needs to be active. Come! I shall let you walk a while in the corridor. There can be no harm in that."

Tarzan's heart leaped for joy but he betrayed no sign of the elation within him. This was just the opportunity he had been seeking. Once outside the cell he would await his chance then make a desperate dash for freedom, though the risk, he knew, was great.

The cell door squeaked open. The ape-man stepped calmly into the corridor and began his stroll in leisurely fashion to avoid exciting the suspicion of the guard. Meanwhile the jailer was preparing to execute the treacherous plot conceived by Abdul Kebb.

When the prisoner's back was turned it would be easy enough to put a bullet through him, and the explanation would be simple. "The fellow tried to escape, and I merely did my duty." So now the guard gingerly drew his revolver from its leather holster.

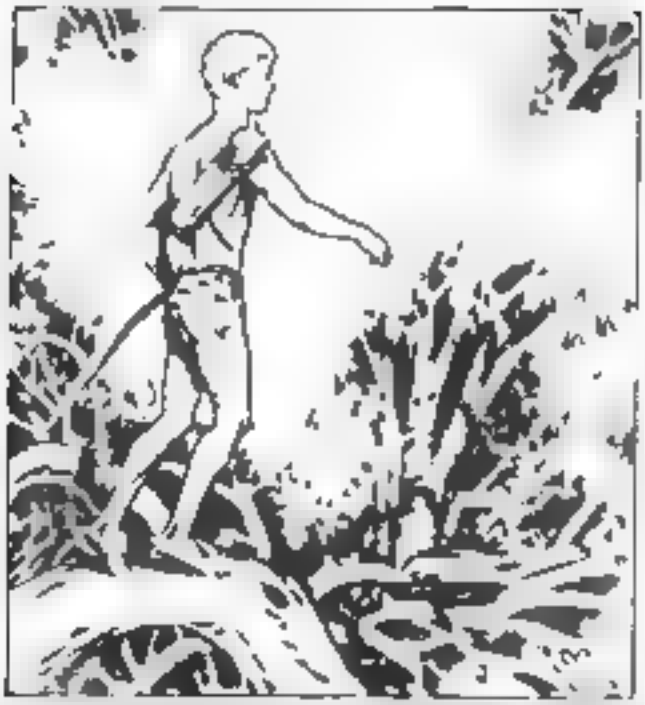
Ca[illegible] deliberately [illegible] drew his revolver to put a bullet through Tarzan's back. He took a firm grip on his nerves. His aim must be perfect. Merely to wound [illegible] might be dangerous. A single shot must do the trick.

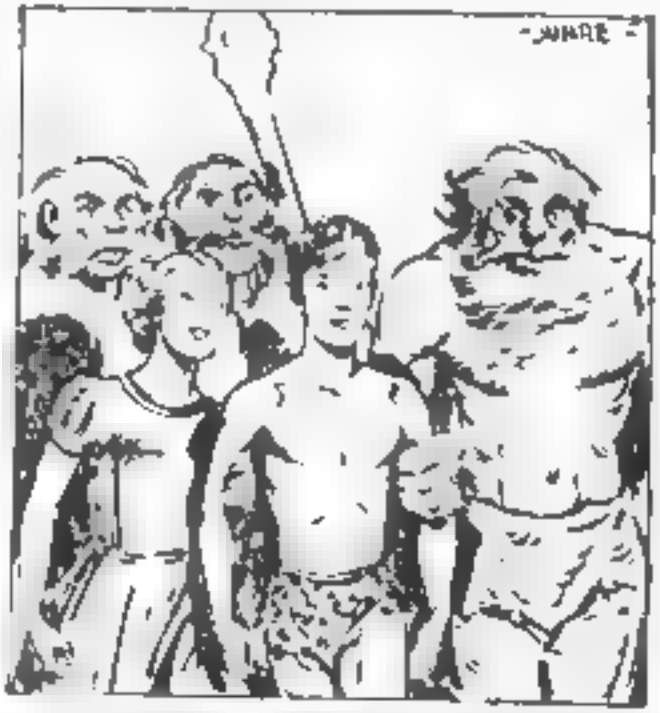


As Tarzan [illegible] on the brink of death's abyss [illegible] Doc [illegible] who was making a desperate stand against the great man of the jungle. The [illegible] creature swung his [illegible] in a wide arc to hurl [illegible] but his gesture of attack came too late.

Doc's bow [illegible] The [illegible] [illegible] collapsed and lunged head foremost to the ground.

[illegible] His [illegible] that he was [illegible] How was [illegible] He [illegible] these fierce monsters.





Poor Yvonne was horrified. Often she had heard the [illegible] discuss in gruesome detail what they would do when they required a suitable sacrifice for their people. They would bind an altar and offer up a human sacrifice to their bloody Flaming God.

[illegible] was to be any stranger they might capture. A [illegible] now they had a captive who would serve their purpose—Dick. As I [illegible] of her though a [illegible] broke into a savage chant [illegible] and terrible, and cast fierce fanatic glances at the boy.

[illegible] sacrificial [illegible] [illegible] are ordained upon [illegible] we know [illegible] God.

[illegible] turned close to her companion. "Dick, Dick!" [illegible] "[illegible] you might be [illegible] If you are not [illegible] no worse than [illegible] Go, Dick [illegible] me [illegible] You must. You Dick [illegible] head. I will not leave you."

Yvonne continued her frantic pleas to Dick. "You must make a break for freedom. If you stay here, death is certain. If you leap to the trees at least you have a small chance for escape." "I won't leave you with these devils," Dick replied stubbornly.

"But you will leave me eventually when they kill you," the girl reminded him. "So why not go now, when you might save your own life? These people will not harm me anyway for I am their high priestess. Some day my father will find me and save me from them."

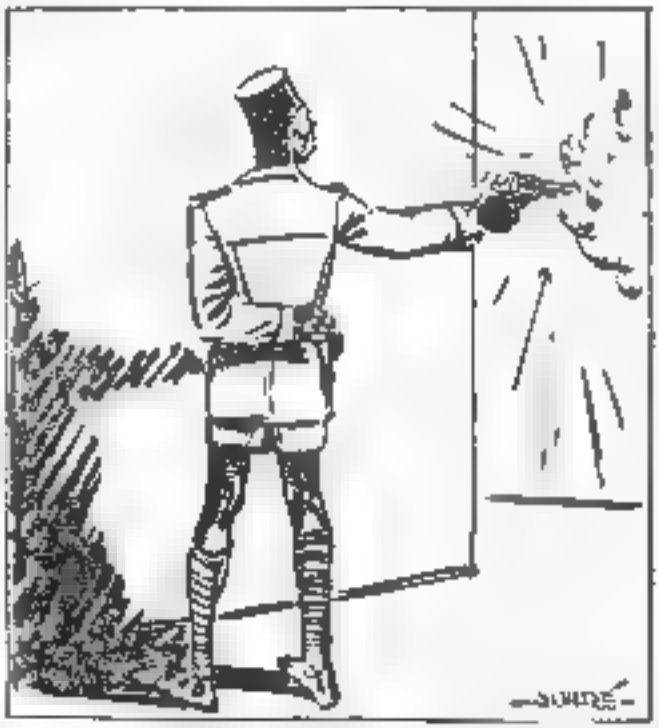
Dick leaped aloft. Then a quick leap to an overhanging branch, a dash through the thick foliage, and he was [illegible]. But perhaps his escape would arouse the [illegible] wrath of Yvonne. They might take some terrible vengeance on her.

Dick wanted to live, but not at the price of Yvonne's life. He and the [illegible] Tarzan [illegible] from the same notice. In a [illegible] rain the blood of warriors and [illegible]. And now the ghost company out of the past seemed to say, "Stand up, Dick."

"Lustro," Dick said grimly. "I'm not trying to escape unless I can find some way for us to escape together. That's final." The golden-haired girl looked back a sob in her throat. She believed that by these words Dick had sealed his own death warrant. . . .

Dick put small faith in the possible aid of his cousin who was still free. Nor could Dick himself perceive how he could help Dick and Yvonne. But still he followed their brutish captors, hoping against hope that some miraculous opportunity would arise.

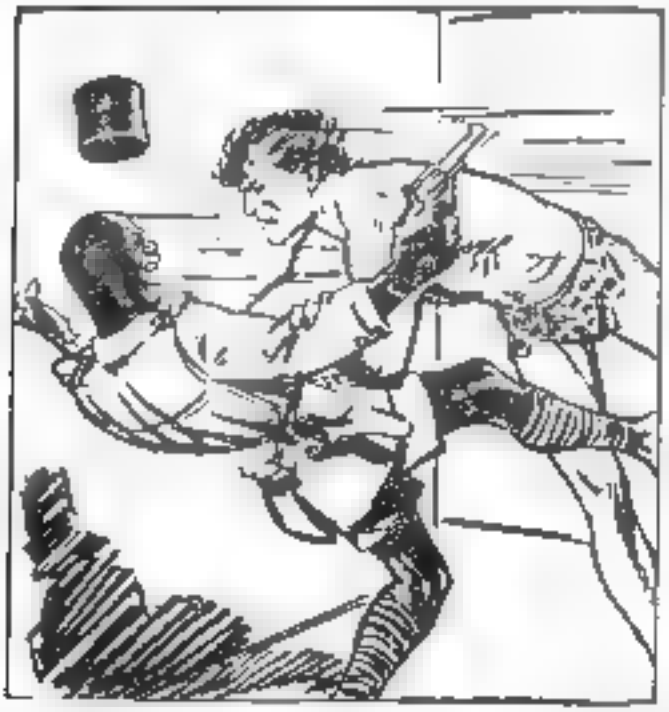
How grave was [illegible] Upon [illegible] shoulders rested the responsibility for Dick and Yvonne and for the imprisoned Tarzan because, unless the girl were rescued to prove his innocence, the Jungle Lord would be executed on a charge of kidnaping her. . .



It seemed, however, that nothing could save the Jungle Lord now. The reactionary prison guard, in the pay of Tarzan's enemy, cocked back the hammer of his revolver with his thumb to take steadier aim. He pulled the trigger. Fire burst from the muzzle!

No other man could have done it, for no man, other than Tarzan of the Apes, had ears so acute, muscles so instantly responsive. The click of the revolver hammer at his back, which would have been unheard by ordinary men, was to him a clarion signal of danger.

A split second before the revolver blazed, the ape-man dropped down. The bullet whined harmlessly over his head. But as he dropped, he whirled, then rose in a mighty lunge as if the sinews of his legs were light, steel springs, suddenly unleashed.



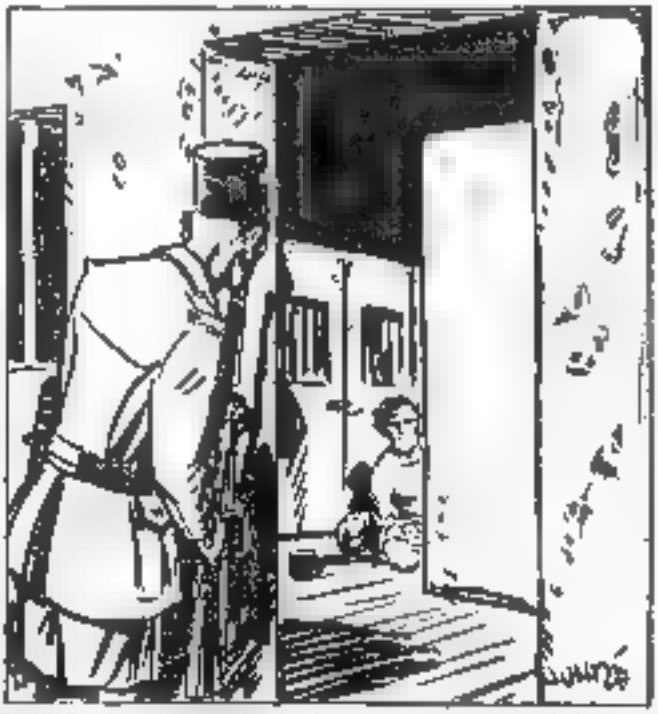
The jailer fired once more, but he was completely unnerved by the prisoner's miraculous escape, and the bullet went wild. Before he could press the trigger again, his assailant struck him with terrific force. Together they fell to the floor of the corridor.

The jailer was a man of strength and agility, and he was aroused to super-human resistance by the knowledge that this was a battle to the death. Tarzan sought to grasp the gun wrist, but the fellow whipped his arm around and pressed the muzzle against his foe!

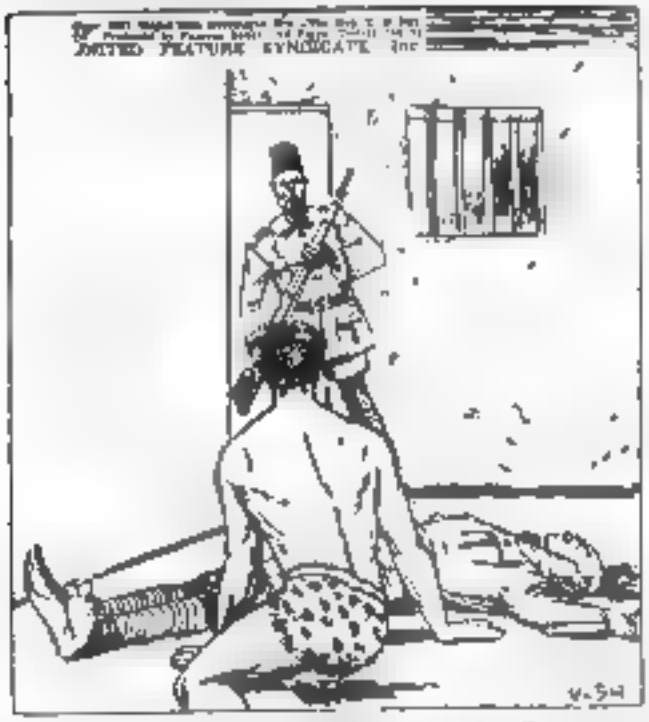
The jailer fighting furiously pressed the muzzle of his revolver against Tarzan's flesh, but the ape-man's quick hand struck his wrist. The gun blazed. The bullet struck a wall and a powder burn bore witness to the narrowness of Tarzan's escape

Like two battling leopards, the antagonists whirled and rolled and tossed in a cyclone of furious action, each seeking to command the power of the deadly weapon While the ape-man clutched at his opponent's wrist, the revolver was discharged twice, harmlessly

There was one more cartridge Again the jailer in sheer desperation, pulled the trigger But the ape-man's lightning thrust had already struck his forearm. The gun flipped back and fired into the face of the jailer He fell back and lay still. He was dead.



But the guard at the outer door had heard the gunfire and now he came running down the corridor, his eyes peering into the dimness to find the cause of the commotion He saw the jailer dead, and the prisoner crouching beside him He raised his rifle to fire!



As the outer guard lifted his rifle to fire Tarzan appeared defenseless. The revolver of the dead jailer was empty, nor was there any reserve supply of cartridges. A lesser man than Tarzan would have pleaded for mercy, or resigned himself to death.

But the mighty Jungle Lord, hero of a thousand breathless escapes, was determined to struggle to the last. He stooped low, lifted the body of his fallen foe as if it had been a small package, and hurled it powerfully at the astonished guard. The fellow went down.

Tarzan darted forward. As his opponent was scrambling to his feet, the ape-man dealt him a stunning blow, and ran down the corridor. Any other man might have been tempted to take the rifle, but Tarzan wanted no such encumbrance to check his flight.

As he dashed through the door, soldiers from a nearby barracks were already rushing toward him, for they had heard the shooting in the jail. And now excited cries rose from the soldiery and the people in the streets. "The kidnaper! Seize him! Kill him!"

The hoarse shouts of the soldiers were taken up by the populace and tossed from group to group ... the whole town rang with wild excited cries. The white savage has escaped. And now the soldiers racing toward Tarzan, deployed to surround him.

Meanwhile Doc moved cautiously through the trees ... upon the captors of Dick and Yvonne. In his mind he revolved many plans to save them but in the face of the superior numbers that opposed him each plan seemed foredoomed to failure.

Doc counted his arrows. There were 6 and he knew there were 18 savages to be accounted for. Even if every arrow proved effective he would still have three of the brute men to deal with. And they were formidable foes of beastly strength.

Presently a new scheme flashed into his mind. It was desperate ... but it offered some small hope of success. Doc moved more rapidly ... he was ... over the heads of ... If this should happen to look up ... he must take the risk.

Risking detection, Doc moved closer to his foes. He was more expert now in the difficult art of tree-traveling, and he had little trouble fitting an arrow to his bow as he moved through the branches of a large tree that furnished excellent footing.

Below him and only a few yards distant walked the priest who brought up the rear of his enemies' procession. Doc halted and bent his bow. The bowstring twanged, the arrow sped straight to its mark. The priest screamed and lunged forward on his face.

At the same instant Doc sprang quickly back behind the foliage, and retreated hastily into the jungle for a few yards. Gulm and the lesser priests heard the scream of their fellow and turned back. They found him dead, the arrow between his shoulders.

"The other one killed him, the one who escaped," snarled Gulm. A low angry growl rolled from the throats of his companions. Meanwhile Doc waited, his ears alert to every sound, wondering if the gorilla men would swing into the trees to pursue him.

Guim, the high priest of the sun-worshipers, decided against pursuit of the elusive bowman, for he did not wish to risk losing any more of his followers. But as he considered the problem, his red-rimmed, savage eyes fell upon Uip, whom he hated bitterly.

He would be pleased to be rid of Uip, and now he decided how it might be done. "Uip!" he commanded, "come here. You lied to me when you said the Flaming God came in the night and took our little high priestess away. You lied, Uip, and you shall die for it."

"I did not lie," the other declared sullenly. "The Flaming God did come and take her away. But he brought her back, and with her sent two sacrifices. It is your fault that you captured only one of them. If you had captured both, this would not have happened."

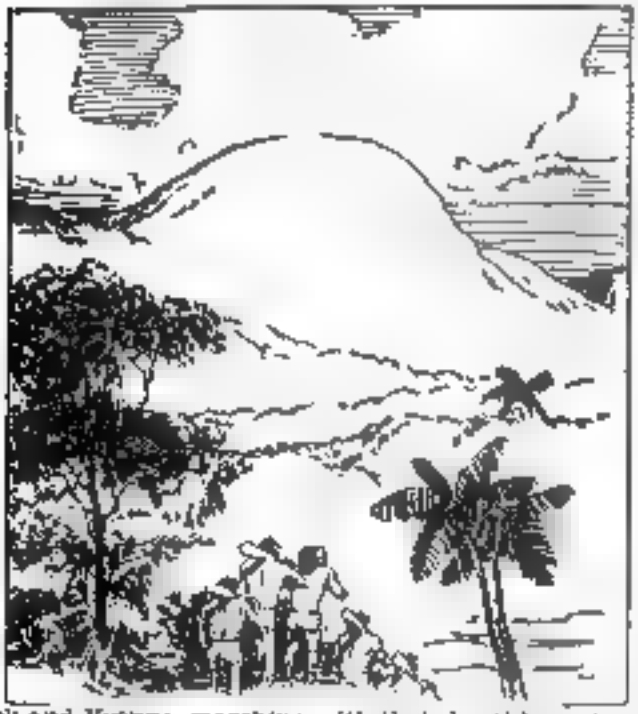
"Very well," grinned Guim, "you shall walk behind and capture the other sacrifice, if he returns." Again the march of the beast-man was resumed, and behind them, through the trees, moved Doc, the relentless stalker, again braving the power and fury of his foes.

[illegible] did not like [illegible] of [illegible] fear of his fellows, with his back continually exposed to the arrows of his unseen foe. He whirled his head about so often to look behind that his neck pained him; then he turned around and walked backward a while.

The showers of [illegible] arrows however enabled the others to get [illegible] away. [illegible] came [illegible] and turned [illegible] Dick [illegible] had dropped down from the trees to perform a grisly task [illegible] extract the precious arrow from the body of his fallen foe.

Suddenly [illegible] Thus [illegible] never [illegible] some [illegible] Dick and [illegible] adjust [illegible]

As [illegible] dense. [illegible] path should [illegible] ground [illegible] maneuvers [illegible] could not follow [illegible] was [illegible]



Dick and Yvonne marching with their brutish captors, noted that the trail led constantly into higher ground. Presently they saw hills looming ahead. Yvonne trembled, for she had heard the sun-worshipers say that in the hills lay the site for the new temple.

The man called Blk, who had discovered the site, led them into the mouth of a ravine which rose steeply upward into the hills. The great trees of the jungle disappeared and, in places the undergrowth gave way entirely to rocks that supported no vegetation.

"What will Doc do now?" quavered Yvonne, "he won't be able to follow us, he won't be able to help you, Dick—poor Dick." "Oh, good old Doc will find a way," Dick replied jauntily, but his optimism was merely a mask for the hopelessness in his heart.

Behind them, Doc came to the edge of the jungle. The trees were too scattered to offer a continuous trail above ground, and in most places the underbrush was too scant for shelter. He would continue his pursuit only by exposing himself to the enemy's eyes!

As the ravine swallowed up the procession of sun-worshipers, Doc crept cautiously to the mouth of the canyon. He dared not enter for there he would be an easy target for the hurled cudgels of his foes. He drew back, then turned to inspect his surroundings.

To the left he found a gently sloping hogback paralleling the ravine. This offered the best chance of concealment and the easiest trail from which to keep his quarry in view. Boulders lined the path but large gaps between them would leave him exposed.

Nevertheless, Doc made up his mind, and nothing short of death could stop him. He had learned from the great Tarzan that bold action sometimes achieved the seemingly impossible. The boy breathed deeply, took a firm grip on his nerves, and clambered up among the rocks.

Dick and Yvonne, captives of the brute-man, had never had much to hope that Doc could give them effective aid. And now they abandoned hope entirely. Dick gazed at the imprisoning walls of the ravine and murmured under his breath, "It's all up with me now."

Doc crept cautiously along the ridge dodging from boulder to boulder. Fortunately the sun worshipers never suspected that their elusive foe would follow them through this open country, so they believed now that they were safe from surprise attacks.

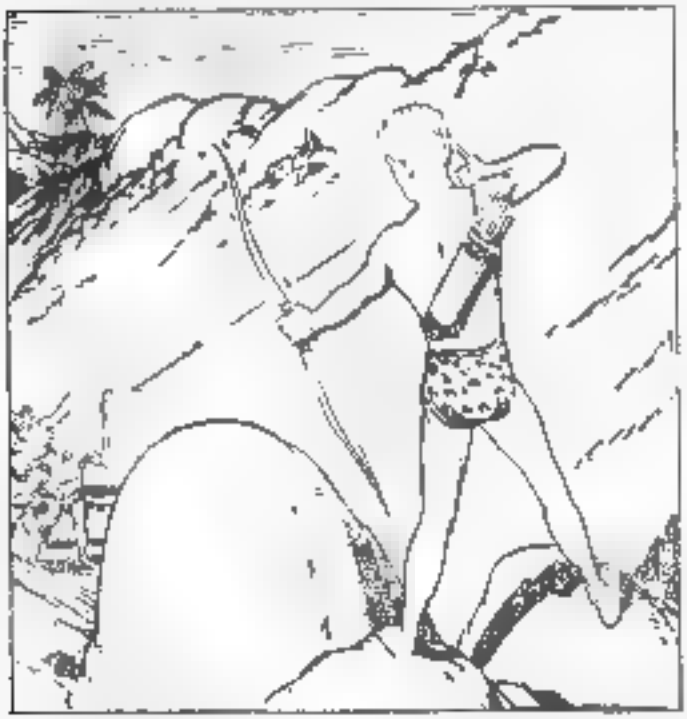
But presently the relentless stalker caught sight of the quide partly in the ravine. Here was another opportunity. Dor drew his bow, then released the tight string. The arrow whistled. Below Ulp voiced an awful shriek and crumpled to the ground.

All eyes were turned to the new vision of the unseen enemy. Then they shifted quickly to the ridge above, but Doc had a ready leaped to the concealing shelter of a boulder. Gulm was furious and frightened, for he realized anew the danger of their position.

"It is the anger of the Flaming God," he cried. "How much farther to the temple site, Elk?" "We are almost there," the guide replied. "'Tis well," growled Gulm. "We must soon offer a sacrifice to appease the wrath of our god." His cruel eyes darted to Dick.

As G[illegible] was [illegible] mur[illegible] [illegible] Doc[illegible] bow [illegible] bu[illegible] [illegible] anger. He [illegible] his eyes searched the direction from which it had come

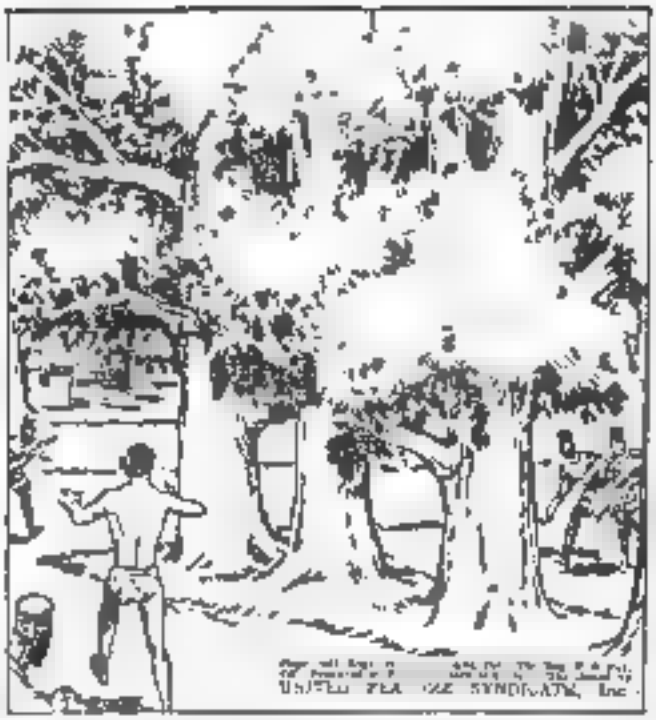
For a [illegible] Dor[illegible] [illegible] the edge [illegible] Dor[illegible] [illegible] some way to get out and Yvonne after dark. Be read,"



It w[illegible] Dor[illegible] [illegible] Her [illegible] ca[illegible] Dor[illegible] he drove [illegible] straight [illegible] ward [illegible] men.

A[illegible] [illegible] growing of a [illegible] flowers. Or [illegible] back dear or a ve"

Dor of course did not understand Gulm's order to his followers but he soon saw the reason. Six of the sacrificial priests started up the side of the ravine with the intention of using them to rescue him and seize him, to kill him if they could not capture him.

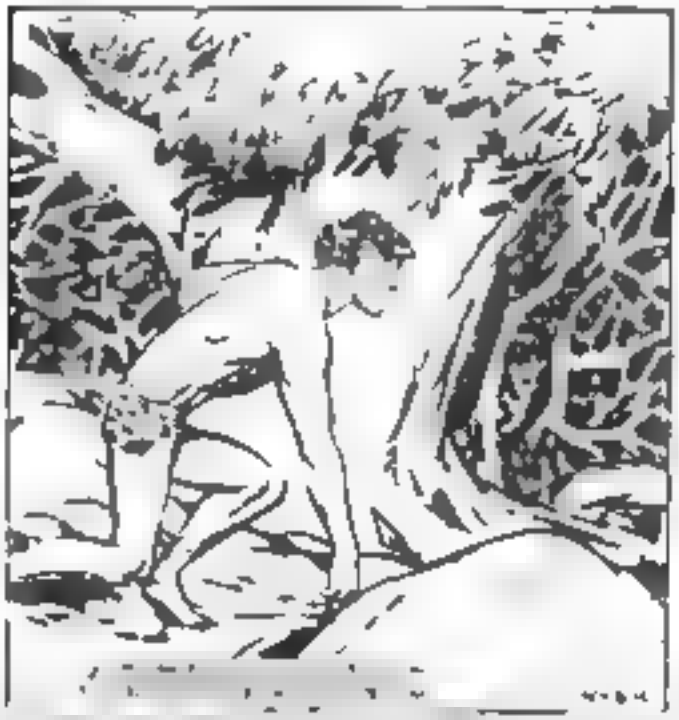


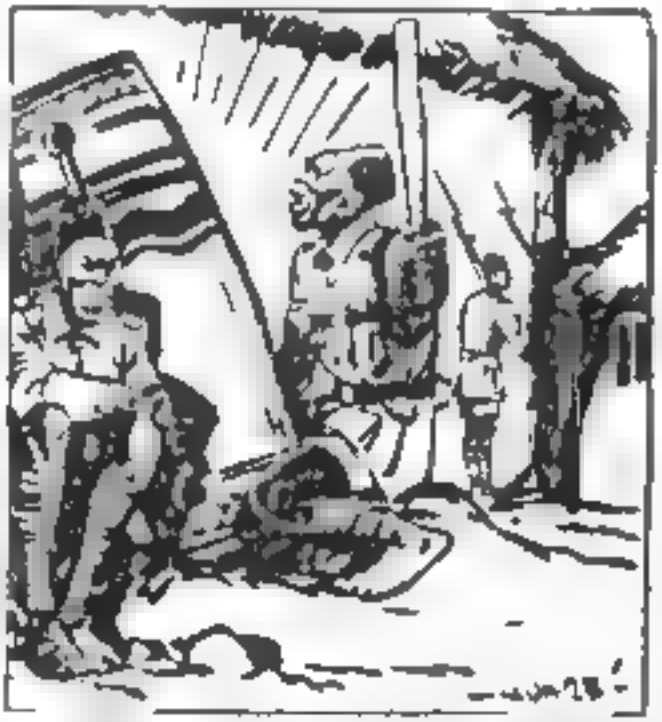
Tarzan, who was playing the unenviable role of [illegible] in the harrowing drama at the garrison town where he had escaped prison. He circled to avoid the soldiers who were intent on recapturing him, but now another detachment dashed up to close the circle.

By Edgar Rice Burroughs

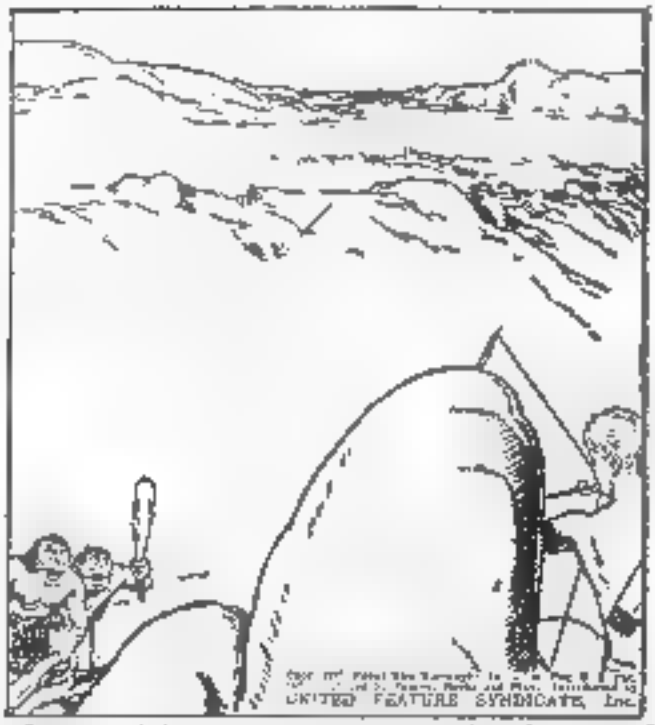
The soldiers [illegible] and brought [illegible] to the astonishment of the lookers, he sprang into a tree

[illegible] Tarzan [illegible] through the [illegible] freedom [illegible] the soldiers recovered [illegible] from their astonishment. Rifles cracked, bullets whistled and chipped through the trees.





Tarzan knew he must act quickly. The air was heavy with the throb of signal drums, dooming the news of his escape throughout the forest. He must find Yvonne and the boys before jungle warriors had an opportunity to trap him and return him to the prison town.



It seemed however that Doc was already doomed, for the six fierce priests of the Flaming God were scrambling up the steep side of the ravine to capture or kill him. The boy prepared to fight. He fitted an arrow to his bow and took swift but careful aim.

Suddenly an inspiration seized the desperate lad. All around him were boulders of various shapes and sizes. In them he saw potential engines of destruction which might be used to accomplish his deadly purpose, while conserving his few remaining arrows.

Leaping behind a fair-sized, rounded boulder, he threw his weight against it until it began to move. Then he guided it over the edge of the ridge directly above the six goldsmiths. Doc waited breathlessly. Could his agile foes avert the crashing stone?

When Doc started the big boulder thumping down the steep side of the ravine his enemies tried to scramble from its path. Though they were agile men the rock had gained such momentum and was rolling so rapidly that it was upon them before they could elude it.

It struck one of them full in the breast, toppling him backward. Then it bounded on to the bottom of the canyon while the body of its victim, rolling and tumbling leaped grotesquely in its wake. "Attaboy, Doc!" shouted Dick, "give them another one!"

Now taking advantage of the surprise and confusion of the gorilla-men, Doc began to pepper them with smaller stones which they tried to ward off with their cudgels and forearms. Slowly they gave way under Doc's furious barrage, and began to flee down the hill.

Then the voice of Gnaro the high priest, rose in a mighty infuriated bellow. "Go on! Go on! If you come back without him you shall be the first to be sacrificed to the Flaming God! Obey your high priest, or you die!" That was spur enough to Doc's pursuers.

"Capture him or k[illegible] him!" Golno, the high priest, shouted again to the pursuers. "If you return empty handed you shall die." Under the stimulus of this threat the five lesser priests of the Flaming Rod scrambled up the slope in the face of the furious barrage.

The boy's arms worked like pistons, back and forth, back and forth, flinging down stones upon his advancing foes. A[illegible] he was forced to the realization that some of them would reach the top. Very soon now he would be within range of a buried cudgel.

A[illegible] dangerous moment. Tarzan was still too far away [illegible] he did not know what [illegible] were. Through the trees he sped [illegible] bring him to the trail of the missing children. So far he had no clues.

[illegible] the ape-man lifted his voice in a full-throated [illegible] piercing [illegible] through the [illegible]. A[illegible] he paused and listened hopefully [illegible] the normal sounds of the ever busy jungle. Was he already too late?

TARZAN UNDER FIRE—BY EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

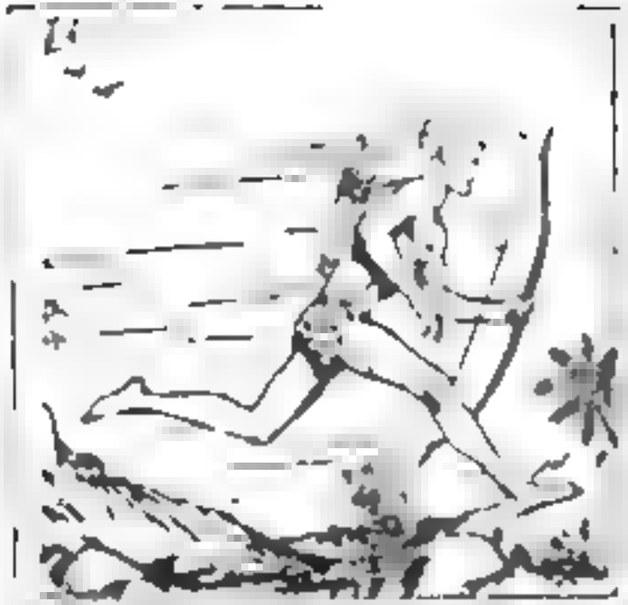
Suddenly from the depths of the jungle came a mighty roar. The apeman's blood tingled with delight, for he recognized the voice of Jadbalja, his trained lion. He believed the golden maned beast might be with Dick and Doc, watching them, protecting them.

The jungle lord was doomed to disappointment for Jadbalja had lost track of the boys during the blinding storm. Now, when the great beast saw his master, he tucked his tail between his legs and hung his head like a dog that had been guilty of wrongdoing.

Tarzan, however, wasted no time in useless fault finding. Instead, he made the lion understand that they must pursue the search with fresh speed and vigor. Jadbalja darted off in one direction, Tarzan in another—a race in a battle with time and the jungle.

Time, it seemed, had thrown its support to the brutemen who swarmed up the hill after Doc. The boy let loose a parting arrow, then fled, as another sun worshiper tumbled down the cliff. The remaining priests spurted on, to capture their human quarry.

TARZAN UNDER FIRE — BY EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS



After the four gorilla-men had turned back from their pursuit, Doc descended to the ground and crept cautiously along the bottom of the ravine. By treading this dangerous course, the boy hoped to retrieve some of the precious arrows he had expended.

Meanwhile Gulm continued the march with his followers and the two prisoners. Soon the gorge narrowed and the marchers had to climb a cliff-like formation, down one side of which splashed a small waterfall. The smooth, moist rocks offered precarious footing.

Dick climbed behind Yvonne, steadying her as best he could. Finally they reached the top and stood erect again on level ground. They found themselves in a natural, rock-bound amphitheater. The brute-men halted and surveyed the surroundings with satisfaction.

Instinctively Yvonne knew that they had reached their goal. This was the site of the new temple which would be erected to the Flaming God. Here a few rocks would be hastily thrown together for an altar, and on that altar Dick would die as a human sacrifice!

Gulm slowly lifted his gleaming fanatic eyes to the sun, and raised his sacrificial knife aloft. "Here, O Flaming God, we shall dedicate our new temple to thy glory, and now shall we consecrate this site with the blood of our male captive."

He turned to the lesser priests. "Quick!" he commanded, "gather stones and raise an altar as is the wish of our god and his high priest." Then he assigned two of his strongest men to stand guard over Dick. There must be no last minute attempt to escape. . . .

Deep in the forest, Tarzan came suddenly upon the trail of Dick and Doc. By other men the signs of their journey would have been passed over unnoticed, but the ape-man's senses had been trained in the jungle school. His eyes and nose were as keen as a beast's.

With fresh vigor, and with even a ray of hope, he dashed ahead. Then he stopped again when, to his dismay, he found the path of the boys joining the trail of the sun-worshipers. He knew the men of Opar well—their brutish cruelty, their thirst for blood.

Tarzan saw the remnants of the sun-worshipers' camp. He found the spoor of the lion that had menaced Yvonne, and the signs of her rescue by Dick and Doc. Speedily he followed the circuitous route until it merged once more with the path of the vile Oparians.

Then the ambush—the capture of Dick and Yvonne—Doc's escape and pursuit—he read the whole harrowing drama in their scents and footprints and in forest signs just as clearly as if he had seen it with his own eyes. And Tarzan was filled with alarm. . .

. The Jungle Lord was on the trail speeding like the wind, but meanwhile bloody fate was closing its fingers on Dick. With hasty impatience the priests of the Flaming God were gathering stones in the rocky amphitheater and building the altar of his doom.

With growing horror Yvonne saw it rising and finally the crude oblong structure was completed. The builders stepped back and waited. Then Gulm signaled to Dick's guards. "Bring him forward," he breathed triumphantly, "the hour of the sacrifice is come."

At Gulm's command Dick was brought forward to the altar where he was to be sacrificed to the Flaming God, blood thirsty deity of the men of Opar. He walked stoutly. Now that all hope was gone, and death was almost upon him, his fear gave way to calm resignation.

The lesser priests arranged themselves around the altar in eager anticipation. Then Dick was lifted atop the pile of stones. One priest took a firm grip on his feet. Another held his arms. Then Gulm called little Yvonne and handed her the sacrificial knife.

It is your duty as high priestess to perform the sacrifice, he said solemnly, you have been high priestess in name, now when you have performed your first holy duty you shall become so in fact. Then will you be ruler of the temple that we shall build here.

Yvonne gasped in horror as Gulm continued. "Now let the sacrificial knife drink deep of the blood of this outlandish creature to the glory of our Flaming God. I shall repeat the appropriate prayer. At the instant I raise my hand above my head, you must strike!"

Dick lay quiet upon the fatal altar for he knew that attempts to escape would be futile. The sacrificial knife trembled in Yvonne's hand as Gulm explained how she must strike. Then he began to intone the death prayer. "No, no" the girl cried, "I cannot."

"You cannot?" screamed Gulm; "but you will! Our law provides a horrible fate for a high priestess who refuses to make an offering to the Flaming God. Your refusal cannot save this creature for if you refuse to do your duty, then both of you shall die!" . . .

. . While death hovered over these two, Tarzan of the Apes, mightiest fighter of the jungle, was on his way to save them. He dropped down from the trees to make sure he was on the right trail. Then fate intervened once more to block his mission of mercy.

Unfortunately the wind was blowing in the wrong direction, and it did not reveal the menacing ambush to his sensitive nostrils. Tarzan was caught completely unaware when a score of savage warriors burst out of the brush and trapped him in a circle of spears!

"What do you want of me?" Tarzan demanded of the warriors who rimmed him around with spears. "You are kidnaper of Captain d'Albert's child," said the leader; "signal drums tell us you broke prison. Big reward for you. We take you back. Don't move, or we kill."

"The girl was stolen by terrible men from a far-off land. Tarzan explained hastily. "I go now to save her. Every minute you delay me means danger for her. Let me pass." "We have heard of your sly tricks," the chief chuckled, "we take you back to prison!"..

. Meanwhile Gulm, the high priest was threatening to kill Yvonne unless she plunged the knife into Dick's breast in accordance with the sacrificial rites. "What is he saying?" Dick asked in a whisper. "He wants me to kill you with this knife," the girl sobbed.

"What else did he say?" the boy demanded. Between sobs Yvonne replied. "If I do not kill you they will kill you anyway and kill me too." Dick closed his eyes. "Then do as he tells you," the lad said slowly, without a tremor. "Go on. Strike! Quickly!"

"Go on Strike " Dick urged, "they will kill me anyway and they will kill you, too, unless you do their bidding Why should you sacrifice your life uselessly? By killing me you will at least save yourself. I'd rather die to save you than to die in vain."

The priests were kneeling in a circle around the sacrificial altar awaiting the death stroke with eager delight Gulm slowly chanted a monotonous prayer, seeking to prolong his fanatic ecstasy. Yvonne raised the knife gripping it tightly, ready to strike! . . .

During these harrowing moments Doc was not idle. He was pressing on behind the four sun-worshippers who had abandoned pursuit of him When he came to the fallen Dip he stopped and extracted the arrow from his body, for he would need every arrow he could find.

As he performed the revolting task, he had a feeling that he was being watched—that unseen eyes were upon him He glanced quickly up the ravine. He saw nothing Then, slowly, he turned. His eyes popped With difficulty he smothered a scream of horror

Poor Doc's knees weakened so that he remained standing only with an effort. The boy seemed to be held in a paralysis of fright that gripped every muscle of his body. He felt the goose flesh rise upon his cold skin. A sickening tremor raced up his spine.

Not five feet from him stood a great lion, its round yellow-green eyes peering straight into his. Doc tried to think of a prayer, but the only one he could remember was, "Now I lay me down to sleep." He could only think it, for his lips were stiff with fear.

It seemed an eternity that the lion stood there glaring at him with those unblinking eyes, yet it was only a moment. Then the beast moved slowly toward him. Doc did not try to run away or offer resistance, for the spell of terror held him paralyzed.

Doc believed that this was the end. At any moment he expected one of those savage talons to strike out, or sharp fangs to bury themselves in his flesh. Nearer, nearer came the dread carnivore. Already Doc could feel the lion's hot breath on his naked flesh.

Instead of leaping at him, as he expected, the great lion rubbed against Dick's side and licked his hand with hot, rough tongue. Like a title flashed upon a screen, a sentence burned bright in Doc's memory, a sentence that had come from Tarzan's lips.

"To show that he is your friend he will rub his head against you." Yes, this was Jad-bal-ja, Tarzan's trained lion! Doc's knees gave way; he sank to the ground, flinging his arms about the beast's neck, burying his face in the great golden mane, sobbing.

This reaction to his nervous strain lasted only a moment: then he gained control of himself and sprang to his feet. Not far away Dick and Yvonne were in danger—every second counted. "Quick, Jad-ba-ja!" Doc cried, then started up the ravine at a run.

. . . Meanwhile Gulm was approaching the end of his monotonous prayer. Yvonne was looking up at him, her terror-stricken gaze held in fascination upon the hideous face of the high priest. Suddenly Gulm ceased speaking. He raised his hand, then he cried "Strike!"

The fatal moment had arrived Yvonne stood with the knife poised above the boy who lay helpless on the sacrificial altar Already Gulm had given the signal, but the girl remained motionless, paralyzed with horror. "Strike!" the high priest repeated angrily.

"I cannot—I cannot kill him. I will not!" Yvonne wailed in anguish. Gulm, the high priest, was seized with mad fury He would not be defied! "Strike!" he thundered "or you die " Dick looked up at the girl. "Strike!" he urged, "there's no nother way!" . .

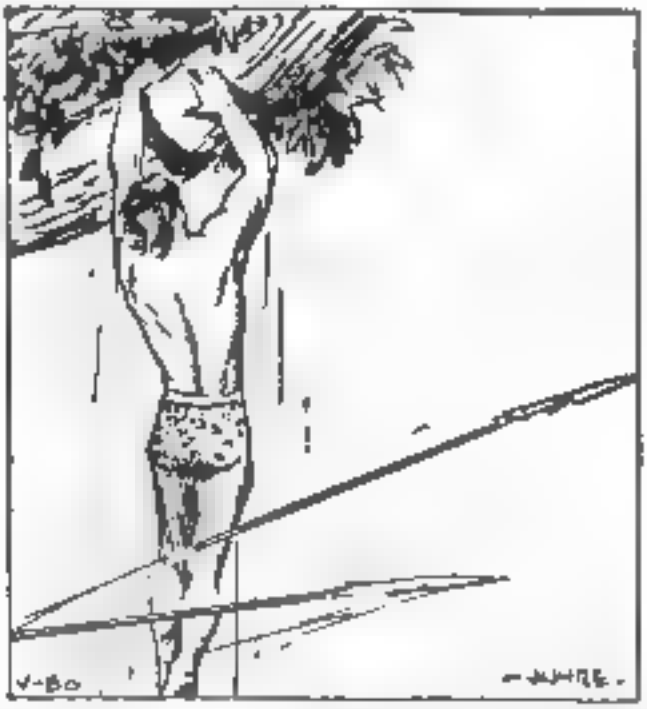
Even if Tarzan were free, he could not possibly reach the spot in time to save Dick But he was not free he was the prisoner of 20 spear-armed savages. And they were unswerving in their determination to take him back to a cell in the garrison town

"Come! March " the chief demanded. Tarzan shrugged, as if he were resigned to captivity but his cunning mind was teeming with thoughts of escape. There was only one way—a hazardous way Failure meant certain death. Nevertheless, he must take the risk

When Tarzan seemed to submit, his captors grew lax. They knew their prisoner was a wily creature, but after all, they were 20 against 1, he would not try to escape. In their slackness the Jungle Lord saw an opportunity for his desperate maneuver

From a state of repose his body flashed into action. He lunged against a section of the warriors circle. Spears flew out, thrusting at his chest. But the lightning-swift ape-man was no longer there. He had ducked beneath those murderous shafts.

As he ducked, he whirled and flung himself against another section of the circle. He struck low like a football player charging the line. These warriors were caught unaware. They had no time to brace themselves against that thunderbolt of power



Four of the savages tumbled as if they were blades of grass before a mowing machine. Thus Tarzan ripped through the line to safety. Then he sprang crewel. But now some of the warriors recovered from their confusion and hurled spears at the flying ape-man.

In their astonishment, the black warriors hurled their spears with an understandable lack of accuracy. Even at best it was not likely that they could hit the flying figure of the ape-man. Thus Tarzan escaped from one foe, to speed to battle with another. . . .

. . . Meanwhile, as Dick urged Yvonne to kill him on the sacrificial altar so that her own life might be spared, one of the priests let out a terrified shriek and pointed to a great lion scrambling over the ledge that gave entrance to the amphitheater. Panic!

Some of the priests leaped up and fled, but most of them held their positions, calling frantically upon the Flaming God to save them. Yvonne, already dazed by the task assigned to her, stood like a statue, untouched by the confusion that whirled around her.

In Gulm's fanatic opinion, only one thing could save them—to perform the sacrifice. "Strike!" he cried; "and appease the wrath of the Flaming God." Yvonne did not move. Then the mad priest seized her wrist and pressed the knife down toward the victim.

As Gulm, the high priest, pressed Yvonne's wrist downward in the death-thrust, the girl screamed and swooned. Her sudden lurch wrested her from Gulm's grasp, and she sank to the ground. Falling, her arm struck a stone; the knife clattered from her hand.

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The invading lion was now over the ledge. The priests believed he was a wrathful messenger of the Flaming God, to be recalled only when blood was spilled. One of them, cudgel in hand, leaped up intending to kill the nearest living creature. That was little Yvonne.

The lion paused a moment, not knowing what to do. Then Doc scrambled up behind him. He saw the priest's club lifted over Yvonne. "Jad-bal-ja!" he cried; pointing to the impending tragedy. The lion bounded forward, sprang, and bore the brute-man to earth.

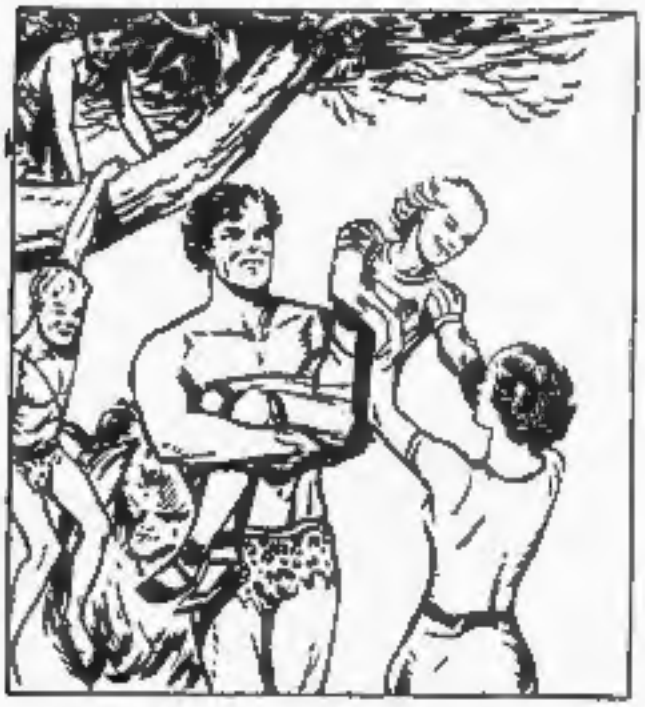
While Jad-bal-ja sank his fangs into his victim's throat, Gulm scooped up the sacrificial knife. "The blood of the sacrifice must be spilled!" he shrieked. The high priest leaped to the altar and raised the knife above Dick. Then the blade descended!

Gulm's knife swept down toward Dick. But Gulm, nor any one else in that excited assembly, had noticed a near-naked white man speeding down the slope. As Gulm's knife began its descent, the intruder sprang upward as if the earth itself were some mighty catapult.

The flying figure struck the high priest like a cannon shot. Both went down; one arose. "Tarzan! Tarzan!" That magic name issued from every mouth. The sun-worshipers screamed it in fear; Dick and Doc called it joyously. Jad-bal-ja roared a lusty welcome.

Dick knelt beside Yvonne. "We are saved," he panted. The girl slowly opened her eyes and smiled. Meanwhile, Tarzan addressed the brute-men. "Go back to Opar. If you refuse, Tarzan will punish you. In your own country you once saw Tarzan's power. Now, go!"

The Oparians turned to comply. But Tarzan's difficulties were not over. Soldiers and savage warriors were searching for him. If they caught a hasty glimpse of him in the forest they might open fire, because there was a reward for his capture—dead or alive!



Tarzan decided the tree route was safest. And even when they came to the town, Yvonne thought it would be fun to be whisked through the trees. So presently, they dropped down into the compound of her home. Her mother screamed with amazement and ecstatic joy.

The news spread. The town was in a delirium. The giant white man was not a kidnaper. It was he who had saved Yvonne, he and his young proteges and his trained lion. "How did you find her?" Captain d'Albert asked. "The jungle holds no secrets from Tarzan."

Suddenly the ape-man saw a robed figure sneaking away from the crowd. He pounced upon the fellow and dragged him back. "This man, Abdul Keb, accused me falsely and conspired against me," the ape-man declared. "He will be punished," the captain growled.

NEXT: THE ILLUSTRATED TARZAN BOOK NO. 24

TARZAN THE FEARLESS

A thrilling tale of the Jungle Lord's battle with the savage tree worshipers

Doc was enjoying the acclaim which so happily concluded their adventures. But Dick's interest was elsewhere. He looked at Yvonne gravely. "It's funny about you. I thought all girls were sissies, but you're a regular fellow!" he said. (The End)